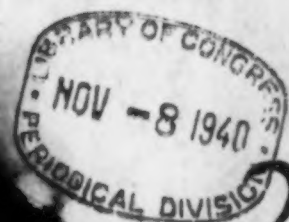


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June



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PARIS

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Norida

Even when women confide intimately in one another *-complete and exact knowledge may be lacking*

THERE is a natural bond of womanhood which leads to certain confidences, but it should be remembered that wrong information may be worse than no information at all.

Ask your physician for enlightenment concerning the practice of feminine hygiene and especially the effects of poisonous antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid.

Every physician and every trained nurse comes in contact with such cases in the course of professional work—cases of hardened and deadened membranes and areas of scar-tissue. Countless women, in their search for hygienic cleanliness, have undergone risks which they scarcely realized. This is especially regrettable when it is understood that such risks are entirely unnecessary.

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Zonite compared
with carbolic
acid*

Zonite, despite its non-poisonous

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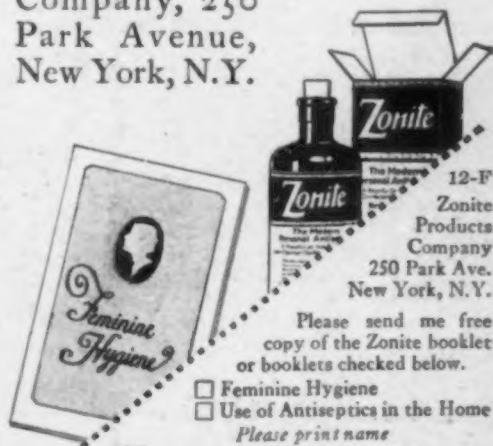
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Pathe, pages 16 and 17; Famous Players, pages 38 and 39; First National, pages 62 and 71; Goldwyn, page 71.

Next
Month



Beginning:
Behind a
Family Doctor's Door
No. 1—A Case of Tangled Love

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He refused to be a clerk any longer!



—How M. A. Keith found his way
to a big managerial position

HOW many years will they tag you "clerk"—and keep you shackled to a low-pay job?

That question worried Mendel A. Keith, of Columbus, Ohio, and little wonder. For with one of the big railroads he had been seven different kinds of a clerk!

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Are you still ticketed a clerk?

The courage to make the start—the determination to win—the training that LaSalle provides—will enable you to say good-bye forever to that routine job.

Send for These Free Books

Two books helped place Mr. Keith on the path to responsibility and power—the first, "Ten Years' Promotion in One;" the second, a 64-page booklet fully describing the opportunities in the business field that most appealed to him.

If these two books can start you on the upward route to greater earning power—as they have done for literally thousands of LaSalle-trained men—you'll agree they would be cheap at \$100—even \$1,000... Yet LaSalle will send them to you free.

A pencil—an envelope—a postage stamp. Get these two books now—and make your start today.

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The International Derrick and Equipment Company

MICHIGAN AND BUTTLES AVENUES
COLUMBUS, OHIO

LaSalle Extension University,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:—

At the time I enrolled with you in Traffic Management, I certainly knew what a clerk's desk looked like! I had been Yard Clerk, Account Clerk, Claim Clerk, Bill Clerk, Expense Clerk, Ticket Clerk and Assistant Rate Clerk, at several stations on the Pennsylvania R.R., and it had begun to look as though life for me was just one clerkship after another.

Shortly after completing the course, I obtained a position in the Traffic Department of the Wheeling Steel Corporation at Steubenville, Ohio, at an increase of 50% in salary. Five years ago I was appointed Traffic Manager of the International Derrick & Equipment Company, where my salary increases have been many times my highest expectations as a clerk, and where I have a real opportunity to get ahead.

My training with LaSalle, I feel certain, has placed me many years ahead of where I would have been had I depended solely upon railroad office experience to enable me to get ahead.

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Mendel A. Keith

Traffic Manager.



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Name..... Present Position.....

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WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?

HOW would you complete these stories? If you were an author you would imagine the endings. But since these are true stories and Life is the author of them it's a bit more difficult. Life has a way of giving things an unexpected twist. Get your SMART SET family together some evening and try finishing the stories sketched below. You will probably find that no two people in the group have the same idea as to what happened next. You might entertain your guests at a party the same way and offer a prize for the best ending. It's more fun than you can believe until you try it.

Which Should I Sacrifice?

As a successful family doctor I have to be lots more than a medicine man. I need a profound knowledge of human nature. For instance one winter afternoon a handsome man of about forty came to me to be treated for a cold. I found that he was really suffering from the double complaint of a "perfect wife" and "a fascinating dancer." Here was a problem to challenge any physician. Which should I sacrifice—the man, the wife, or the dancer?

Compare your ending with the story

"Behind a Family Doctor's Door"
in July SMART SET

♦♦♦♦♦

What Would You Do?

Well, so far I had managed to get everything I wanted. I had made myself over from a shop-girl to the wife of a man whose family was in the social register. Was I satisfied? I was not! I was fed up with being an aristocrat's wife. Should I make the best of it or were there still heights I might climb? Could I climb them best by remaining a wife or by leaving my husband and accepting what other men offered me?

Compare your ending with the story

"The Real Diary of a Real Girl"
In July SMART SET



Read "Don't Believe All You Hear"
in July
SMART SET

How Did Life Finish This Story?

I lived in a tenement house and worked in a factory but I didn't mean to stay in either of them all my life. I met a man whom I thought a fine gentleman because he lived in a fine house. I met him again and again, and I grew to love him. I thought he cared for me. Then I discovered that he did not believe I was a good girl because I had been willing to meet him so casually. What should I do? Give up my dreams and go back to the factory or try to convince him that I was a good girl?

Compare your ending with the story

"The Daring of Innocence"
In July SMART SET

To Start Again—or to Sit and Hope?

Jim and I married because we were both strangers in a big city and we wanted companionship. With our joint savings we bought a store and were getting along when things began to happen. Friends told me that another girl was taking Jim away from me. It was all too true. What was I to do? Keep the store going after he left me or sell out and start again somewhere else? Marry again or sit and hope that he would come back?

Compare your ending with the story

"Don't Believe All You Hear"
In July SMART SET

♦♦♦♦♦

How Could I Know?

I had just been told that the man I loved was a thief. Of course I refused to believe it—protested—was indignant—horrified. But then he confessed to me. I had to do something at once. What was I to do? Urge him to make a clean breast of it and take his punishment, while I waited for him? Take the blame on myself or leave him to his fate? Would he make good if I helped him? How could I know?

Compare your ending with the story

"GUILTY"
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These are only a few of the twenty or more true-life stories. Some of the other features are even more tense and dramatic. Don't miss July Smart Set, ready June 1st

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dishes

pots
and pans



Good-Bye Red Hands!
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INCLUDES DISH
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TRAYS AND ALL
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There is only One
Dishwashette

in the entire world.
Patents Pending

THREE times a day. Your hands in hot greasy water. Your finger nails never looking right. And what it does to the best disposition... well! Honestly, can you think of any job you *hate* more... that is more unappreciated?

And there's no need for it. Never again do you have to touch a dish cloth. At last you can keep your hands soft and white. Just let a Dishwashette do this job for you. It means freedom from slavery—at a price that many women spend casually for a luncheon and matinee. A fortune is being spent to place *this boon* before you—just to give you freedom from the homemaker's most disagreeable task!

The Dishwashette is *absolutely sanitary*—for it washes your dishes with running water. Just a rust-proof, trouble-proof tray that will not break nor chip your dishes. With a separate tray that will hold your silverware upright without handling. What time and labor it saves! The dishes are *washed and dried* in a fraction of the time it used to take. Think of it—the drudgery of years saved just by hot water and this *inexpensive device*!

Of course you are interested in how it works. A removable soap container fits on the end of the hose. The hot water goes into it faster than it can come out—making heavy soap suds. This hot soapy water comes through the nozzle in a flat stream—*keen as a knife*—cutting the grease immediately! Too, this flat stream does not splash as a round stream would. You can hardly believe—until you try it—how effective, how *quick* it is. Pull off the soap container—send a stream of clear hot water over the dishes. It *rinses and dries* them quickly.

But what about the pots and pans! Yes, it's true—they can be done just as easily and quickly as the dishes. With Dishwashette come two brushes; a coarse one and a fine one. No matter how badly burned a pot or pan is—it can be scoured clean in a small part of the time it would require if done by hand. For the hot water runs right through the brush—*clean*—

Hot water makes heavy suds of soap in container. Use pieces of soap or soap chips.

Flat sharp stream of soapy water cuts grease like a knife.

ing as it scours. And the worst job of all is over—no trouble at all! Close your eyes and picture the whole thing for yourself. No dishes or glassware submerged in dirty dish water. *Always—clean, running water!* Any kind of soap can be used. It's all like a story of magic. Can you afford to be without such a willing servant for the small sum of \$6.85? How many times after a delightful dinner have you said: "I would give anything in the world if I didn't have to do these dishes!"

Or make your maid happy with a Dishwashette. She'll appreciate it—probably more than all your other labor-saving devices put together. The tray is a convenient size—14 inches wide, 18 inches long, 4½ inches high. It will take care of the dishes used by three to five people. If your family is large, the tray can always be filled twice, or you can get an extra dish and silver tray for \$1.50.

The Dishwashette is *guaranteed*. Absolutely! For one year against defective material and workmanship. Which means that it actually costs you about two cents a day. A servant for a few cents a day! And there's really no reason why it shouldn't last for years. The price is \$6.85 parcel post prepaid—or, if you are west of the Mississippi, \$7.50. Send cash, check or money order with your order. Or perhaps you would rather send \$2.00 now—and pay the balance to the postman who will deliver the complete Dishwashette C. O. D. Enjoy it for three days! Then, if you feel you would rather go back to the barbarous method of dishwashing than keep this new and pleasant method—Send it back. The entire amount you have paid will be cheerfully and promptly refunded to you.

A connecting washer that fits any faucet

Remove soap container. Rinse with stream of clean hot water. The dishes dry without wiping.

Pots and pans done as easily as dishes. Attach coarse and fine brushes that scour as they clean.

Easily put away when not in use. Takes no more room than ordinary dish drainer.

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Sir:—Please send me a Dishwashette for which

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SS-1

You Can Read the Secrets She Told Her Diary



THERE are some things so close to a woman's heart that she would not dare reveal them to her dearest friend. But tell them she must, where no ear can hear, and no eyes pry. Only to her diary does a woman confide the innermost secrets of her soul. That's why diaries are interesting, and of all diaries this one, which begins on the next page, is the most amazing.

*T*HERE isn't a man in the world a woman can't win if she goes about it the right way. Trouble with most women is they want to win them their way instead of the man's way. Men have everything you want, so the short cut to everything is to find the right man



The Real Diary of a

JUNE 2—I am almost afraid to write the first word on this blank, clean page. It is the beginning of a whole new life for me. Everything seems to have exploded inside of me just suddenly and I have made up my mind what to do. I have never kept a diary before and I'm going to keep this one only for one thing. I'm never going to indulge in the luxury of a confidant. Women can't be trusted and I shall have other uses for men. So I shall write in this book and it will help me clear my thoughts and understand myself.

If I write things all down on this page I won't overlook any bets. I am going to be absolutely frank with myself because

what would be the use of keeping a book to write down your own real thoughts and ideas and ambitions and then lie to it? It would be like cheating at solitaire, and you bet I do not intend to cheat myself. No matter how bad or how good or how strange or how crazy or how cold-blooded the things are I may do and think, I am going to tell the truth in this book and I bet if people could ever read it, it would hand them an awful jolt, because women never tell the truth about themselves to anybody.

If I lied to this book I would be deceived about myself just when I ought to know the truth. The greatest mistakes women



*NO matter how bad
or how good the
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ever read it, it will
surprise them a lot, be-
cause women never tell
the truth about them-
selves to anybody*

*Beginning:
What Men Want*

Real Girl



make are about themselves. They want to do what they want to, and make everybody, even themselves, think they're angels. I love myself too much for anything I ever do to make me turn against myself. So do all women, so they'd be more sensible if they wasn't so much like ostriches with their silly heads in the sand.

Not me! This is my seventeenth birthday and it's darn funny that woman spoke to me in the store just today. Anyway seventeen is old enough to begin because I want to have my fortune and my admirers to enjoy while I'm young enough to get a kick out of them. I got an idea anyway that Nature

meant us to have our fun while we're young because you pretty near have to be good when you get old. And when you try to reverse old Nature's plans you get in a mess and may die young.

It seems to me I have been living and thinking and acting and reading toward this day all my life but I didn't know it. Now I do. I am going to be a vamp, a gold-digger, anything you want to call it. I'm going to do anything I can get away with.

I bet at that I better keep this book locked up or Ma will see it and Ma is so darned old-fashioned, and she's stupid.

Oh, gosh, how stupid she is. No woman can cook and scrub and wash and sew like that all her life and always be having and taking care of a lot of squalling brats with no more money than a poor old half wit like Dad can earn as a street car motorman and not be stupid. Ma always reminds me of a poor old white stray dog.

What's the use of her always talking to me about death being the wages of sin, and being good and those old bum stalls they put in the copy books, when all I got to do is look at her to see what kind of a reward just being good and sweet gives her. Ma's a good woman. So are all the other women in this block. Well, it seems to me that when you can see with your own eyes where being good gets you and then see the janes that come in the store that ain't on speaking terms with any of the ten commandments, it's a bad day for the goody-goodies.

NOT for me! I'm going to be rich. I'm going to have everything in the world I want. I want clothes and furs and jewels and diamonds and limousines with lights inside and things to eat and fun. Music. I want so much money nobody can ever say a word to me. I want to be somebody so that when I go by people will say "Look at that swell dame. That's Fanny O'B——."

I want it, want it, want it. I can feel the want inside me like a great big fire.

So far's I know there's only one way I can get it.

That's men. Men.

I'm so excited thinking about it and seeing it all written down here my hands are shaking. I will go to bed. I mustn't let myself feel so much. This hole we live in is so far from the store I have to get up at five-thirty to get there. New York's a swell place to live in when you're poor. I don't think.

June 3—I'm going to start in right away. That woman that spoke to me yesterday—she come to the flower counter and asked for a pink velvet gardenia, grinning like she was afraid I wouldn't know what it was. She put her hand under my chin and turned my face up to them big lights and she said "Funny. That's just what we were talking about last night. Where you find 'it.' Well, you've got 'it,' my dear." Well, I was ready to pass out looking at her. She had on a fur coat that'd stop your heart beating, and real orchids pinned in front.

But I got hold of myself. I says to myself, "Fanny O'B——, there isn't any use in taking the count now. Find out what she means." So I asked her "Got what, the small-pox?" She laughed and laughed, and it's funny the minute she laughed I knew she was one of the wrong ones. Her laugh was too sweet and too easy and too sugary. Nice women don't have to have a laugh like that I guess. Anyway, none of them do. She didn't have on a wedding ring but that didn't dim the sparkle of that five carat diamond she was sporting. Diamonds. Anybody can have all them funny green and red stones, but diamonds for me. And I don't notice it's any harder for the dames that ain't married to spend their money in this store than it is for the ones that are, except maybe it takes a little longer because they got more to spend.

I GOT an idea unless a woman can make a wonderful marriage right off, she can do a whole lot better if she don't marry at all. I'm not going to marry until I can marry a millionaire. Marriage is all right for men because it just keeps them from having to pay for their fun a lot of times but marriage for a woman that wants to get along is the bunk.

Well, when this woman says "IT" I asked her what. She stood there laughing and then all of a sudden she give a quick sigh and says, "IT! I can't tell you what to call it. Personality, charm, that something that draws men whether they want to be drawn or not. It's not beauty. The day of the beauty is past. Sometimes you find it in stores. Sometimes in palaces. Sometimes on the stage. But wherever you find it, you find a woman who can rule the world. But remember my dear," she leaned over, "just remember one thing from me. Don't let them fool you with this talk about woman's emancipation and freedom. It's a new toy they've given us to play with, that's all! Money is the only equality for a woman. A rich woman has rights, a poor woman has nothing but wrongs."

Just then I noticed old D——, the floor-walker, looking at

us and I jumped, but he was smiling that superior old smile of his and lamping this jane with her furs and orchids and diamonds. Poor old nut.

She was right about this freedom stuff. Women trade off their birthright of making men do everything they want them to for a chance to fight them on equal ground.

June 12—I give Slat the air today. Gee, what a grand little guy Slat is! He's a sport. Slat and I have been sweeties since we were fifteen. He works in a pool room around the corner. I learned a lot from Slat. He calls me an icicle. Last night he said, "Fan, go your own gait. I don't know what's in your head but you're an iceberg. You ought to get along, but let me give you one tip before I go. A man likes best of anything in the world to think that he's aroused strong feeling in a woman. It's the biggest bouquet she can hand him. A man's more often caught by a woman's feeling than by his own. That old stuff about a man being allured mostly by coldness is the bunk. That may go for a matinee idol or a male vamp, but it don't go for the ordinary, every day man. You haven't got any real feeling, Fan, but you can learn to fake it. The faked kind is all the better. It's less liable to dynamite you."

JUNE 19—The hardest thing of all is getting started. You got to make them notice you first. That's where beauty counts and I haven't got it yet. Wait till I get some clothes. I've fixed up my store dress though so it shows my figure real good. Now I've got to find some one that can help me. I've got to begin going up. I wish I hadn't had to go into the store so young. Being a stenographer must give you a lot more chances. There aren't many men to get at where I am.

June 25—Oh, gosh, I've laughed till my stomach aches all over. I found the guy to help me and I bet if he could read my mind he'd either have me put in chains or he'd start for China to-morrow. He'd think I was a lunatic. But that's all right. He's a man, and there isn't a man in the world a woman can't win if she goes about it right. Trouble with most women is they want to get them their way instead of the man's way. But I know I can. I wonder how I know that. Well, I do. There's nothing impossible to a woman. Men have everything in the world you want, so the shortest cut to everything is to quit bothering about other things and get the man.

Well, the man I've picked out to start with is old D——. Here's the way I got it figured out and I'm going to write it down so I can be sure I'm right.

Old D—— has been head floor-walker in our store for fifteen years. Why, I remember when I was a cash girl with pigtailed down my back the first time he ever come in with a toupée. But D—— has the recommending of what girls shall be taken out of the departments down here on the first floor and sent upstairs to good jobs. What I want to be is a model, because I got sense enough to see I've got a lot to learn. Being a model I could wear real clothes and see the swell ladies and hear them talk.

If D—— would recommend me for the first vacancy I'd get it, but he don't know I'm alive. If I fainted he'd have me canned and if I dropped my handkerchief he'd give me a bawling out for being so careless and if I made goo-goo eyes at him he'd think I was cuckoo. Besides he'd run a mile from a woman. Not but what he'd like to stick around, but he'd be scared of getting in trouble. He's a cautious old bird.

IN ALL the books I ever read the women could always fix it all up with soft lights and incense and a little music and get all dressed, or undressed, for the part. Well, I got to do without those props.

July 1—I been looking at myself tonight in the glass for about an hour. I tried to get hard-boiled about myself too. It's like this.

I've got a beautiful figure. Tall and slender, but I guess my bones must be awful small because they don't show any place and I look all nice and round. My hair is N. G. It's blonde and straight as a string. But hair don't matter much because a good hairdresser can always fix it right. My eyes are fine, queer-looking, sort of gray-green-brown. Men usually look at them twice. My nose is silly and small. But I got an idea men aren't any too keen for these strong-minded women. Most men like a pretty, amiable idiot better than any other



A woman came to my counter and she looked at me and said, "Funny. Where you find 'it.' Well, you've got 'it,' my dear." I asked her, "Got what?" She laughed and said. "I can't tell you what it is. Personality, charm, the something that draws men."

kind of a woman, I think. It makes them feel sensible.

And that's going to be me. I may be smart but you bet I'll never let any man find it out. Masked batteries, that's what count. If they think you're smart they watch out for you. If they think you're sweet and simple you can get away with murder.

My mouth is a knockout because it looks like I was a regular eat 'em alive Spanish senorita. It's a kind of a surprise to go with the rest of me. It's real red and the upper lip don't quite come down to the lower one and that's full and round. I'm going to feature the mouth now. When I get more clothes I'll star the figure.

Oh, how I hate it here. Hate it. I'll smother with this smell of cooking and too many of us together. I hate every-

body in this house. Yes, even Ma and Dad. Why not? They're horrid and common and dirty and nothing. Oh, I'd sell my soul right now to get out of here. Quick.

July 9—I have hit on my scheme with old D—. Slat was right. I've got to hand him such a dose of flattery he'll be unconscious. I got to make him believe I'm so crazy about him it'll rouse him too. It might not work with a younger guy but I bet it is a long time since old D— had a real thrill. He's a regular mummy. The girls are all polite and try to work on him in a fatherly way. That's out! He's been a father to these girls so long a change'll do him good.

No man is ever going to be a father to me unless he'd got a bank roll to pay for the privilege.

Another thing I found out about him. Mrs. Van R—— was in yesterday and she came to my counter. She's an ugly old bat. After she was gone old D—— come up and sniffed and sniffed and he said "My! What elegant scent!" The old idiot.

Slats give me five dollars just before I give him the gate. He said he'd snared ten by winning a bet from somebody and it'd bring him luck to split it with me. You bet I'll never get any luck that way. So this afternoon I took it over to the perfumery counter and I bought five dollars' worth of the same kind of perfumery. I guess they sell it by the drop. I know I got five drops for five bucks. But that's enough. Oh it's wonderful. I love it. I love it. I love it better than I could love any man in the world. I almost love old D—— because he caused me to buy it.

August 1—It's working. It gives me a thrill to watch it work. Power over human beings is the biggest thrill in the world, I guess. Every time he's in my aisle I just gaze and gaze at him like I was in a desert and he was a drink of water. And when he looks I drop my eyes and get pale. You can do it if you think hard enough.

WELL, the other day I saw him standing alone and I walked up behind him. I just stood. When he turned around and saw me I pretended like I was so intent watching him I didn't hardly know he'd turned around. He got red. And then I jumped and let the tears come in my eyes. I looked nice. I had bought some silk stockings, too, because I'd noticed that men always look down first when they see a girl coming. I took out my handkerchief while I was asking him some silly question about the fire regulations. I just touched my lips with it as if they were dry. He sniffed when he smelled the "scent."

He says, "My dear child how extraordinary. That delicious scent! Isn't that the same that Mrs. Van R—— uses?" I said yes. He said "But Miss, Miss O'B—— how can you afford such things?"

"You liked it," I said. Then I dropped my eyes and just

ran. It got him. It ain't, it isn't, me. It's what he thinks I think he is. I'll feed him that incense till he can't do without it any more than a hophead can do without his shot.

August 10—It took me all this time to get old D—— alone. He's married and he's scared. But I've kept watching and watching and last night I walked out right beside him. When I saw I'd made it I put my hand in my bag and got at my little bottle of perfumery without him seeing it and daubed a little on my coat. I didn't say a word. I just walked beside him and looked at him. I had my eyes half-closed while I was looking at him. So finally he asked me if I'd like an ice cream soda and I said yes, so we went in a little

place and we sat in a booth. I sat right beside him, as close as I dared.

Pretty soon I begun to cry. Not hard, but just slow, nice tears. He looked up and he says "Child, child, what is it?" I choked and I says, "Oh, you know, you know." Then I leaned up against him and just for a minute I let my head fall on his shoulder. His arm went around me and I could feel his poor old heart beating and I knew he was



I noticed a funny look in his eyes as I finished trying on the dresses: "You should have them all," he said. "My dear, you're a born model."

hooked good and proper. Gee, there's no fool like an old fool! So I straightened up and give him a dying antelope look and said:

"I'll have that to remember. But it can't be. You're married and I'm a good girl and I want your happiness more than anything in the world. Just love me a little and be my friend and it will be enough for me. I will die for you if you need me. And I will always have you here in my heart. For my own."

Oh, slush!

BUT he's promised to get me a job upstairs where my poor little artistic soul will be more happily surrounded. You bet it will.

September 11—I have got to get away from here. I can't stand this house and Ma and Dad and the kids any longer. I can't stand the place. That's all. But I don't see how I can afford any better because even with my raise and what

little I've saved it'd only get me a cheap boarding-house somewhere. And that's no good. It's better to stay home because at least that gives you an "out" with a lot of guys who want something for "not much." I've bought myself two pretty decent dresses and a hat and some more silk stockings since I've been in the gown department. I've been busy. That's why I haven't written. Nothing to write much. I been trying to learn some, too. I got an idea the men higher up like you to have some talk and kid them a lot. So I've been reading Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw. I don't always know what it means but they got a lot of good lines.

Now I've made up my mind the next step is to find a guy that would like to pay for a nice little flat for me. That's the next step. That and getting to be a model. No, maybe the model is first. I'll get a better chance of being a flat owner.

Paul B—— is the one for that.

D——. I bet "a pound of flesh" is his motto. If he made me a model he'd want to make me a lot of things besides, but it can't be done.

I like being in gowns only it drives me crazy. I sold that gorgeous Paquin model today. The one I adored. In that I could have vamped the King of England. It was just made for me. And I sold it to an old lady with a couple of chins. I could have choked her. God knows I hate men but I sure hate women worse. Guess I'll have to be an angel. I only love myself and clothes and jewels and grand things.

Writing this has decided me I got to begin on B——. First I'll get the model job then will come the flat. I'll take just the right guy to buy me a flat and go on living at the club himself. That's the way I want to play it if I can. But if I can't I'll have to play it the other way. Only any girl can do that almost. In the end it don't pay.

SEPTEMBER 16—I got an idea—I mean I have an idea that a lot of women make the mistake of dressing too well. My motto is going to be always dress well even if you have to do it at the expense of some other woman's husband, but not too well. I been watching the janes that come into the store to buy and mostly they dress for other women and not for men at all. That's all wrong. A woman without good clothes is like a hook without bait but a woman with too many clothes is like a hook with ten pounds of beef on it.

Men don't like so much clothes, I mean so much style. Men aren't subtle and if you're all tricked up for the circus they miss you altogether. I been watching the poor ginks that get brought in here by their women folks and I've learned one thing. Men don't know and don't give a darn about style and fashions. They don't know whether a gown is past, present or future tense—if it looks good. That is, ordinary men. Maybe some of these experts do, but I'm not going to make the mistake of picking on them. There are lots of other guys whose signature look just as good to the cashier.

Usually men pick out the things that look best on a woman while she falls for some new freak of style that the movie queens are wearing and that makes her look like a cartoon. Men, I notice, mostly like simple elegant things with swell lines and no trimmings, no beads and buttons and fringe and such junk. I'm going to be little Fanny that dressed the way the men like it. Never heard of any woman giving you money for looking nice.

That gives me an idea. See? I knew if I wrote things down ideas would

come much faster and they do.

September 19—The idea worked I think.

This morning I fixed myself up as nice as I could—I had to spend ten bucks I'd saved for some [Continued on page 94]



I saw I had to work fast with this baby. "Oh," I said, "how wonderful! If I could be a model for you. It's my dream!" I gave him a quick look and he was a little drugged by it.

He's the gown buyer and the head of the department. He's hard-boiled all right. Goes to Paris twice a year and all that. I'm scared of him. Not a darned bit like good old



MADAME ELINOR GLYN has proved in "Three Weeks," and "It" that she is the world's greatest authority on human emotions.

Can the
Marriage Tangle
Be Solved by

Love



Study profoundly the character of your proposed partner
state at all. Shut out the glamour and

SEVERAL people have written to me lately asking what I think of having a husband on approval—the notion suggested as perhaps one way out of what seems to be a miserable tangle—present day marriage. It would be best to start the discussion by going back to the very beginning to see what marriage means and what it is for.

Obviously, even to the minds which have not studied the question from the historical or philosophical standpoint, it is apparent that it was evolved for the continuance of the family and the enforcing of obligation upon the male to provide for and protect his offspring, and his medium for acquiring offspring—namely, the woman.

Free love would leave all the unhampered gratification to the male, and all the responsibility afterwards, to the female, a manifestly unfair arrangement. Free love would also permit the female whatever promiscuity her fancy suggested to her, which eventually would destroy her power to produce children and this would be going contrary to all the intention of nature, which, above all things, demands reproduction. Therefore, the institution of legal marriage has gradually developed.

In the far back ages what we call "love" was unknown; strong sex desires were always there, of course, as in animals, but the thing which is half of the mind and spirit, suggesting sacrifice and devotion, only became a stupendous force after Christianity had altered the general point of view about the after life, and the laws of chivalry had raised woman upon a pedestal.

But all through the centuries until the nineteenth, marriage was not looked upon as the natural and inevitable end of be-

ing "in love." Marriage was a business arrangement over which the parents had jurisdiction. It was fortunate if the emotion of love existed between the pair, but not necessary.

Then, in the nineteenth century, when new ideas of personal freedom began to show, and the romantic movement was revived, "falling in love" was recognized as a fact, and marriage was accepted as the end of it. In the days of our grandparents it seemed to go along very well. You were married for life and were expected to be faithful.

THE great weight of public opinion controlled your subconscious mind and nearly always kept you faithful! You were not allowed to express unhappiness or rebellion, and so you controlled yourself and passed through the emotional years under the dominion of your will and conventionality, thus arriving at a more or less contented old age. You had very

By MADAME ELINOR GLYN

On Approval?

*Marriage Bonds
Have Become Irksome
But
MARRIAGE
Can Still Be
HEAVEN
Where There Is
LOVE*



in matrimony. Study him before entering any marriage ask yourself cold, common sense questions.

few examples of successful breaking away, and numbers of examples of the awful fate which fell upon delinquents!

THEN lo! There came rapid means of transport by the automobile, and verbal communication by the telephone, so this acceptance of marriage bonds unquestioned was bound to collapse. Business warmed up to fever point and took the men away for many more hours than in the old days and used up their energy too in the fight with each other for dollars.

So women's lives grew very empty; unrest stalked abroad; education advanced; the desire to be individual began to obsess even the most mediocre female minds. The sex instinct, ungratified because of the potent charm of that all masterful mistress of men, Mademoiselle Business, began to stir up every sort of feverish desire in women which destroyed their home instinct.

The bond of marriage has become irksome to thousands of respectable, good, nice members of both sexes, victims of the onrush of civilization.

What is to be done about it—that is the question?

WE CATCH at any new ideas of betterment, even that of "husbands on approval." Why not "wives on approval" also? Unless birth control were legally permitted it does not seem as if sampling the state of matrimony could be anything but a failure, since human beings while they have a spark of divinity left in them must feel some love and responsibility for their offspring.

After you had tried out the suitability of George as a husband for three months or so, you might easily discover that you had started to fulfill what was the original intention of mutual union, and what then? I leave it to any woman who reads this to imagine what her state of mind and emotions would be and what she would be likely to think of the "husband on approval" idea in that case.

If the law permitted birth control and I am not here expressing any opinion as to whether it should do so or not, then husbands and wives "on approval" might be the happy solution of the whole tangle, that is if settlements of money and property could be fairly and amicably adjusted before they entered into the thing.

Say if at the end of three months, the man agreed to pay the woman enough to compensate her if she had given up a job or incurred expense. If these points were left vague, with the present epidemic of women claiming colossal alimony from husbands, few men would be reckless [Continued on page 128]

*This Young Wife
Tried to Escape
from the Grip of*

June



Neal Clayton was saying just the things I wanted him to say. Already I was wishing I could go to the dance with him. But if I dared to go it would be in spite of the gilded cage that imprisoned me.

IMAGINE a June afternoon whose very golden air seems mysteriously laden with romantic ardor, an afternoon of pearl and sapphire skies, murmurous water shimmering into shades of sun-amber, jade, and blue. Imagine a private swimming float moored in the midst of such an enchanting hour, and picture me—a girl touched by the inescapable glamour of it all—lying there in a one-piece bathing suit.

Across the sparkling waters lay all the forbidden things I craved. Love! Youth! Romance! Adventure! How they called to me! How my heart answered them! They were the beauty, the strength, and the sweetness of life luring my cheated youth.

Behind me towered my gorgeous home, Madison Hall, hemmed in by ivy-thatched walls that held me prisoner like a little fairy princess. I was, as all women are who have everything money can buy except romance, a bird in a gilded cage, beating my wings against the golden bars that denied me the freedom to venture forth in quest of my heart's desire.

Is it any wonder the spell of the hour, and my yearning for the forbidden sweet of romance, tempted me to fancy that the summer breeze whispering across Long Island Sound was the voice of an ardent young lover? As my gaze drifted to

where the Larchmont yachts were weaving white patterns between dancing water and sky, I picked out a graceful little sloop that was coming about, all her canvas bellying out in the breeze, and pictured a sun-tanned young Viking at her wheel. He was tall, and athletic. As clean and fine as the summer day. I gave him sea-blue eyes, and hair that the wind blew back from his forehead like a blond unruly wave. And, in my imagination, he too seemed touched by the magical appeal of the June afternoon.

The sloop headed in closer. An inner voice whispered that romance and adventure were on the way. I drew in my breath sharply, and tingled all over.

BUT, the tiny yacht unexpectedly changed her course. As she scudded off to the southward I felt I was being cheated of what my whole being yearned for. Regret and disappointment brought tears to my eyes. I buried my face in my arms.

The sloop was a shrinking square in the distance the next time I looked up. I was so sure that it was taking romance away from me, that I could no longer pretend the breeze was a lover's voice. Then I saw something that made me

Madness



catch my breath. Perhaps romance was on the way after all.

A lone swimmer was stroking his way from mid-Sound. As I watched him my feeling of mysterious expectancy came back stronger than before. His arms flashed like brown, rhythmic paddles in the golden sunshine, and the patch of glittering water narrowed between us. Stretched out on the raft I waited almost breathlessly.

THE swimmer's overhand stroke was apparently quite strong as he pulled into the lee of the float. But, his voice sounded winded when he called out from the place where he was treading water.

"May I hang on to your float, and rest a bit? I'm about all in," he said and his smile went straight to my heart.

"Please come aboard," I said, although I knew I was inviting temptation. My voice sounded strange to my own ears then, as if it were touched by the feverish excitement his coming had kindled in me.

A moment later he was standing on the raft. I shall never forget how the sight of the bronzed young giant in blue swimming tights affected me. I knew in that first moment that he was my blond blue-eyed Viking come to life. He was the

boy I had fancied at the wheel of the little sloop, and his appeal touched me as did the magic spell of the hour.

"Please sit down. You are done up," I said.

"Thanks awfully. I tried to bite off a little bit too much today. My wind's not quite strong enough for the pull clean across the Sound," he said and he lay down relaxing like a fine young animal.

"Why! You've done about eight miles! Not practicing to swim the English Channel are you?"

He laughed. "No, I'm not out to cut down Gertie's record. To tell the truth I'm trying to build up wind for next year's football season. I'm Captain of A—— University and I don't want some man beating me out for my place on the team."

HE DID not seem the type anyone could beat out of anything he wanted awfully much. The cut of his jaw, and the squareness of his big shoulders had a go-get-'em quality. I liked fighters and winners. The way he was looking at me suggested he'd be interested in putting up a fight for me. This thrilled me, and woman-like I determined to draw him out.

"It's too wonderful a day to have the blues, isn't it?" I be-

gan. I hoped that would catch his interest and it did. He propped his handsome young face up on his hands and gave me an incredulous look. "You don't mean to say you've got 'em? Not you?"

"Why not?" I demanded. "We all get them, especially when we're bored."

"WELL, you seem the last person in the world who ought to have them," he answered. After a pause he went on impulsively: "Look here, it's funny, I'll admit, but about a mile from here I began picking out a landing spot, and out of all possible places I picked this float. Call it a hunch—anything you will. But, something drew me here. I felt it pulling me."

"Then you believe in destiny?"

"You mean the destiny of certain people meeting in life? Yes, although this is the first time it's happened to me. I'll be very frank. I've been very pretty much bored myself lately. Not with life but with people. I had a feeling that if I swam over to this point, something would happen."

"Are you still bored, Mr. What's-Your-Name?" I asked.

"No, but now I know I will be tonight at the Sea Cliff Yacht Club hop," he said. My heart began to beat faster at the realization of what his words meant.

"Don't they have good parties over there? I thought all Long Island Clubs were fun," I said. I was pretending I hadn't caught his meaning as I wanted him to speak plainly.

He pulled himself over closer. "They have great parties as parties go, but I'll be bored awfully tonight because you won't be there," he said.

How lovely! He was saying just the things I wanted him to say. Of course, it might have been a line with him, but a woman believes what she wants to believe. I wanted to believe he would be bored, and already I was wishing I could go to the dance with him. But, the dance, like the romance and youth he personified, was forbidden fruit for me. If I dared go it would be in spite of the gilded cage that imprisoned me.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Neal Clayborn."

"Neal," I repeated. "I like it."

"And, yours?"

"Janice Madison."

"Pretty," he said and took my hand in his, "and, I suppose you live back there in the big white castle?" He motioned his blond head toward the shore where Madison Hall stood all green and white in the slanting sun.

I NODDED. I was mistress of it all, its aristocratic pillars, its air of proud grandeur, its walled gardens, its luxuries, and padding servants.

"It seems like a dream palace, just the place for you, Janice," he said.

I closed my eyes at his words. Yes, I should have been happy and contented to be mistress of Madison Hall, and all it meant. Most girls envied me because they thought money could buy everything. It was a palace of dreams come true to everyone but me. Madison Hall was luxury, beauty, and all of that, but Neal Clayton was the youth and romance that those great ivy-

thatched walls seemed to shut out of my life forever.

"Tell me about the Sea Cliff hop tonight," I said. I was wondering if I really dared carry out a plan that promised a night of high adventure and romance.

"I suppose a girl like you is always busy. But, I wish you could come over, Janice."

Neal caught my hand in his. "Listen, my friend has a beautiful speed-boat, the Dasher III. Does forty miles! Couldn't you get out of your date tonight? I know it's awfully nervy, but tomorrow I'm going off on a long cruise and I'd so much love to be with you tonight."

There were many things that made me impulsively promise to meet him on the float at nine. There was the eagerness of his voice, the appeal of his eyes, the touch of his hands, the spell the hour had cast over me, but, the fact that he was going away tomorrow was the thing that really swayed me. I didn't want him to go without the memory of one beautiful forbidden night together, although I didn't dare think of ever seeing him afterwards. His leaving would take care of that.

"TIDE'LL be coming in around nine. Cut your motor off and drift in to the float. I'll take a canoe out," I said. Neal Clayton had gone to my heart and head like a drink of rich old wine.

"Janice, you're a darling," he said. His face moved closer to mine. I lifted my lips up to his. Neal's kiss made the sinking sun turn the skies into the flame color of the thrilling fire I knew I was playing with regardless of how it might burn me.

"I don't want to, but I've got to shove off now so I can get back in time," he said.

"You're sure you're all right, strong enough for the long pull?" I asked, suddenly anxious.

Neal stretched his arms, and flexed his great muscles. "Strong enough? Janice, I could swim the Channel the way I feel."

He threw me a kiss as he took off, and shot through the water under a fine spray of foam from his crawl stroke. He waved back at me until at last he was lost to sight in the dusk drifting over Long Island Sound like a fleet of violet sails. Tingling with anticipation I went overboard for my swim to the white beach that was growing shadowy now that the June sun was dropping behind our house. Never before had I swum with such power and exhilaration. A new sort of strength surged through my body with each stroke, and shortly I was wading through the shallows to the shore where I stood for a moment peering into the enchanted spaces that had swallowed Neal Clayborn.

"NEAL, Neal," I cried softly, "you're everything I wanted so much before you came."

I turned and ran toward Madison Hall through our formal gardens, and up the canvas covered boardwalk laid especially for swimmers. As the shadows of the great walls thickened, I suddenly realized that I was hemmed in by them, and that I must defy and challenge all they stood for if I kept my rendezvous with Neal Clayborn and romance.

You see, I was the young wife of Ed- [Continued on page 110]



I sat with my husband in the great chair. I clung to him, my throat burning with the things I wanted to confess. He was kind but the words would not come.

Snappy Numbers



Here's modern courtship with a little Spanish sauce! Vera Steadman, oblivious of all save an unseen Toreador, is "saying IT with music" while Frances Lee, also aspiring to be Mrs. Toreador, is about to silence Vera's guitar with her own eloquent mandolin. Perhaps the outcome will be a Christie Comedy



Rub-a-dub-dub!
If Ethelynn Claire
of Century Com-
edies were a recruit-
ing sergeant we'd
have the largest
army in the world

Freulich

Music hath charms but to any-
one with speaking eyes like
Marie Taylor's a banjo-uke is
simply superfluous

De Barron

Right in



Freslich

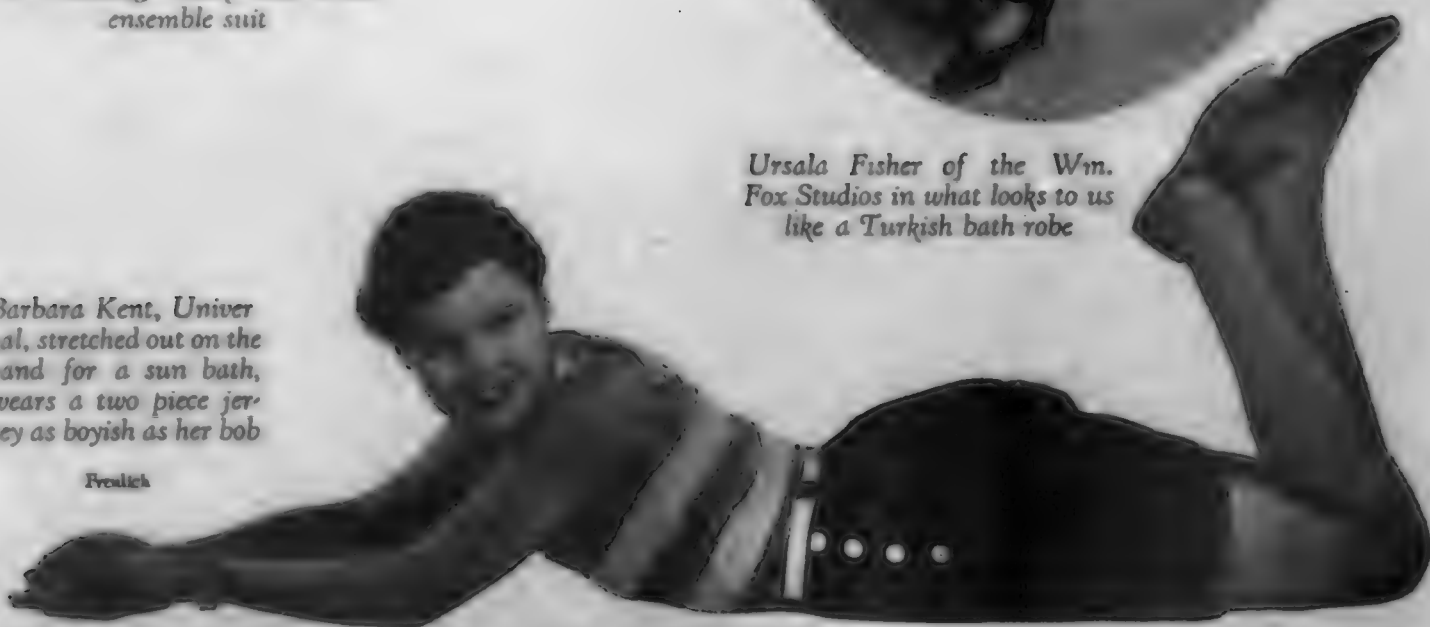
June Marlowe, Universal, wears the latest thing in beach costumes. A stunning black and white ensemble suit



Ursula Fisher of the Wm. Fox Studios in what looks to us like a Turkish bath robe

Barbara Kent, Universal, stretched out on the sand for a sun bath, wears a two piece jersey as boyish as her bob

Freslich



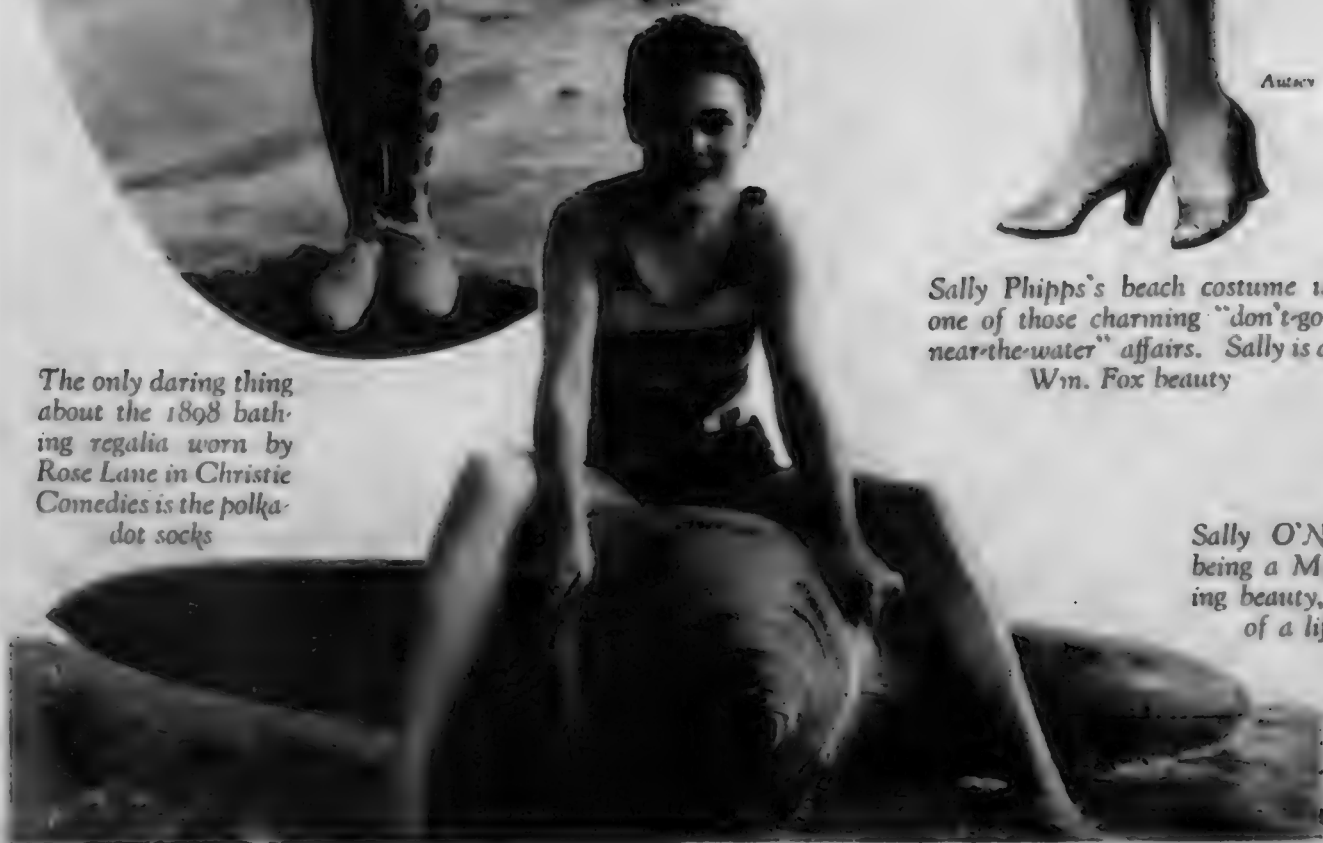
the Swim



The only daring thing about the 1898 bathing regalia worn by Rose Lane in *Christie Comedies* is the polka-dot socks



Sally Phipps's beach costume is one of those charming "don't-go-near-the-water" affairs. Sally is a Wm. Fox beauty



Sally O'Neil, besides being a M-G-M bathing beauty, is a whale of a life saver

This Age of Knees!

RUBY KEELER'S fetching costume makes up in sleeves what it lacks by way of a skirt. Well, the censor must be kept happy somehow! (It's hard to tell whether Lucile Pinson is flirting with the man in the moon or just star-gazing but it's pretty certain that when you gaze at her it's the beauty of a rapidly rising star that brings you to her knees

Clarence S. Bull



Ruby Keeler (above)
is on the stage in
Bye Bye Bonnie and
Lucile Pinson is with
M-G-M



O. O. McINTYRE'S Best True Story This Month

Square SHOOTERS

THERE is a loyalty, transcending the man made codes, that breathes divinity. It is not confined to the seats of the mighty, but flowers, like a lily in the bog, in obscure places.

In a hard-boiled world it is often tagged "square shooting." It is a virtue frequently expressed by the gambler, the murderer, and thief as well as by puritans.

The "square shooter" is not seeking Page One praise. He does his stuff and goes his way. He is impelled doubtless by the same unexplainable urge that causes the pine to spring toward the sun. His gesture smacks of the celestial.

There, for instance, was Bert Wheeler, the shy little Broadway comedian, who had toured vaudeville for twelve years with his wife, Betty. And about a year ago she came to him with a dead calm in her face and a stab in her heart and told him her love for him was dead. She loved another.

He took the blow like a man—standing—and said: "Gee, it's a tough break for me for everything dear to me centers in you. But you can't help it and I don't count. You've got to be happy." The next day he turned over their joint savings of \$21,000 to her and went his way.

BERT WHEELER, then, is a "square shooter," if you know what I mean. And so I come to Jimmy Geards. About the squarest little shooter the boys along Park Row have found in many a day.

He was spewed up from the depths of the tenement catacombs—a spindly legged gamin of the streets. Jimmy is a sort of Huck Finn roaming the alleys and the vacant lots.

Not so long ago I found him in a dingy Brooklyn court facing a stern judge. He had the manner of its being not his initial offense. His was the attitude of careless resignation. He had been caught burglarizing a garage. If he squealed on his companions, he would be let off with a light sentence.

The prosecutor: "You were not alone on this job?" Jimmy looked worried and his slight frame grew taut.

"Aw, hell!" he exploded. "What's de use? Put it on me, mister. I'm to blame."

"But you were not alone in this theft," said the judge.

"Naw, I was just one of de gang. And you see—" he shifted, then throwing caution to the winds, he continued. "Them kids has families. I ain't got no mudder or no old man. There's just me and no one to worry. I been on my own for seven years. I'll take the rap. I ain't no squealer."

THERE was that breathless hush that comes when a soul bares itself and stands stark white. The judge coughed, wiped his spectacles suspiciously and came the booming voice of the prosecutor: "By God, you're a square shooter, kid." The judge motioned the lawyers to follow him into his ante room. Jimmy stood fumbling his frayed cap. He did not understand and looked forlorn.

The judge returned. "You are determined," he inquired, "not to reveal your companions?"

Jimmy said: "Sure! I'll take the jolt for all of us."



Pirie Macdonald

HE looks out upon Life with wise, far-seeing eyes and his ability to find kindness and beauty in strange places has endeared him to millions of readers.

The judge: "Your loyalty may be in the wrong direction but your heart is right. I suspend sentence. You are free."

And looking out over the court-room he said with a tremor in his voice: "It would be folly to send this boy out empty handed. I contribute five dollars." The spectators contributed twenty dollars more.

Jimmy walked out with his lawyer. Suddenly: "Hey, I forgot to pay you. Here—" and he held out the \$25.

"You put that money in your pocket. Furthermore, I know where there is a job for you. Will you keep straight?" said the man of the law.

"Dat's a pipe," said Jimmy jerking his thumb toward the court-room. "who wouldn't after that?"

THERE are thousands of Jimmy Geards who tomorrow or the next day reach the cross roads. There are thousands of Bert Wheelers who face a similar doom. Life is like that. It is not for us to question.

All we can do is just be "square shooters." It pays. Ask Jimmy Geards. Or even little Bert Wheeler.

Should I Share



"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Ruth, clapping her hands. "Ain't we got fun!" Catching me kissing Dell had only made my girl glad.

WHY should I share my girl with other fellows? Why should I let every Tom, Dick and Harry flirt with the girl I love and hope to marry?

There's only one answer. I shouldn't. But, Ruth, my girl, does not agree with me. Her attitude is driving me wild.

Every time I see Ruth sitting around with silken legs cocked up at a reckless angle, her short skirts hardly covering her knees, and flirting with other fellows, I see red.

Even when it's not my own girl that's being free it is just the same with me. I can't help it because I put myself in the place of the girl's sweetheart, and I think of the girl as Ruth.

A girl ought to be able to have a good time without having every man in the crowd mush over her. I'm a one-girl man and I want my girl to be a one-man girl.

One girl for one man, and vice versa, or the whole scheme of Life is upside down. I know this marks me as old-fashioned.

What She Says: **A** FEW years ago a girl was punished and shackled. Girls now have knocked the old rules on the head. We've always wanted to step out; now we do it

I'm not. I simply don't think girls ought to permit all sorts of fellows to maul, paw, and get fresh with them. Girls ought to hand those fellows a good smack.

I stood for seeing Ruth flirt at parties as long as I could. Two nights ago I lost my self-control and knocked out a chap named Smith when I caught him falling all over Ruth, sharing her cocktail, and telling her an off-color story. My hitting him started a riot with Ruth. Instead of handing me some credit, she gave me a fine bawling out and let my roommate take her home.

Now, Scoots is an entirely different sort of fellow from me. He's a product of what he calls the broad-minded younger generation. Ever since we've been rooming together here in New York, he's been trying to make me see things his way. Because everybody in his crowd, and in other crowds, goes in for sharing girls, he thinks that makes it right.

But, it doesn't. It never can make it right in my mind. When he came in from taking Ruth home after that party he told me I'd made a fool of myself. I turned on him.

"You're the one that's making a fool of yourself," I shouted. "You make me sick with this rot about being broad-minded. You fellows and girls are loose-minded, that's what—"

"Calm down," was his answer. "Either you'll have to give up this old-fashioned hysteria, or you'll lose your girl."

THAT got an awful rise out of me. I told him if Ruth demanded the crazy privilege of being mushy at parties with other fellows, that she'd make a mighty poor sort of wife. It was bad enough to have your girl being mauled by the crowd—but *your own wife!*

"Married men lose interest these days in their wives if they don't attract the other fellows. Wake up, Ralph, and take a look around you. The married women do more flirting on parties than the single girls. You don't see any husbands going around socking fellows like you socked Smith."

"They're too busy with other men's wives, and our girls."

My Sweetheart?



What I Say: **T**HERE'S no good reason why a man should share his girl's caresses. If a girl is in love with one man, there is no excuse for her if she lets the other fellows kiss her

Scots went into a detailed account of what Ruth had said. It amounted to this: I was too narrow-minded. She wanted a little fun out of life.

I exploded. I swore I was through with her, but I was only talking through my hat. You see, I am crazy about Ruth. She's the only girl I ever really loved. She'd be perfect if only she kept other men away.

SHE belongs to this mad, fun-seeking, thrill-chasing crowd that Scots personifies. He thinks nothing of kissing a dozen girls in a night. He's the kind who believes in sipping all the honey and romance he can find in life. I just can't do it. I only want one girl, and I want my girl to have only one lover—myself.

I don't see how any fellow with common sense can want his girl turned into public property at a party, or anywhere else. Nor can I see why any really good girl wants, or even tolerates it. If a girl doesn't keep her lips for one man, it destroys that sense of beautiful possession and ownership men and women ought to get out of love.

Yet, Ruth goes in for it and still she's a good girl. There's the rub, and I can hardly reconcile the situa-

I retorted. "I'll never stand for it when I marry Ruth."
"When you marry her? Say, kid, I don't think so much of your chances of marrying the lady after tonight. She told me a few things you ought to hear."

tion. She's a nice girl but she is altogether too promiscuous in her caresses.

I've asked Scots, and other fellows to give me one honest reason why I should share my girl [Continued on page 81]

*The GIRL
of the Last Frontier
and the
MAN
from the Great City
Fight Their Way
to Their
GARDEN of EDEN
in the
White North*

(How My Fight for Love Began:

WOLFCLAWS COLOMBES, the bad man of the North had started to trail the mystery man to his lonely cabin after a fight in the Wine Star cabaret, where I, Jacqueline Mateen, was a dancer. Wolfclaws had attacked the stranger because I was interested in him, so it was up to me to warn him. I started after them with a borrowed sledge.

I reached the cabin before either of them and had just discovered evidence that the stranger was Alan Wendring wanted for murder, when Wolfclaws pounced on me. I struggled but he dragged me out and bound me to his sledge, sending one of his dogs back to Waskia with the clippings which revealed the stranger's identity. When Alan Wendring came through the clearing, Wolfclaws drew his gun, but the stranger's dog leaped at Wolfclaws's throat. After the fight that followed between dogs and men Alan Wendring and I took refuge in the cabin. Wolfclaws escaped with some of the dogs. I was urging Alan to seek safety with me in the Valley of the Wind when a sound outside startled us.

(My Struggle Continues-

CRACK! Crack! Crack! barked a whole volley of rifle-like reports.

The fear that the Royal Mounted Police were firing upon us continued to terrorize me for another moment. Then the blessed truth burst upon me! It was only the ice in Indian Lake cracking.

I breathed easier, and my heart went back to work. After all how foolish I had been to think the Royal Mounted had trapped us so soon. Why! Wolfclaws hadn't had time to reach Waskia as yet.

My terror was only proof of how terribly unstrung I was from all that had happened, and there was no dodging the fact that the law would soon be on our trail. Escape would not be easy and we must make haste. Our dogs had been weakened by their terrible battle with Wolfclaws's team, and our pace could not possibly be top-speed. Sergeant Greystone would start out from Waskia with fresh, full teams. The most famous



HUNTED

man-hunter in the Province, he knew all the tricks of the game.

Alan Wendring stood in the cabin's threshold, his rifle still upraised. He was like a man at bay. Already the look of the hunted was stamping itself in his eyes, and his fine face. It was not a sign of cowardice. There was no streak of yellow in the man I had fallen in love with.

The look one sees in the eyes and the face of the hunted, is not necessarily a look of fear. It is a thing of strain and worry. For a hunted man must always be on the alert. He knows he stands against all the world as the lone wolf



The great dog looked up at me with his soulful brown eyes as I knelt beside him. Some of the love I felt for his master went out to the big husky. Almost at that moment Alan entered the room.

LOVERS

stands against the yelping pack. All the passion and tenderness Alan Wendring had aroused in me at first sight made my heart rush out to him now; made me feel like mother and sweetheart to him. I wanted to give him sympathy, understanding, and hope. I yearned to take him in my arms and kiss away that hunted look. I wanted to tell him that I stood with him, ready to take him to the Valley of the Wind.

But, only a few moments ago he'd bluntly said he preferred going alone. In face of this I could not let my emotional impulses master me. It was not pride that made me suppress

them, for love has no pride at such a time. I was afraid of giving him a chance to misunderstand my motives.

However, there was no time to lose beating around the bush. I was fully determined to stay with him. It was the only chance I had of ever finding romantic happiness with him because once he turned toward the top of the world to elude the law, Alan Wendring would be lost to me forever.

"Come, we must pack the sledge," I said, starting indoors, as if the matter of my accompanying him had been settled.

"So you still insist on going?" he said.

My cheeks flushed hotly as I turned on him. "Why do you oppose my going with you?"

"You know one reason

that drove me into these wilds. Well, there's another one. I came up here to put women behind me. You—you're all alike."

"But, the first time you ever saw me in the cabaret you smiled at me. You didn't dislike me then!"

"Yes," he cut in, "and the next moment Wolfclaws called you his girl. That was enough to make me wish I'd never even noticed you."

The note of bitterness in his voice gave me a bit of hope.

"Surely you don't really believe I am that kind of girl?" I asked.

He waited a few moments before answering my question: I hoped for an answer that would take some of the hurt away from my heart. But, his words made me feel it more poignantly than ever: "Well, if I didn't really believe it before, your insisting on going with me is enough to convince me I should. Good Lord, haven't you any sort of morals, conventions, or ideas of decency up here in these wilds? Haven't you any sense of propriety? You take costly fur pieces from half-breeds, flirt with strange men, and now you suggest running away with me to the ends of the earth! Why the devil shouldn't I feel the way I do?" he demanded

"YOU may blame me for what you please," I answered, "but, running away with you is a necessity, and we're losing valuable time arguing about it. The Royal Mounted are after you, and Wolfclaws Colombes has sworn to get me."

"But, you know what going with me like this means. A man and woman away from all the world. Good heavens! How can a girl take such a chance? There's only one answer. A good girl wouldn't. She'd be afraid to take such a risk with a total stranger at the ends of the earth," he shouted.

Love is never afraid. That was the real answer, but I could never tell him this. He would never give me credit for really loving him. He would purposely misunderstand my motives. As all this came to me I knew that I must suppress every sign of my true feelings for him. It would never do to give him a chance to misunderstand the slightest word or gesture on my part. Yet, I am sure I never could have decided to practice this sort of suppression, and go on with him, unwanted as he let me know I was, if it had not been for the intuitive belief that my dream of love with Alan was destined to come true in the Valley of the Wind.

"You're wrong," I said, "a good girl puts a man on his honor. You are a stranger, but I've put enough faith in you to feel safe any place with you under stress of our circumstances. If you tell me, of course, that I can't trust your honor then I might be just as well off remaining behind and taking a chance with Wolfclaws who boasts no honor!"

My words had the effect I prayed they would have.

"I'll get the dogs in shape," said Alan, and he strode out of the cabin. By making him believe that I had put him on his honor I had won!

An hour later the journey began in silence, except for Alan's commands to the dogs.

JUST before the forest swallowed us at the bend of the lake. I turned for a last look at the cabin. Alan Wendring did the same thing, and our glances locked for a moment. If he expected to find any sign of fear, regret, or apprehension in my eyes, he was disappointed.

The thought that I was leaving the world behind brought no sense of peril to me. Instead I was thrilled at the realization that I was fleeing from civilization with the man of my dreams. It did not matter who he was, or what he was. Criminal or hero, I loved him, and I gloried in the fact that henceforth we would share the vastness of all creation, the woods, the heavens, food, shelter, dangers, and all things thinkable

Already I felt that we belonged to each other. The strong-

est primitive bond, self-preservation, had been forged between us. We were a man and woman standing together against all of Life and Death.

As we mushed deeper and deeper into the mystery and adventure of the North, the belief strengthened that we would eventually, and inevitably belong to each other. The Voice that had spoken to me the night before in my father's beloved wilderness seemed to be promising me all the things he had found in its free spaces: Love, peace, safety, happiness!

Late in the afternoon we sighted Wild River where it bends like a great half-moon toward Hudson Bay. Huge fantastic shapes of ice reared above its frozen surface, and we found the mushing easier in the hard snow alongside the river. But Kwaske—hoo, the Change, was coming. Its promise was in the air that had mysteriously warmed, and softened since morning. The ice would soon be breaking up, and Wild River, gushing into a flood of silver water once more would sing and rush joyously into the bay.

ALAN WENDRING made me think of the river as it was. He was frozen-hearted toward me because he thought I was a bad girl. But, Kwaske—hoo was just around the corner. It was a miracle worker. If Alan Wendring let the spring touch him it could do for him what it would do for Wild River.

A tremendous hope wove flame-like through me—the hope that Alan would change his opinion of me as winter changed into spring.

The shadows were drifting like gray ghosts through the woods when we sighted my father's cabin. As we neared it I felt as if I were returning to all I had put behind me when I became a dance-hall girl at the Wine Star. A little incoherent sound escaped my lips, as I peered through the thickening gloom.

The cabin was standing under the great trees, just as I remembered it. Perhaps it was only my imagination, but the boughs and branches of the trees seemed to be welcoming me back. I half expected to hear my father's voice.

A few moments later we were in the cabin's great room. The flickering golden candlelight brought a hundred poignant memories to life. They crowded around me, and I stood transfixed under their spell, looking back down the years, and remembering everything. I had to shut my eyes and bite my lips.

When I opened them I was alone. Alan Wendring was exploring the one other room, and the kitchen I knew so well. Suddenly, there was a soft, padding sound behind me. Turning swiftly with the instinctive fear of the human for the living Wild, I was relieved to find it was only Captain, Alan's husky dog leader.

THE great dog stopped and looked up at me with his soulful brown eyes. He seemed to be asking in his dumb way what was the matter. I held out my arms to him. Captain came over with no sign of hesitation, his tail wagging like a brown plume, and stuck his cold muzzle in my hands. I knelt down beside him. Some of the love I felt for his master went out to the big husky. My arms circled his powerful shoulders. As I drew him close the dog made some sort of understanding sound in his canine language, then licked my face with his

A Prize Letter Contest On Sharing Sweethearts

Q If you were in love would you be interested in OTHER men?

Q Would you be glad if the MAN you loved flirted with other girls?

Q Are you men willing YOUR GIRLS shall let YOUR FRIENDS make love to them?

Q Read the story on page 26 and then decide what YOU would have done had you been that GIRL or that man.

Q Write SMART SET a letter of not more than 250 words, telling what your experience as a man has been or your experience as a girl in sharing sweethearts. If you are a girl how do you keep the men friends of your fiancé in their place? If you are a man do you flirt with your sweetheart's friends? Make your letters answer:

Q Shall I Share My Sweetheart?

Q For the best letter SMART SET will pay \$10; for the second best, \$7; for the third best, \$5; and \$1 each for the next eight best. SMART SET editors will act as judges. No letters will be returned. Contest closes May 31, 1927.



I watched him throw different things into the fire—books, pictures, papers. He made a motion to throw the picture of Cecile into the flames, then hesitated. I wanted to rush over and do it myself but I knew it would be a dead give-away.

tongue as if he had already accepted me as one of the family.

Almost at that very moment there was a step in the room. Glancing over my shoulder I saw Alan Wendring looking at the big dog and me with a dreamy sort of expression, as if he had unwillingly lost himself in some secret contemplation.

The expression changed almost instantly as he saw me ob-

serving him, but I found myself wondering what Alan had been thinking of. Could it have been of me?

How foolish even to hope such a thing! I was only a poor little cabaret girl of the White North—a girl he thought the worst of. And Alan Wendring was a man from the great beyond, the place of riches, luxuries. [Continued on page 100]

A Little Drama from Real Life for All of You

By *ELSIE*

*Who Not So Long Ago
Daughter and Who
What It Is
Mother's*

THE
MOTHER

*The Girl
Who Thought She Was* **MIS**

I HOPED I'd die! That was the one thought that held me. A nice, comfortable death, of course, one that wouldn't rumple me much but would still be terribly convincing and reproachful, as if I'd suffered n' suffered n' suffered!

And they'd find me lying still and cold, with tears still fresh on my sad white face and my frail girlish hands clasped pitifully on my breast.

Then perhaps they'd be sorry!

Then maybe they'd wish they hadn't treated me the way they had, but it would be too late. Too late! And they'd spend their lives grieving, knowing in their hearts that they were really murderers, wishing they had appreciated me in time.

Or, on after thought, would they?

Would these crude creatures who called themselves my family, my father and mother, my most undesirable sisters

and brothers, were they really capable of any of the finer feelings? Hadn't I had it proved to me a thousand times that they were not? Coarse, unfeeling brutes, how often they had trampled on my heart. Never had they really understood me, nor even tried to. Why I might's well have been a stranger. Probably they'd have treated a stranger better because a stranger could get even with 'em. They'd be afraid of a stranger.

Yes, after all, fear was the only thing such people could feel. The finer things of life were entirely lost on them. Even if I died it wouldn't make them realize what they had done.

In fact, now that I thought it over, wouldn't I be just wasting myself if I died for people like that? I most certainly would!

Well, then, I wouldn't die! I wouldn't give them that satis-

Rebellious Daughters and Sorrowing Mothers

ROBINSON

*Was a Misunderstood
Has Lived to Know
to Suffer a
Tears*



THE
DAUGHTER

UNDERSTOOD

faction. I would be cheating myself if I did that, I decided.
I'd live to spite them!

So I lived.

Today I'm working for other "little Misunderstoods" and now you know why I understand them.

Every day they write or come to the office, the little girls whose folks don't understand:

Thirteen-year-old Edna, just graduated from grammar school and entering high school, who has changed over night from a little angel face to the terror of the freshman class and is the despair of her parents' life. Edna's on the warpath. Wants spike heels, chiffon stockings and a vanity case. And Ma and Dad insist on her wearing blue serge and middies, lisle stockings and brogues, and send her off to bed at eight o'clock. "Gosh, wouldn't it give you a pain in the neck," says Edna.

Fifteen-year-old Beth who's cutting didoes because the old folks expect her to be home from parties by ten o'clock and won't let her go out with boys. Why, all the girls go out with boys! Look at Maud, who has been engaged twice and she isn't fifteen. Parties don't even begin until 9:30! Whadda they think she is, a baby?

Eighteen-year-old Cleo who has her first job and is paying board at home, yet Ma bosses her around as if she was a kid! Kicks if she pays \$3 for a pair of chiffon stockings. Crabs at her marcel and manicures. Nags her to death because she won't put something in the bank. Doesn't she know that a girl has to dress classy if she wants to keep her job?

Twenty-year-old Ruth who has just met the only man and wants to quit college and marry him, even if he is fifteen years older than Ruthie, a semi-invalid [Continued on page 98]

*Can a Girl
Have an
"Innocent"
Friendship
with a
Married
Man?*



MY AMBITION was to become a great designer, and when I finished at art school my first opening was with Meyer and Lindheim, Cloaks and Suits. I was just eighteen, brunette, and rather pretty. From the first my boss, Mr. Meyer, seemed to take a great interest in me.

He was a large, well-fed man about forty. He told me from the first that he was married; and then later on, as so many married men will do, he confided to me that his wife and he were not congenial. That should have warned me, but it didn't. I guess at that stage of the game I was pretty green.

"Rosie and me got along fine when we was first married," he told me one February afternoon. "I had a little store down on Division Street and she used to come afternoons and help keep the books. That's how I got my start. Then Hyman Lindheim and me got this big place; but now all Rosie wants to do is buy dresses and fur coats and automobiles and lose money at bridge. She don't want no children. When I get home nights, what have I? A big swell apartment where I got to pay a fortune in rent and a wife that's nothing but a clothes rack. I tell you, Miss Brian, a fellow like me gets lonesome."

I did feel just a little sorry for him, for I had seen his wife, and she was a lot worse than he had pictured her, fat and hennaed and simperish and scented like a perfume counter.

"Some men can forget themselves running around with a lot of cheap girls, models and that kind; but I'm not that sort of a fellow. I got too much heart and I got to take a fancy to a little girl before I want to go around with her. In New York, for all there are hundreds of women willing to throw themselves at your head, a person can get real lonesome, don't you think, Miss Brian?"

I felt myself flush crimson. Had he been able to read my heart, and know how lonely I had been since I had come to New York?

It was true there were plenty of cheap fellows willing and

Gus and the two detectives stood in the doorway. It was too late now to make explanations. I turned desperately to Larry. Some of the anger was gone from his face but the pity and contempt I saw there hurt just as much.

anxious enough to pick a girl up; but I must have been like Mr. Meyer; unless I rather liked a man I didn't want to be bothered with him. The truth was that all the men I had met seemed dull and uninteresting. At school there had been a couple of artists I had liked, but they had gone to Paris to study. That was the kind of thing I wanted so much to do. I had even confided this ambition to Mr. Meyer.

"Miss Brian, if you don't mind my saying so, you got unusual talent." Mr. Meyer had picked up one of my designs and was looking at it. I looked at him. He was the sort of man most women would find good-looking. I knew that all the girls in the place raved over him; but his poor English, his air of being too smug and well-fed jarred on me.

JUST then Mr. Lindheim, who was mincing and effeminate, poked his massaged little head in the door. He gave his partner a meaning look and then jerked out again. Mr. Meyer looked annoyed.

"Tell you what, Miss Brian, I'd like a chance for a real talk with you and here there ain't no privacy. How about having dinner with me tonight? You see I'm leaving for Europe in a couple of weeks and I'd like to put a proposition

*This Story Proves
that Love
Can Be too Blind*

Appearances Were Against Me



to you—maybe. You needn't say yes if you don't want to."

I wonder what it was that prompted me to accept his invitation? Ambition, curiosity to hear what the proposition was, or just that I was bored and lonely, tired of the dreary battle uptown in the Subway, tired of my lonely and unappetizing meals in an inexpensive restaurant, bored to extinction with the movies and walks with my roommate.

I COULD not help thinking of the big maroon limousine that was outside every evening waiting to take Mr. Meyer home. He'd probably take me to a smart place for dinner and it would be a relief and a change. So with no more hesitation

I accepted and noticed with some surprise the look of actual delight that came into Mr. Meyer's face.

"Good," he said, rubbing his plump, manicured hands together in a way I hated. "I will meet you round the corner on Madison Avenue. We don't want to make a lot of talk going off from here together. At quarter after five then and we can go for a nice drive and have dinner at a good roadhouse."

IT WAS nearly quitting time then and I closed my desk and went into the wash room to get ready.

My roommate, Eda Cluny, was a model. She came in and asked me to go on a wild party some buyer friend of hers from Cincinnatti was throwing that evening, but I had never been keen on these gin feasts of Eda's. They knocked my work to pieces the next day, so as usual I turned her down.

"You give me a pain, Ruth Brian," Eda said. "You're so blamed holy and high brow. You'd be a lot better off if you were a regular fellow and went off on a good bat now and then. You're just like a volcano steaming up to explode good

and proper. Every one needs some fun once in a while. Better watch your step, girlic.

"And if I were you, Ruth, I'd not play too fast and furious with Gus Meyer. Little Lindheim came smirking out spreading the glad word that you and Meyer were shining it mighty strong. Now they also sling the dirt that Mrs. Meyer wouldn't be at all annoyed to be rid of her husband. I guess she is the kind of wife that prefers substantial alimony, and up till now Gus has provided no co-respondent for the case. Get me? I'm just giving you the low down. Take it or leave it, as you like."

At the time I paid little attention to what Eda said. She



Larry threw a lovely shawl about my shoulders. Then he began working eagerly so happy to be there all alone with him, the two of us shut

and the other models were as full of gossip as the Ladies' Aid Society back home.

I met Gus Meyer on the corner and I noticed that instead of his own car he had a hired machine.

"My wife wanted the car tonight," he said as he helped me in.

It was pleasant driving along through the chill gray twilight. Certainly a lot nicer than the Broadway Express! And the meal we had at Peacock Inn was the best food I'd tasted since I left home. We had a bottle of Italian wine which sent a warm, cosy glow all through me, and put me in a friendly state of mind toward Mr. Meyer and all the world.



on a canvas. While he worked he did not speak very much, but I was happy, in away from all the world in this funny crooked little room.

"You ought to eat the food in Paris," Mr. Meyer said. "My girlie, but I wish I had you now in one of them cafés. How you'd enjoy it! You're just the clever sort of a little girl to appreciate things over there. Now when I took Rosie over two years ago all she could do was eat so much she got sick. They say there ain't anything finer than the art galleries

over there, though I ain't a judge of things like that. I can tell a good looking suit better than I can a marble statue." We both laughed at that for I was in a fine humor, and Gus Meyer's honest lack of affection was a relief.

"But what I was going to suggest," he began almost cautiously, "was that with your talent [*Continued on page 88*]

HERE is the waycandidates for the Atlantic City Beauty Contest are lined up for inspection by the judges, as pictured by "Famous Players." Below is a film girl posed on a float as a contestant in the famous beauty parade along the Boardwalk.



The Experience of a Girl

The Beauty



THE unluckiest day of my life was when, at the age of sixteen, I was picked by a local committee of judges, from among more than three hundred girls, to represent my home city in the great annual beauty pageant held in Atlantic City. What hundreds of thousands of girls set their hearts' hopes upon every year—the chance opportunity of being crowned "Miss America" and awarded the golden mermaid, with the possibility of being starred in motion pictures, promises of fame, admiration, money, luxury, beautiful clothes, jewels and romance perhaps—was to me the most disastrous turning point in my life. My being voted the winner in a local contest, and my nearly winning the supreme award in the national, set me upon a road which has meant a loss of the things I have come to realize are worth most in a woman's life.

Just how many years ago I was picked as one of the four most beautiful girls at Atlantic City, I won't say. Not so many years ago, but still long enough for me to have learned a great many things since. Before the golden apple, which contained the vote which was to make one of the four of us "Miss America" was opened, I waited with an almost bursting heart. Within my grasp seemed all the things upon which my heart was set—stardom in motion pictures, world fame as the most beautiful girl in the greatest country on earth, wealth, all the clothes I wanted, the admiration of men. Even though I failed to win the first prize, what I have got since, such as it was, is far more than most of the girls who were voted "Miss America" in recent years have ever achieved. I got into musical comedy; I won other beauty contests; I saw myself advertised as one of the most perfect beauties in the world; I earned a large salary; I was offered the admiration and friendship of men; I lived in luxury.

And then?

That is my story.

No girl could have been happier than I was back home. I had a passable voice and found a modest pride in singing in



*What My Beauty
Won for Me
Can Never Make Up
for What It
Lost for Me*

Who Carried Her Wares to

Market

our church choir, or at local entertainments, but my ambition went no further than that. I was quite contented in my circle of friends. Before I was fifteen I had become a fairly expert stenographer, and during the summer worked in the bank.

Emmett and I had been sweethearts since our childhood. When Emmett graduated I was in grammar school, but already he had mapped out his life—his uncle was president of the bank and he looked forward to a career in finance—and we planned our future together. I never dreamed of going away from that lovely southern city on the bay. Nor did any faintest thought of becoming a well known beauty in the great cities of the world ever enter my head.

I WAS romantic, oh, yes, and loved to read books, but no novel ever held such a hero as Emmett appeared to me. I loved him dearly. I have come to realize I've never loved any one—really—since. Tall, with honest blue eyes and reddish brown curling hair, Emmett was one of the best looking boys in the younger set, and many girls had a soft spot in their hearts where he was concerned. He had a poetic streak in his nature, too, and loved to read Byron and Keats when we went on our Sunday jaunts into the country. He even wrote verses himself, amateurish to be sure, but my finger tips were rose petals, my eyes were cornflowers, and I was a princess whom he had known in a former life.

You see he wasn't the prosaic type who usually become presidents of banks, manufacturers and leading Rotarians. Nor was he at all soft. He loved to play tennis and football, and speed a canoe. Old fashioned in some of his ideas, narrow and headstrong perhaps, for his family, one of the oldest and most aristocratic in the region, was one of traditions. He believed a woman's place was in the home, and was stubbornly opposed to suffrage and the modern ideas of the "emancipation" of my sex. Emmett doubted the morality of girls who appeared with unclothed limbs in the chorus. He had fine and high ideals; he venerated women. He idolized me. Just the sort of man that

I WAS one of 300 girls picked to appear before the judges. For hours I paraded back and forth in a bathing suit. When the final vote was announced I was the winner.



any girl should have been proud to win as her husband. Of the men who have made love to me since, who have poured flattery into my ears, who have given me costly gifts, not one had a shadow of the sterling worth of Emmett Goode, who is still cashier of the bank back home, a force among the younger men for cleanness in politics, and a puritan, if you wish to call him such, when it comes to morals. What, I often wonder, does he think of me today?

If things had continued in the normal way I should have married him. Instead of being what I am I should have my own home, with my future secure.

THE first big beauty contest in our small city created a furor. All the girls talked of it. Many of my acquaintances sent in their photographs. There were over a thousand contestants, girls between sixteen and twenty-five. As the paper played it up the thing became a matter of local pride. Various big business men contributed gifts of clothing and jewelry and other things for the winner. The department stores offered a selection of wearing apparel.

Toward the close of the contest, secretly, I sent in my photograph. I could no longer resist. I filled in the blank: Age—16; color of eyes—dark blue; color of hair—dark gold. From the thousand and more photographs submitted a selection was made. I was among three hundred girls notified to appear before the judges. For hours I paraded back and forth in a bathing suit. And when the final vote was announced a few days later it was my picture which appeared in the paper as winner.

At once I became a local celebrity. My mother pleaded with me to give it up, but she was beaten by the enthusiasm of the neighbors. Emmett objected, but lapsed into a sullen silence as I persisted. There were weeks of busy preparation. I was photographed. Daily articles about me appeared in the paper. Automobiles were put at my disposal. I was allowed to get all the clothes I wanted. Dinners and dances were given for me. I was entertained by the local business men's club and the chamber of commerce. Before leaving for Atlantic City the mayor gave a reception at the city hall.

If those were glorious days, what shall I say of the week in Atlantic City! For the first time in my life I was stopping at a first class hotel: my room overlooked the Boardwalk. A chaperon catered to my every wish; I had maids to wait upon me. Every day was one of continuous festivity. In the morning we were received by the mayor and given the keys of the city. At ten o'clock we appeared before the judges.

I KNEW the intoxicating joy of wearing beautiful clothes. I had so many I didn't have to wear the same gown twice. Every day there was the parade on decorated wheel chairs or floats. I was terribly self conscious and confused at first, but that passed. Like the other girls, I assumed artistic poses as the pageant wended its way along the sea. I turned around to show myself, made eyes and smiled. Little idiot! I felt as if I were a queen carried along in a chariot. On all sides of the Boardwalk were thousands and thousands. I felt upon me the admiring glare of countless men's eyes. On all sides as we went along they cheered and cheered. And sometimes—no, often—I felt I got more cheers than the girls ahead of me. Can you imagine the effect of that upon a girl?

Flowers were sent to my room at the

hotel. Men sent me mash notes. I felt I was somebody. Why, else, should they make such a fuss over me? My head swelled to a hundred times its normal size. And what happened to me happened to most of the other girls. I met a lot of them, and talked with them. Like me each one had her heart and soul set on winning the golden mermaid. And like me each one in her heart believed she would be the winner. Imagine my mounting hopes, the tumult in my silly heart, when, in the last elimination I remained with the three girls from among whom the winner was to be chosen.

Clothed in one of my gorgeous gowns I waited with the other three girls on the stage. Imagine the frenzy of expectation in my pounding heart! The wild furious envy with which we four girls nervously regarded each other! Imagine the tense moment when the judges brought on the golden apple, containing the name of the winner. A fitting symbol of temptation—that golden apple! I felt as if I were ready to sell my soul for what I hoped it would contain as it was opened and the result of the last ballot was taken



out. It seemed the world crashed in under me when, hardly believing my ears, I heard the name of the girl next to me mentioned as winner. My heart almost broke that moment. But I was given a loving cup, and picked as a lady in waiting. That at any rate I had won. Even if I hadn't become queen of beauty of the land, I could go home and hold up my head.

When I found myself back home a few days later it seemed as though I had awakened from some impossible dream. I felt dizzy. But was I contented to go back to work? Was I happy in my home? I felt as though life there stilled me. I felt so discontented I could have cried aloud. Night after night I wept. And when I slept I dreamed. Of floats, of golden apples, of glittering gowns, of thousands of faces turning after me. To go back to the old happy humdrum was impossible after that experience. I had had a taste of things for which I hankered, and which I'd come to believe my beauty should surely bring me.

I FOUND myself, without question, the most popular girl in town. I was invited everywhere. Some of the wealthiest boys paid attention to me. Rob Fuller, the son of the local congressman, took me riding in his car.

"You go on to New York, kid," said Rob, whom I found was in sympathy with my hopes. "You've got a lot of publicity out of this thing and now any manager will be glad to

give you a chance. I bet Ziegfeld would take you on in a minute. I'm going to the big town in a week or so. Suppose you hit the trail with me. Give yourself a chance! You'll be a flower wasting its sweetness back in this dump."

I DON'T know how the quarrel with Emmett started. I think it was about my going out motoring with Rob Fuller. Emmett said I'd have to cut out going with other boys if we were engaged. He said I had lost my head. I had. I told him I never wanted to see him again, and would go with anyone I liked. He was a stick-in-the-mud and made me sick. He left in a huff. That day my mother took me to task and I fled from the house in a rage. In rebellion against everything, furious with Emmett, I telephoned Rob and told him I'd go to New York as soon as he was ready to lead the way.

"Tomorrow," said he. "Don't let any grass grow under your feet."

I drew my savings, not quite a hundred dollars, from the bank. I packed all the beautiful [Continued on page 74]



IN his office the manager told me, "I've been watching you. You'll never make an actress, that's sure, but you've got personality; you've got a figure. I think I can make an attraction out of you." I just looked at him. I was too nervous to answer.



My Outcast

A SPATTER of rain, soft as rose petals, dropped from a low hung cloud and I turned Bobby's coal black nose toward home. The heavy scent of orange and lime blossoms drifted up from the valley below. Blue, green and purple shadows lengthened out across the road. The lights of a ship twinkled merrily off the jetty in the roads. A stodgy donkey came swinging down the road driven by a singing black who lifted his tattered cap as he passed.

As we crossed the bridge into the village, Bobby's hoofs pounding contentedly along on the heavy timbers, I leaned far out gazing down at the half-naked women slapping their wash

on the rocks below. Children, stark naked, rolled along the edge of the river waving friendly hands.

I raised my riding crop in response and thought how silly were Daddy's warnings of that morning. An uprising! Ridiculous!

Daddy needed a rest from his worries. Perhaps a trip back to the States to mix with the kind of people he and Mother had known before he was sent out to the Pacific in government service.

We had been in the Philippines when Mother died and Daddy had shipped me home to his sister in Boston. She put me in



BULLETS crashed through the door. Then it quivered on its hinges as the natives drove a battering ram against it. I was loading one rifle while Alan used the other. And I told him how fine and brave he was while he fought for our lives.

Hero

*The Story of a Great Love
and the
Man Who Came Back*

a select and irreproachable school of the sort that turned out Victorian products of before the war vintage. A staid and proper place that taught me a little French and Latin and how to bow myself out of a drawing-room.

For five long years I begged Daddy to take me back with him. Entirely against my aunt's advice he finally consented.

And after a three weeks' trip across the continent and half of the Pacific I landed on the little island where Daddy was stationed and found him up to his neck in trouble. There were serious indications of an uprising among the natives. But as old Captain Anderson, the leathery-faced officer in command

of the colonial police laughingly told me, "They haven't eaten a white person in thirty years." So I didn't worry—much.

But Daddy was worried. He had forbidden me to go away from the government house without an escort because the half breeds were filling the natives with rum. Each day for the past week Captain Anderson had drilled the local police in machine gun practice in public to give the blacks a wholesome respect for bullets. But I have since learned that the only thing that frightens a native when he is full of rum is a warship.

Daddy had sent a wireless to the cruiser on the station to

be ready in case the threatened uprising occurred during carnival week, when the natives all came into the village, painted their bodies with red and yellow paints and went howling about the town half crazed by rum.

IT ALL seemed so silly and yet as Bobby reached the cobblestone streets of the village that evening there seemed to be an ominous stillness hovering over everything. Each group of natives became silent as I passed. The usual bantering calls were missing. Instead I heard a curse hurled after me. Then another a little louder. Voices seemed to spring up all about me and hem me in. I urged Bobby into a canter and my heart was pounding against my side.

Suddenly a half-clothed child came tearing out of a thatched hut directly in my path. Bobby went up on his hind legs. I lost one of my stirrups. For a sickening second I felt myself slipping over his neck as he came down. I felt a wrench in my shoulder and then everything went black.

It was only a moment. Then I was trying to struggle to my feet. I could hear indistinct high pitched voices screaming back and forth about me. They became more intense, beating in my ears like the falsetto notes of an eerie flute. A mass of black dotted with gleaming white eyes closed in about me. I could smell moist, hot bodies.

Then there was a path through them as though a locomotive had suddenly cleared a way. And there was an enraged voice that had the precise diction of Aunty's drawing room. The absurdity of a New Englander coming to my rescue in such a god-forsaken place made me want to laugh in spite of my terror.

I felt strong arms lifting me into my saddle and for an instant I looked into steel-blue eyes, burning dark in the dusk. A half dozen fast words in patois and the blacks slunk silently away into the shadows.

My rescuer took Bobby's bridle and led him past the string of huts, alive with peering eyes. An occasional high pitched cackle came to my ears. Each time he turned and smiled a twisted little smile from the corner of his mouth, to

reassure me. The blacks fell back before him gibbering like monkeys in their curious combination of languages. And a chill seemed to settle in my heart at the curious gleam that played behind the smile in his eyes.

As we passed the market place he turned and said, so quietly, "Your father shouldn't let you ride alone in times like these."

"He doesn't know I go alone," I said.

"Then some one ought to tell him."

JUST below government house he stopped and made as though to turn away without a word. I began to stammer like a silly child but I finally managed to say flippantly

"You must have played half-back for dear old Rutgers the way you charged those blacks."

"And you must be one of the new set of independent flappers judging by the way you jeopardize every one's safety by stirring up trouble," he answered, not half so nicely as I had spoken. Before I could say

[Continued on page 104]

IN the evening we sit on the veranda and watch the sun go sinking into the sea while the sky turns from reddish gold to primrose and the white clouds are topped with golden turrets—our palace of dreams.





I Tried to Escape from Life

ONLY a little while ago I wanted to die. I tried to die. Now I want to live! I do really mean, I want to live. I think most of the boys and girls who grow frightfully tired and can see no way out, do want to live. Down deep in their hearts life sings, but it's such a sad, low little song that the dark moment comes when they can no longer hear it and that is the end.

Can I help other young people if I tell them what I went through and why I went through it, clear up to the last black instant, and why, now when it's all over, I'm glad to be alive? Will they understand; will they get any comfort and strength out of my words? Oh, I do hope so! They won't be able to read these pages without knowing that I am telling the truth, every bit of the truth as far as I can remember. I am sure thousands of others are suffering as I suffered, are enduring the misery that I endured. It is to them that I write.

I was no different from millions of other boys and girls in the country. I was bright in my school work, but so are they. I hadn't many things to worry about but neither have they. I had a good home and enough spending money but so have they. My brother and my two sisters were no worse than other brothers and sisters. I was the youngest in the family and some people think that to be the youngest is a handicap.

MY HOME was at R——, Minn., and R—— is beautiful both in name and in scenery. The Mississippi is our front yard and the bluffs covered with trees and fine homes, are an inspiring background. I suppose I shall never again be so happy as I was there—never, at least, in the same way. But down deep in me I know I shall, sometime, be splendidly happy.

My father is a doctor with a good income and I lived as the other boys and girls in my set lived. That is, we were careless and free and bubbling over with fun and life. We flirted and the more reckless among the high school boys drank a little. Not much as far as I ever saw. Some of the girls, too, would occasionally take a drink, or pretend to. Mostly it was pretense for we hated the taste of the stuff and just bluffed to seem like women of the world. We smoked, too; but it isn't easy to do much smoking on the sly and none of us could smoke at home. Anyway, that's the kind of girl I was when I left home and went to the university.

The registrar at the university will tell you that Mae Adams, 17, matriculated in the fall of 1925, and took up her work in the department of Science and Arts. I just loved science. I suppose I got that from my father who was a born scientist if ever there was one.

I was so thrilled and so eager that the first semester went by on wings. My work was good. I think now it was too good. During those first few months I didn't take time to play. That was bad. I'm sure it's bad to do anything to extremes. The reaction, which is sure to come, swings you too far the other way.

OF COURSE, the nights were wonderful and we had the jolliest crowd in school. Roger Chapman was one of us. Everybody in the world knows who he is now, that he has become famous as a football star but then nobody knew how marvelous he was except just us. Roger liked me and I liked Roger. He used to make love to me. I'm sure he won't mind if I tell this because it wasn't serious and we both knew it wasn't.

But it was thrilling! You girls can understand that, can't you?

It was thrilling and it was wearying; it tore one down, it broke up values. It was part of our education. I think, an important part. But the trouble was we were growing and our minds didn't grow fast enough to take in everything and still hold fast to the few truths that you can't get away from and go on living.

Roger was interested in science and we had long talks about—oh, everything. Of course, nothing in the world was so interesting as ourselves and we tore ourselves to bits in an effort to get back to the beginning of things, to find the tenuous, thin thread that bound us to all the other human beings in the world.

LIKE me Roger had been brought up in a semi-religious family. That is we had been taken to church and Sunday school when we were kids and force of habit had kept us going when we became older. Until the spring of my first year at the

"U" I hadn't thought much about religion or God. I suppose I hadn't thought much at all. I had just accepted things. I still pictured God as a benign and kindly gentleman who looked a little like my father and lived somewhere not so very far off. The other girls, silly little flappers people called them, felt much as I did about God only each of them insisted He looked like her father. Well, maybe He does.

The things I read during that first semester and the things Roger said to me last spring, set me all ragged in my head. You know the feeling: when things won't straighten themselves out inside your head and your thoughts seem to get all criss-cross and mixed up? That's the way I felt.

Men and women became awfully strange things to me. They strutted around and worked and talked and tried to appear important. Really I had to laugh at them. They were just "chemical accidents" and [Continued on page 83]

Why I'm Glad I Failed to Die

WHEN I was convinced of the futility of everything I felt there was nothing to live for, so I tried to die. I failed but I'm not sorry I tried. That had to be, I guess. I was such a silly fool I couldn't see how full the world is of beautiful things. I was empty and I thought life also was empty. But it isn't. It's full of kindness and love and wisdom. It's a life well worth fighting for. I know now that the "straight gate" is found only through struggle and sacrifice—not through being a coward and a quitter.

This Girl Thought Life Wasn't Worth Living



Edwin Bauer Hesser

I KNEW there had never been a Garden of Eden. I knew there never would be a Garden of Eden. I wanted that Garden. I wanted it in front of me; I wanted men to see it ahead of them, to have it to work for. But it didn't exist and it couldn't exist. That left everything very flat.

*Again It Is Proved
Life Is Hard for a Woman*



FORGIVE Me

Why I Became Siren-Hearted

WHEN my employer's wife named me, Savannah Lane, as co-respondent in bringing suit against Mr. Karby for divorce, I hoped to prove my innocence at the trial. But he went back to her and the case was called off. The scandal had killed my mother and made it impossible for me to return home. So I assumed the name of Kathleen Grey and with the assistance of Kenneth Karby, the son of the man who had brought disaster upon me, obtained employment as a governess in the Gardener family. But my peace was short lived! The Karbys were invited to spend a week end with the Gardeners. While they were there Mrs. Karby's jewels were stolen. I was recognized by her as Savannah Lane and nothing could persuade her that I was innocent of the theft.

I Plan to Fight My Way Back

HOW it all comes back to me—the blasting fury of a storm out of a clear sky. I cannot bear to dwell on it! The arrival of the officers; Mrs. Karby denouncing me before all of them as the woman who had tried to wreck her home; my own damaging confession that I was living

under a false name. Of what use to plead my innocence?

How quickly the Gardeners turned against me; the woman with angry hysteria, her husband with a vindictive rage!

Mrs. Karby, angry at her loss, persuaded herself that she was doing a righteous, almost a holy deed in denouncing me as an imposter and therefore the logical person to suspect. John L. Karby, I think, might have said something in my favor, might have turned the tide away from me, but he dreaded to brave his wife's anger. He kept silent.

Oliver, the Gardener's suave butler, never lost his calmness, even when we were both arrested!

Oh, the black shame of it! I couldn't speak! I could only weep to myself, silently.

The stuffy smell of the jail, the bars running up and down before my eyes from floor to ceiling, and not a friend in the world—not one!

They brought newspapers to my cell. My name printed time and again, in a new sensation! Savannah Lane, under an alias, accused of robbing the woman who named her as divorce co-respondent! I was taken to the office of the District Attorney to be questioned and photographers snapped



Before we knew what had happened men with handkerchiefs over their faces were among us. Pistols were in their hands. It was a hold-up.

My TRESPASSES

my picture. I had so little money that I could not engage an attorney, and the court appointed one for me.

Oliver's finger-prints proved that he had a criminal record!

The trial lasted two days. The court room was packed. I sat, dumb with misery, while witness after witness wove webs about me. I heard myself painted in the blackest hue. But, after all, the direct proof of guilt had been lacking. Oliver and I were acquitted six weeks after our arrest. The jewels were never recovered, but in my own mind I am still certain of Oliver's guilt.

RIGHT now I want to stop and admit that, up to the present point, I had been one of those weepy, goody-goody sort of girls who cowed and quivered under the lash of fate.

But now, as I walked out of the court-house, again a public character, all of the old sentimentality was dead in my breast. Through no fault of my own, society had stamped me with the character of a bad woman. Very well!

Inside I grew hard as granite. I looked people straight in the eye, steadily and contemptuously. The Gardeners had cast me off; the love of little Janie and David had rudely been

snatched out of my life. My name was a by-word on every lip, my features had been photographed and circulated in a million homes. The world was fighting against me, and I had been driven to the last limit of my resources.

Very well, I would fight back. I had tried being good, and there was nothing to it. If there had ever been tenderness in my heart, it was now dead, dead as a stone.

The Karbys had been in the crowd awaiting the verdict. Coming out of the court-house, I was forced quite near them. Both of them avoided my eyes. I touched Mrs. Karby on the arm, and she looked at me coldly.

"I have something I want to say to you," I told her.

"Please don't speak to me," she said. "I want nothing whatever to do with you."

I was able to smile frigidly. "Of course you don't! I didn't want anything to do with you, but you have had a great deal to do with me in the past."

HER husband took her arm and tried to lead her away, but I planted myself in front of them.

"Just a minute, please. I have tried to leave you both



As I walked out of the court-house I looked people straight in the eye, steadily and contemptuously. The world was fighting me; very well! I would fight back.

alone, but you wouldn't let me. Now I'm going to give you both the satisfaction of knowing that your work is beginning to bear its fruit. I was a good girl, but now I am going to be a bad one. You hope you have seen the last of me; I hope you haven't. I hope our paths cross time and again. You hated me, and now I hate you both! I don't know what I am going to do in the future, but you have made an enemy who is never going to forget you as long as she lives. Day and night, year after year, I want you both to know that I'll be hating you!"

The crowd from the court-room swirled around us, and we were separated. My anger died, leaving me cold and grim, yet somehow thrilled. I had been good so long—too long! Now there was intense relief in breaking the chains of the old moralities. There is an exquisite pleasure in deep hatred that few people ever know. Defiance ran through my blood and curdled all of the namby-pamby weakness of other days. I felt like a free woman embarking on some exciting adventure in which I was to use every weapon I had against men.

Men! Men, the fools! They were my natural prey. Why not? I had been the hunted thing! I had been torn and trampled upon! In the name of justice, should I

not turn and fight back as hard as I knew how?

But I didn't have to argue to harden my conscience. I had no conscience! They had killed it! They—the Karbys, the law, the Gardeners, the police and the judges, the holier-than-thou women who looked at me with their venomous eyes; the hypocritical men with their sidelong inviting glances.

I was able to smile, to laugh. Always men had been attracted to me, had coveted me. In the past I had hated that quality in me which had lured them on; I had fought to subdue it, and had in part extinguished it. But now! Oh, I was quite deliberate about it all!

"Men, money and revenge," that was my slogan.

I AM sure that no "good woman" will approve of me, and not very many men. I didn't care then, and I don't care now!

And the beautiful thing about it was that I was going to surrender nothing. I had ceased to care about virtue for its own sake, but I resolved to preserve mine in a spirit of malice. After all, it would have been a weak and commonplace thing to have become physically immoral. There was more exquisite satisfaction in cheating men out of what they so eagerly sought. To lead them on, outwit them, and then to laugh in their faces—that was the code I evolved in a mind bereft of all conventionalities.

What few belongings I had were in two suitcases still at the jail. Some man, I don't know who he was, raised his hat to me as I came out of the court-house and I smiled. He had a motor car, and he drove me to the jail where I got my belongings; thence we went to the railway station. He babbled something about sympathy and said he wanted to help me. In my heart I was laughing at him, but I pretended to be affected by his kindness. He gave me his business card and asked me to call him up. He wanted to know if there was anything he could do for me immediately.

"I—I don't know," I said, marveling at the artificial terror I could force into my own voice. "I have had such a hard time, and when I think of facing a great big city like New York, without any money—"

He gave me fifty dollars and held my hand in his a shade too long before the train pulled out for New York City, a journey of no more than thirty minutes.

As the train left, he stood by the window; as it moved away I tore his card into bits and threw it out—in his face. I can still visualize his ludicrous expression of astonishment!

New York again, with its swirl of humanity, its bubbling caldron of human emotion. Back again to my own name, Savannah Lane!

First of all, a place to live! I chose the Hotel Renaissance, the same in which I had first met Mrs. Gardener.

IT WAS expensive and exclusive. When I registered the clerk looked at my name, and his eyes subtly changed expression.

"Just a moment, Miss Lane, I'll see what we have." He disappeared from the desk for a moment, and I was sure he was consulting with a superior. When he reappeared a bald, suave mannered man was with him.

"I am sorry, Miss Lane," the clerk said, "but we have nothing vacant just now."

I smiled at him innocently. "Oh, I am so sorry," I said. "Surely there must be something available. May I speak to the manager, please?"

The tall, polished man removed his glasses and endeavored to impart a

higher gloss to them with a silk handkerchief, as he drew near.

"I am sorry, Miss Lane," he said studying me. "I happen to be the manager of this hotel. How long did you intend staying with us?"

It was as easy as that! They did not want Savannah Lane in their exclusive hotel, yet when I was face to face with the man who held the authority, the question of policy merged rapidly into one of personality. I was young, in those days; blonde and fresh of face, symmetrical of figure.

I was given a two-room suite at one hundred dollars a week, which was a reduction below the usual rate. The manager himself showed me the rooms.

How could I afford to pay one hundred dollars a week? The answer was, I could not. As soon as I was alone, I hung up my clothes and sat down to consider my problems. There was no turning back for me now. It was sink or swim, and I meant to swim, gloriously. I had no definite plans for my future, but I did know my fundamental weapons. I was a woman, and, to be frank, I had more appeal for men than most of my sex.

One thing, however, I did need, and that at once: Clothes. Men meant money, and money meant clothes. Men with money—

I PICKED up the telephone and rang the office of the Karby Real Estate and Investment Company.

"Mr. Kenneth Karby, please."

The voice of the switchboard operator—"I think he has gone for the day. Wait a minute, please, and I'll see."

But he had not gone. His voice came to me, vibrant with health and youth and power.

"Kenneth Karby speaking."

"This is Savannah Lane."

Even over the wire I could almost feel him thrill with surprise. "No, it can't be!"

During all of my recent trouble I had had no word from him. Yet I was gratified to note his continued interest.

"Miss Lane, where are you? When can I see you?"

"You haven't shown much desire to see me lately," I told him with a tinge of mockery in my voice.

"But you told me you never wanted to see me again!" he returned eagerly. "But anyway, I have been away. I would like to see you now so very much. Where are you?"

"At the Hotel Renaissance."

"What are you doing there?"

"I am living here."

"You don't mean it!" His voice had a pleased lilt of surprise. "Say, it's just five o'clock now. Why couldn't I come up and have tea with you. May I?"



I bore no physical sign of my recent experience. My face was smooth, my eyes were clear. The defiance that was in my soul reflected itself in bodily swagger

HOW easy! How extremely simple it was to bring Kenneth Karby—any man, almost—to a state of submission. Lest I be accused of vanity, let me disclaim any personal egotism in the matter. Kenneth Karby may have thought he was interested in Savannah Lane as a person, but in reality he was drawn by perhaps the most powerful force in nature. I mean the attraction of a woman for a man, which is always a hundred times multiplied if the woman seems to be unattainable. And I certainly had given him no idea that I was an easy conquest.

The boy knew so little of me, that it was impossible he could have cared for me sincerely, for myself alone. My appeal was youth and a certain amount of beauty. The people who read this

will not like me, of course. A mercenary character has little sentimental charm. So be it.

Just for a moment I played with the idea of increasing his anxiousness by putting him off; but a sure instinct told me that such a course was unnecessary.

It seemed a waste of time to have tea when the dinner hour was near.

"I will be busy for the next hour or so," I told him tentatively.

He came back without a moment's hesitation. "Great! We'll have dinner together, then, can't we?"

"I don't know," I hesitated. "I had made other plans."

"Perfectly absurd!" he declared. "Of course we are going to have dinner together. What time shall I call for you?"

I had to smile to myself; he was being "masterful". If men could only see themselves as we women see them!

"I SUPPOSE seven o'clock will be all right, if you won't let me off," I told him. "And, oh yes, I'm Miss Lane again instead of Kathleen Gray."

Two hours remained before my date with Kenneth Karby; enough time for me to take a taxicab and go down to my former rooming house where I had left in storage, with the landlady, the rather elaborate outfit of evening clothes that had come to me through the hands of Jimmie DeLong. For the present they would suffice. Later on I would have plenty more.

The valet service at the Hotel Renaissance was so prompt that in less than an hour I had the garments pressed and put in order. At seven o'clock, on the dot, I was ready.

The long mirror in my beautifully furnished suite gave me back a vanity-feeding reflection. So bountifully generous is Nature to the young that I bore no physical signs of my recent experiences. My face was smooth, not haggard; my eyes clear, not dull. The defiance that was in my soul reflected itself in the swagger of my bodily carriage. Evening clothes always seem to improve any woman's appearance; the gown I wore was kind to me. My blonde hair had a glint of gold; my flesh was firm, white and smooth; my silk stockings and satin slippers were exquisite. I had no conscience to trouble me, no qualms to choke down.

WAS I entirely shameless? Of course I was. Yes, and rather more delighted than I had been for a long time, because after all there was a thrill in this. Luxury, good clothes, bright lights, and the attention of a handsome young man certainly promised an interesting evening. Why not? I was that kind of a girl!

Kenneth Karby 'phoned me from downstairs, and came up to the apartment, a resplendent young figure in immaculate dinner clothes. With his dark hair and blue eyes, he was positively stunning.

He advanced to me and took both of my hands in both of his. His eyes were lit with a sort of fascinated approval. Immediately, I withdrew my hands from his.

"My dear Miss Lane! Where have you been since I saw you last?"

I looked at him incredulously. "You ought to know. I have been in jail!"

I have never seen any one more astonished in my life; his eyes blazed slightly as though he had been struck a severe blow! Then he smiled in a slow, sickly fashion. "You're joking!"

"Not at all," I told him seriously. "Are you trying to tell me that any one in New York City does not know all about the remarkable case of Savannah Lane?"

"I don't understand," he said, still in a daze. "You see I have been out West for my father for several months, investigating some copper properties in Montana. I just got back this morning. What's all this about being in jail?"

"You have seen your father and mother?"

"Yes, but they didn't say anything to me about you."

So that was why Kenneth Karby had been absent from my trial out on Long Island; why I had never heard a word from him during the time I was locked up. He had been out of touch with New York, away from its newspapers.

His face was eager and amazed; his infatuation seemed to be growing every minute. Not love, mind you! I do not think, for a minute, that any deep and noble sentiment was stirring in his breast at the time.

"Sit down," I told him levelly. "I am glad you are going to hear this story from my own lips first."

Would he believe me? It was almost too easy, and besides I was telling him the exact truth which always has an unmistakable ring.

I told him of my employment at the Gardeners's, of little Janie and David, of the circumstances of his parents' visit. I told him exactly what his mother had said to me. I told him of the loss of the jewelry, my arrest, my imprisonment, my trial. I told him of the bitterness of my humiliation and disgrace.

What I did not tell him was that I had become an adventuress, that I had denounced his mother to her face. I told him only what I wanted him to know.

"You say my father and mother did this to you?" he asked aghast, when I had finished.

"OH, IT is not a private story I'm telling you," I said unhappily. "Look it up in the files of the newspapers. You will find it all there; columns of it."

"It is the most monstrous thing I ever heard of in my life!" he declared. "And I always had thought they were kind, gentle, generous people."

"Yes, your father is generous in a small way," I said. "He sent me twenty-five hundred dollars several months ago."

"He sent you money?" I could see a flash of jealousy in his eyes. "Why did he send you money?"

"To compensate me, I imagine, for my lost employment and the damage to my reputation, as a result of the divorce proceedings! His attorney seemed to feel that I deserved that amount of money. But it doesn't matter. I sent it back to him."

"You sent it back to him and he accepted it?" Kenneth Karby asked, still in amazement.

"Of course he accepted it. At least, he never returned it."

The boy struck his open palm with a clenched fist.

"You simply stagger me, Miss Lane! Positively you do! Why the thing is ridiculous! You might have brought suit against my father and recovered more money than that."

And to think that he took it back! That's small! I don't like it! But I'll get it back for you."

I affected a complete lack of interest in the money. As a matter of fact, I was now completely disgusted with myself for ever having sent it back.

"Don't bother about the money, please. It doesn't matter."

"But it does matter!" Kenneth Karby insisted. "As a matter of simple justice, you ought to have it."

I turned my head away so he would not read my thoughts.

"Don't say anything to your father, please, for your own sake. You might offend him. He is a rich man, and you are depending on him."

"Not I. Not in a financial way!" Kenneth Karby said heatedly. "My aunt's will took care of me for all I'll ever need."

My luck! He had money of his own! I felt a thrill of victory. Soon I would get my share of it. There was no need to rush. I would not ask Kenneth Karby for a penny. Presently he would be offering me money by the thousands. How did I know? I knew! I felt a thousand years older than he was!

I smiled brightly. "Enough of [Continued on page 117]"

All for Bob A True Story in Fifty Words

I WAS the first person to reach the side of the young woman after the car had struck her. She was badly hurt—dying. As I bent over her she gasped, "Tell Bob he can marry Rita now." Then she closed her eyes and sank down at peace.

Do you know a true story in fifty words? SMART SET will pay \$5.00 for each one accepted.



Do Three of a Kind Beat Two Pair?



THESE beautiful knees lined up for the approval of Metro's dimple inspector, belong to Zalea Zarona, Betty Boyd and Edna Tehenor, aspirants to such fame as Dorothy Sebastian and Gwen Lee, owners of the shapely limbs below, have won. Little Miss Muffet was afraid of a spider but Dot apparently isn't. Perhaps this one serves as well as Gwen's traffic sign to frighten the boys away.



The Wooing of Nang Ping Wu



SHE'S MAKE-BELIEVE: A skillful slanting of eyebrows, cherry blossoms in her hair and Renee Adoree, in the screen version of "Mr. Wu," is a daughter of the Orient. Doesn't she look enough like Anna May Wong to be her sister?



SHE'S REAL: From the top of her glossy black head to her sandalled feet Anna May Wong is pure Chinese. She appears as a native entertainer in M-G-M's "Mr. Wu."

*Alas, Poor
Nang Ping!*

TO THE left you see Lon Chaney, as Mr. Wu, begging Nang Ping, Renée Adoree, to put her English lover out of her life. On the right, you see the temptation to which she is subjected because of her love for Basil Gregory — Ralph Forbes. M-G-M has made a beautiful film version of the Chinese idyll, "Mr. Wu."





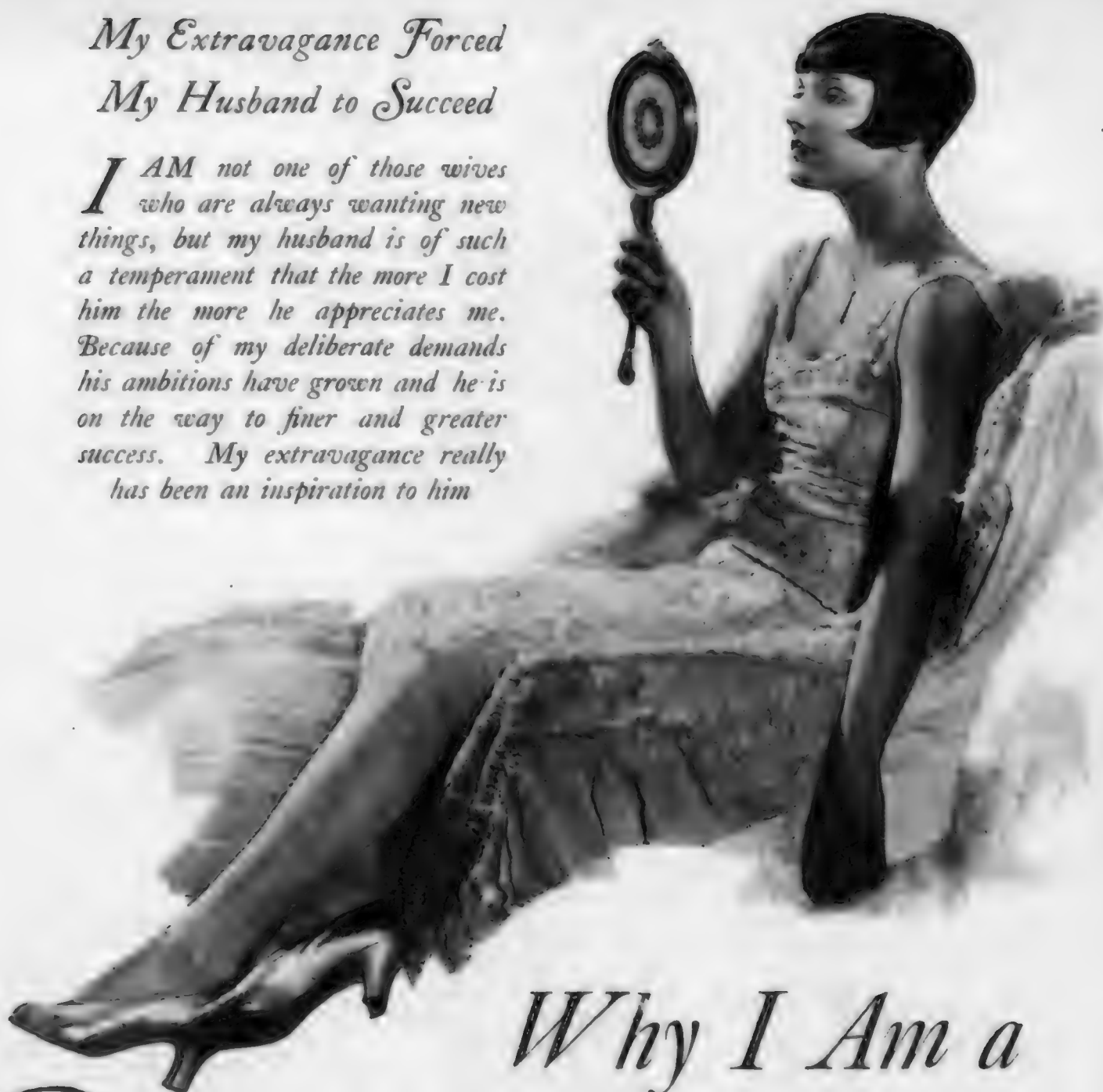
Latest Importations

PERHAPS there's always room at the top but American Beauties are in for a lot of competition on the way up since Yola D'Avril, from sunny France, and Nelli Barr, from Russia, have entered the lists under First National's banners.



My Extravagance Forced My Husband to Succeed

I AM not one of those wives who are always wanting new things, but my husband is of such a temperament that the more I cost him the more he appreciates me. Because of my deliberate demands his ambitions have grown and he is on the way to finer and greater success. My extravagance really has been an inspiration to him



Why I Am a Gold-Digger Wife

SHOULD a wife pillage her husband's bank account with greedy if pretty hands?

As far as my own life is concerned, I have solved that problem. You may solve yours this way too.

I have the advantage, or some might consider it the disadvantage, of being the only child of an artist. My mother died when I was a little child so I was far closer to Dad than might otherwise have been the case.

And Dad ever had an eye for a pretty girl. He is so entirely lovable, that I shut my eyes to his little faults, and he has lots of them!

Still, he is a great and a successful artist, and women flock to him to have their portraits painted.

And Dad worships truth, as he sees it.

His one object in reference to my upbringing was that I should avoid all hypocrisy and love the truth. Therefore if you feel my story to be a little frank in places, you must

blame Dad, who would only laugh at you for being old-fashioned.

I don't believe I was more than twelve years old before I knew all the basic facts about life.

"I am not going to tell you that the stork brings babies!" Dad would roar in his enormous voice. "I let you believe in Santa Claus until you found out that it was all a pretty fairy story, out of pure selfishness, sweetheart! It was such fun filling your stocking. I liked it much better than you did, but I am not going to hand you any of the worn-out lies about the mystery that is between man and woman. The trouble with the present day is that so many fools will try to fight old Mother Nature. It can't be done, darling."

By the time I was eighteen, Dad and I were the greatest pals in the world.

"I am glad you are pretty, darling," he confessed to me on my eighteenth birthday. "As an artist, I can only love the

beautiful, and I would have hated a homely daughter. With your black hair and your violet blue eyes, to say nothing about that tall, graceful figure of yours, the daughter of Christopher Chapin is going to make some little stir among men. If you have anything of your father's disposition in you Peggy Joyce will have to look to her laurels."

"I think you are perfectly horrid, Dad," I said.

DESPITE my free and bohemian upbringing I was the most romantic and sentimental boob I have ever known. The more cynical Dad became, the higher and rosier I built my illusions.

"Meaning that you are going to marry one man and stick to him?" Dad asked. "Stupid little cat! Of course, you may do it, but if you do, then you are twenty times more clever than your average modern woman. The women of yesterday might have been able to do it, because they recognized in their hearts a basic fact though their Victorian prejudices made them deny it."

"More cynicism?" I asked.

"What you call cynicism is really truth!" he said. "That basic fact is this: Man is a naturally polygamous animal, and you can preach and rave and rant as much as you like with this modern nonsense, but you can't get away from it. No man is happily faithful to any one woman. The sooner you learn that the better. If a husband is faithful because of a cowardly complex which makes him feel that it is wrong to gratify his very natural desires, then he is unhappy. Get it, child."

"THEN no girl can hope to hold her husband?"

"If she is clever enough, she can," he answered. "If she is willing to be the queen of his harem! If she makes up her mind that of course there will be other women in his life, and that it doesn't matter. If she remains sufficiently charming, sufficiently mysterious and sufficiently alluring, she can always be the chief among his women. Remember that and you'll never need to lose him."

And I did remember it, until I was nineteen, going on to twenty. Then I met Lester Leeming at one of Dad's studio parties. After that, for a little while, I forgot everything else in the world.

How I loved him! How romantically I worshipped him!



I did not want Lester to think he had to buy my love by continually bringing with one of those costly new slave-link bracelets I

And Lester, I know, fell as tempestuously in love with me.

To begin with, he was ten years older than I, the exactly perfect age. He was still young, but no longer a silly boy. He was a man, and an extraordinarily successful one. He was good-looking, tall and dark with a tanned skin which betokened many hours spent out of doors, but he was not just



me expensive gifts. So when he came in, the morning after our wedding, was not very gracious toward him or his gift.

an athlete. He was a very polished person and a very worldly one.

Lester T. Leeming was already Production Manager of the Nachman Pictures Corporation, with a salary of eighteen thousand a year. The studios were in New York, although Lester had earned his reputation in Hollywood. So no money

remember my teachings and are content to be the chief of his favorites, you will be happy enough, but don't expect that you won't have to share him."

"I don't believe it," I said. "But," I added, for I was so dreadfully in love, "I would much prefer sharing Lester to losing him forever and ever." [Continued on page 115]

difficulties stood in the way of his ardent wooing, although if he had been a beggar, or a man out of a job, I would have married him just the same.

I had only known him a week, when he asked me to be his wife. I lived, you understand, in my father's studio, which boasted two bedrooms, a bath and a kitchen as well as the huge studio itself. I had been with Lester to dinner and the theater, and he had driven me back in his car. Dad was out, probably calling upon one or other of his crowd of women friends, and we had the studio to ourselves. I was dressed that night in a gown of ivory velvet and I looked my best.

MY FATHER came in later, and I was glad that I had had an hour in which to recover my poise, for Lester had thrilled me with his kisses.

"Gloria and I are going to get married right away, as long as you don't make any strenuous kick about it, Mr. Chapin," Lester said. "I am doing fairly well, and there is talk of Nachman Pictures merging with Modern Moving Pictures, Incorporated. If they do, it will be all the better for me. Any remarks?"

Dad pulled at his beard with a familiar gesture which told me that he was puzzled.

"Do you expect me to play the Victorian father?" he asked. "I can't stop you getting married. If you and Gloria have made up your minds that you are in love, that's that! But let me pull the old bromide, Lester, that I hope you will be very, very good to my little girl." Then he kissed me and shook hands with Lester.

When Lester had gone, Dad and I sat down for a talk before I went to bed.

"I don't like this moving picture world, as far as you are concerned," Dad remarked. "I think Lester is a very decent sort, but I don't see my romantic little boob of a daughter in a moving picture atmosphere."

"But I shan't have anything to do with the movies, Dad," I answered.

"Perhaps not," he said, "but Lester will. You must make up your mind to the fact that he will be continually surrounded with pretty girls. As long as you

What Money

*The Amazing Experience
of a GIRL
Who Became a Servant
to Learn to
Become a LADY*

WHAT would you think of a wealthy girl hiring herself out for a year as a servant? I guess you'd set her down as queer and let it go at that. But I'm not eccentric and yet I did that very thing. I had to! I was driven to it by sheer desperation. It was the only way I could learn how to make the most of my huge fortune without making a fool of myself. It was the only way I could learn how to become a lady.

In my year's experience as a servant, I learned something that very few people know or even stop to think about. And that is that there is scarcely any profession open to women where one has so great an opportunity for absorbing culture as that of an ordinary servant.

There is no limit to the things a servant girl can learn. All the secrets of milady's boudoir are hers without even asking! She can learn things that no school in the world teaches and it doesn't cost her a cent! She learns all these things at first-hand, from the very people who know them best.

This is no high fallutin' theory, calculated to give all the servants who read it a temporary kick. It is sound, practical advice. I know whereof I speak. I have been a lady's maid!

You see, it was this way. We were poor Texas ranchers, my father and I, and then the oil boom came, almost over night. They found three productive oil wells on our land and from then on the money began to pour in. We were unbelievably rich!

Our neighbors envied us. They called me a lucky girl. I thought they were right, but I didn't know then that money can be a curse if it comes to a girl who doesn't know how to spend it. I learned that only after bitter disappointment and humiliation.

My father was lavish in his generosity to me. He wanted me to have the things he had been forced to deny me all my life, but he didn't know, nor did I, that all the money in the world won't buy the friendship of cultured and well-bred people, and that it is only in stories that a wealthy young man marries a girl beneath him in social position unless she has at least a superficial knowledge of social etiquette. It took David Thornton to teach me that!

DAVID! Every time I whispered his name there rose before me the picture of a very tall, very handsome young man with bronze hair and blue eyes—eyes that crinkle at the corners when he laughs. The merest thought of him sent an exquisite thrill through me.

David Thornton had engineered the work of drilling on our land, so we were often together, and I could no more have



Can't Buy



If I do say it myself I managed quite cleverly to keep the true purpose of my employment from the Spencers. I knew that I had progressed rapidly. Mrs. Spencer spoke to me about it one morning.

helped falling in love with him than I could voluntarily have stopped my heart from beating. It just happened, that's all. But I realized that David Thornton would one day pass out of my life.

His parents were wealthy and aristocratic New Yorkers—people who placed birth and breeding above all else, and David had been given all the advantages that come with money and social position. He had brought with him down into our little God-forsaken corner of the world the poise and sophistication of the educated man. I thought he was just about perfect, and I sighed when I thought that the only thing that separated us was the fact that he was rich and I was poor. I knew by the look in his eyes and the gentle, caressing tones in his voice whenever he spoke to me that his feeling for me was something more than friendship.

BUT with prosperity everything changed. David no longer spent his spare time with me. He seemed disinterested in everything I said or did, and it hurt. I can look back on those miserable days now and see how ridiculous I was—trying to be something I was not, and making a hopeless little fool out of myself in the attempt. When I was poor David had been attracted by my honesty and sincerity and simple way of living.

But it wasn't money that stood between us: it was my own ignorance. I thought I knew everything. The house I bought was an atrocious gingerbread affair that hadn't been rented for years.

Nobody else would live in it. I didn't know there was such an art as interior decorating and simply followed my childish tendencies toward bright colors and showy things. The downstairs rooms were stuffy with heavy draperies and fussy

lamps and elaborate suites of furniture. The bedrooms groaned with garish hand-painted furniture, awkwardly placed.

I know now that my clothes were just as bad. I had always worn simple gingham and an organdie for Sunday. They were charming in their simplicity, but when economy was no longer necessary I bought flashy hats and sophisticated dresses that did not match my youthful face and figure.

I developed social ambitions, too, but Waco society refused to take me up in spite of our money. Somehow my father succeeded in buying a

membership in the country club, but at the Saturday evening dances nobody paid any attention to us. I couldn't understand it. And then, bit by bit, the truth gradually forced itself on me. I wasn't wanted. I didn't "belong." Behind the furtive glances of women who passed me in the stores and ignored me at the country club I read ridicule, scorn, pity.

I realized the meaning of David's neglect. He was ashamed of me! And I want to ask any girl right now if she knows of anything worse than having the man she is in love with ashamed of her? I went to my father. He tried to comfort me in his sweet, clumsy way as I sobbed out the miserable truth. It all seemed ridiculous to him, because he loved me.

"They're jealous, honey," he said. "Just jealous. But don't you worry. The feller that's goin' to pick you for his wife ain't goin' to do it because ye got swell manners and put on airs."

"BUT you don't understand, Daddy," I said. "It's David I'm thinking of. Why won't he go to a dance with me? Why doesn't he ever come to see me? David isn't jealous—but I'll tell you what he is. He's ashamed of me; ashamed of my clothes and the way I talk and act. He's ashamed to be seen coming to this house because the whole town is laughing at us!"

"But honey——"

"I know it, I tell you! I know it!" I was angry now. "But I'll show them, and I'll show David Thornton, too. I love him and I'm going to make him proud to know me if I die in the attempt. I love him, Daddy, I just simply love him."

A sudden, crushing realization of the hopelessness of my plight sent me into a miserable silence. Not knowing how to console me, my father said nothing.

If only I could stop thinking! But in its effort to find a way out of the unhappy tangle, my brain kept going around and around. And always it came back to the same old knot—I wasn't a lady!

How I wished I knew someone who would come to the rescue. Someone who would tell me where and how I had blundered. But there was no one. I remembered reading somewhere about "finishing schools" where wealthy girls were prepared for their entrance into society. But I was certain no school would take me, and besides I was too old. It would be embarrassing!

I thought of acting as a companion to some wealthy woman. But who would want me for a companion? I had no education, no culture, no accomplishments. I was no more fit to be a companion than a servant girl.



It was too late. I had tempted fate too far. David had already torn my mask away. Relieved that the tension was over, I said, "Do you like me now, David?"

Servant girl! I caught my breath. I was almost afraid to think for fear another objection would come into my mind. But servants were supposed to be ignorant. No one expected them to have the airs and graces of a lady. And the only thing I was fitted to do was housework.

HERE was the wedge that would at least open the way into the magic kingdom!

I jumped up. The idea was wild, a bit impractical perhaps, but it might change everything if it could be done.

"I know what I'm going to do," I said to my father. "I am going to get a job as a maid. If I can work for people who do know how to do things right I can learn from them. I'll listen to the way they talk; I'll see how they furnish their homes; I'll learn how to buy clothes; I'll——"

I could see my father didn't think much of it.

"You couldn't get away with it," he said. "Everybody knows you here."

"All right then," I flung at him defiantly. "I'll go somewhere else. Anywhere. I'll go to New York!" You see, I was really desperate.

Daddy sighed. "It's beyond me," he said. "Ye've gone clean crazy, girl. Ye got all the money in the world and ye want to be a hired girl. But if ye go, I go with ye. David can look after the business. Guess I need a change too."

A week later we were in New York. My father engaged a



handsome suite of rooms at one of the big hotels near the station. He couldn't seem to realize that I really meant to go to work as a maid. I guess he thought I'd get so interested in seeing New York that I'd forget about it, but when I went out and bought myself a cheap hat and dress and shoes, the sort of clothes a servant girl would own, he knew differently.

From the help wanted columns of the morning papers I clipped half a dozen ads for a maid. It was hard to tell whether the people who were advertising were the sort who could teach me the things I needed to learn, so all I could do was take a chance and answer the ads. But it was discouraging. I found that most of them were just like Daddy and me, people who had only recently made money.

THE ads having proved disappointing, I went to a domestic help agency. I told the woman in charge the sort of place I was looking for. She looked over her applications.

"I have the very thing," she said. "We had a call this morning from a family on Riverside Drive. They're well-known people, in the social register and everything. They'll pay \$75 a month. Got any references?"

I explained to her that I had been in service out west and that my old employer was at the Pennsylvania Hotel and would be glad to recommend me. She called up while I was there and I had difficulty in repressing a smile as I pictured my father at the other end

of the wire, recommending his daughter as an excellent maid.

When she handed me the slip of paper with the name and address of my prospective employer, I gave an involuntary start. "Mrs. Henry Spencer," it read, "89 Riverside Drive."

I RODE uptown from the agency in a taxicab. I told the driver to let me out a block or so below No. 89 Riverside Drive because common sense told me that maids didn't ride around in cabs. All sorts of conflicting emotions possessed me as I walked the remaining block to the Spencer house. I was nervous, excited, brave, then panic-stricken by turns and I tried to gain poise by looking at the pretty park that ran along the river front.

As I looked back again at the houses I half expected to see a face or two at the windows, but I was to learn later that it is considered ill-mannered to make oneself conspicuous. To stand in a window and admire the [Continued on page 122]

How I Learned to Prize the Love of a Good Man

AN amazing feature of my trial was the letters of sympathy and offers of marriage I received. Why had I become so attractive? How could any one want to marry a woman such as I was pictured? One man wrote many times and in his last letter he said:

"I am so distressed at your suffering and so lost in admiration of your courage, that I feel I must offer myself to you as friend and protector. Anything I have is yours . . . I want you to understand that my friendship and my name are yours if you care to have them."

My story will tell you of my response to this letter and what my life has been since then.



Do Men Prefer

I DO not know the explanation of the appeal a "wicked" woman makes to a man, but that she is always sure to arouse curiosity and attention I am only too painfully aware. An association with her seems to offer a thrill of romance and adventure which a conventional alliance does not provide. Her experience and knowledge of human nature promises something not possessed by the virtuous woman. That lasting happiness cannot be built upon such frail foundations my story will prove, and I feel that I must explain to a world that has shown me little enough kindness what an agony my life has been.

You will have guessed by now that I am what the world calls a "wicked" woman, though my "wickedness," God knows, has been forced upon me.

I cannot, of course, give my real name as it may still be remembered, for my case was talked about everywhere. My photograph appeared in all the newspapers of the world. To make you to understand my story I must go back to my early youth.

My nationality was a mixed one. My mother, who was half a Frenchwoman and half an Italian, had married a Scot, responding to the strange attraction which always seems to exist



As I heard the evidence brought up against me I was forced to endure the gaze of those . . . who came out of morbid curiosity . . . But one sunshiny day I was set free.

'Wicked' Women?

between the Latin and the Celt. I was sent at an early age to a convent where I spent a peaceful and happy youth and at seventeen, I left to join my mother. I should have liked to stay on to perfect my music and singing, for I had musical gifts of no mean order, but my mother wrote saying she was too poor to pay my school fees any longer and that I was to come home.

I wept bitterly when I said good-by to the dear nuns who had been so kind to me. I had a long talk with the Principal, Sister Theresa, before I left. She seemed to see the future which lay before me with clear eyes and warned me solemnly

against the sins of the world into which I was about to go.

Many times as I have shed hot, scalding tears have I remembered Sister Theresa's warning words. But I ask myself now what else I could have done in my youth and inexperience? Fate was too much for me, that was all. I was swept along in the surging waters of life, buffeted this way and that, until I reached the final whirlpool.

I went to join my mother who lived in an inexpensive suburb just out of New York. Here I shared the gay, careless life about us, for my mother, who was an excellent musician, had returned to bohemian ways after [Continued on page 126]

My Lottery of



There was a tremendous crash at the basement door. A half dozen policemen burst their way in and arrested Garcia and his backers.

BEFORE I left home, I'd have laughed at any one who told me that New York was not an all-American city. I've learned since that there are as many New Yorks as there are foreign dialects spoken there. A step to the right or to the left may lead an unsophisticated newcomer, as I was led, into a world of European customs and strange temptations. I consider myself extremely lucky that I got clear of my worst entanglement. The facts may serve to warn others who are in danger of blundering as I blundered.

I am Alma Lynne, a girl from a Main Street in a Penn-

sylvania town which I'll call Baileyville because that comes pretty close to being its real name. I'd been dreaming since I was knee-high to a grasshopper of going to New York and making my fortune. I was terribly ambitious and was sure that mine was destined to be a glittering fortune. But I didn't know the first thing about New York. My few theater parties in the big town hadn't given me an inkling of what to expect when I should find myself living there on my own.

I finally made the plunge in the face of a lot of family opposition. I didn't exactly run away from home, nor was I cut off with a dollar, though my father, who owns a small real estate business in Baileyville, insisted that any course other than marrying some local boy was madness. And my mother felt certain that if I lived alone in New York I'd go to the dogs. They gave me fifty dollars, and promised me the price of a return ticket in case I came to my senses and wrote for it. Otherwise, they wouldn't help me.

A tangy autumn breeze was blowing the day I boarded the train for my great adventure. At the end of the trip, I walked out on the main passenger level of the vast, beautiful

Love

Pennsylvania Station, and right here let me say that I was accosted neither by the smooth-spoken human wolf of so many fiction stories, nor by a member of any travelers' aid association. I attracted no attention, doubtless because I was ordinarily sure of myself, and if that isn't the case with the majority of girls who strike New York for the first time I miss my bet.

PERHAPS I'd have done well to ask advice at some information bureau. But I didn't. I checked my bags and stepped out on to Seventh Avenue. Then I happened to turn South instead of North. If I'd gone up-town, my life would have worked out very differently, because I'd have reached the theatrical district and been caught by it as a net catches a fish.

I was not pleased by the appearance of the houses until I came to Fourteenth Street. The block between Eighth and Ninth Avenues is wide and clean, and the old brown-stone fronts have a dependable air. After having been frowned down by a nondescript woman who did not care to rent to a girl without references, I rang a second bell and was greeted by a plump, olive-skinned woman, all smiles. Her English was so broken that I could scarcely understand it. But I wasn't worried by that. I supposed vaguely that she was an Italian.

"I'm looking for a room, a nice one, but not too expensive," I said.

She gave me the funniest side glance that traveled from my head to my feet. "Sure, sure!" she answered. "If you no understand me, you not mind, eh? My son he spik good English."

"Your son?" I repeated, mystified.

"Sure! He make business with American people for me. He like American people, fine."

With this cheering assurance, she beckoned me inside the door and took a gesticulating and enthusiastic charge of me. She led me up two flights of stairs and showed me an attractive little hall bedroom. I nodded my satisfaction, and she broke into laughter. She bustled about the room, raising the blinds, dusting the mirror and patting the pillow cases. Then she held up the fingers of both hands. "Ten dollar," she said.

My face fell, but she hastened to add, comically: "Room and eats, too—ten dollar!"

That put a different complexion on it. I hadn't intended



Ricardo and I escaped by running up the stairs to the roof. As we fled I had a fleeting glimpse of the officer who had spoken to me.

to go into a boarding house, but ten dollars a week seemed such a bargain for all my living expenses, and I liked the friendly attitude of my prospective landlady. She, at least, was not down upon me because I was a single girl bucking the world. I paid my first week's

board and the thing was settled.

I got a big thrill out of unpacking my suitcases after I had fetched them from the station, and giving a personal touch to the room by arranging my belongings there. The afternoon passed quickly. At seven o'clock, a tinkling bell summoned me down to the basement for supper.

Never shall I forget the weird impression that that dining room made upon me. Twelve men and three middle-aged women were already seated about the single long table. All of them were foreigners, and a deafening chatter, in a snarling, sing-song language, utterly strange to me was going on. The men were of all ages, and there was considerable variety in their social types. My eye was caught by the face of a dark, handsome youth who reminded me of Rudolph Valentino. Beside him was a queer old man with a wrinkled face the color of aged leather. The others included sallow office workers in shabby, badly-cut clothes, and a number of rough fellows who might have been sailors or laborers.

I FELT like an exile among them. It didn't help a bit that I upon my advent the diners promptly fell silent and turned a battery of eyes upon me. They looked me over slyly, inquisitively. In two seconds, I'd have turned and run out of the room. But the sudden silence brought the landlady from the kitchen. She presented the good-looking boy to me. He was her son, Ricardo Lopez, and both his manners and his English were perfect. I found myself taking the seat at his right and acknowledging the introductions he started to make around the table.

The crowd was Spanish, Mr. Lopez told me, and they considered it an honor to have an American girl among them. Suddenly, every one became extremely polite, even deferential. They ceased to stare. Those who spoke English asked me courteous questions about myself and my home

town. The old man, Domingo Garcia was his name, made a flowery speech in praise of this country and I decided that Spaniards were very nice people indeed.

"And what do you intend to do in New York, Miss Lynne?" Ricardo Lopez asked me in his soft, musical voice.

"Get a job! I don't much care at what I want to be a successful business-woman," I answered.

"It should not be at all hard for you to do that. Perhaps I can help, if you will allow me," he went on, most formally and yet kindly.

Toward the end of supper something occurred which seemed meaningless to me then, but which gave me my first glimpse of a traffic that affected the course of my life.

The basement bell rang, and a new Spaniard was admitted. He came no farther than the doorway, where he leaned against the jamb and waved his hand to the company at large. Immediately old Mr. Garcia left his seat and joined him. They went into the hallway. I could make nothing of their whispered conversation, of course, but I saw the newcomer hand over some money and receive in return a long blue envelope. Garcia came back alone. He made no remarks concerning the business he had transacted.

I SLEPT well that night, though my nerves had been keyed up by the excitement of the day's events and I had cried a little into my pillow at the thought that my mother was probably grieving over what she considered my waywardness.

The next morning, I started out early, applying for jobs advertised in the "Help Wanted" columns of the newspapers. I had no luck. So I walked in blind on a number of big offices, and encountered the discouraging red tape of personnel experts, employment bureaus and questionnaires. Walls seemed to be thrown up at every turn against an inexperienced girl. I was as good as told: "Go get a record. Make a start, we don't know where and we don't know how; but not with us." I suppose every youngster coming to New York has had to cope with this sort of thing. But I hadn't expected it, and it made my heart sink.

I dragged my way homeward about five o'clock. At the Eighth Avenue corner, I saw Ricardo Lopez lounging in front of an ice cream parlor. He was very well dressed, from his hat down to his spats, and he twirled a cane. Apparently, he did not see me coming until I was almost at his elbow; but I suspected, and later made him admit, that he had been waiting for me. Somehow, I didn't mind his having done that, though if a home town boy had tried it within twenty-four hours of meeting me, I'd have been furious. But the combination of New York and a foreign lad with honey-brown skin and flashing eyes gave the needed touch of romance.

Ricardo greeted me warmly and asked me a dozen solicitous questions as to how I had spent my day. He invited me into the ice cream parlor to have a sundae. I was in a confidential mood.

"I'm going to have a harder time than I thought," I said. "Tell me, how did you do it? How did you land your first



Ricardo tilted his handsome sheik's head, while his as a saleswoman at \$25 a week."

job as a stranger here? Had you had any experience?"

"By getting one Spanish friend to pass me on to another. Pull, you know, that's what counts," he answered vaguely.

"I have no pull."

"But you have friends. Or you will soon. Already, see. I am your friend." He tilted his handsome sheik's head to one side, showing his white teeth and caressing me with his eyes.

"I believe I could get Mr. Garcia to give you work."

"Mr. Garcia, at our house?" I replied, astonished. "Does he have a business of his own?"



eyes caressed me. "I believe I could get Mr. Garcia to give you work. Twenty-five dollars! It seemed like a fortune to me.

"O, yes! A very fine business," he answered emphatically.

"Are his offices near by?"

"He doesn't have an office at all. He doesn't need one."

"I couldn't have a real job with him, then."

"But why not, Miss Lynne? He would send you out as a saleswoman, maybe. Nothing more simple."

"What would I have to sell?" I asked. I was conscious of my complete lack of experience.

"It would be more like taking orders for things people already have the habit of buying from him," Ricardo said.

carry one of the envelopes open as a sample, don't you think? It might lead to new business."

"No, no!" Garcia said. "My Spanish friends know what is inside, and the envelopes must never be shown to strangers. Never, do you hear? This is a very exclusive proposition."

I began my unique form of canvassing the next morning and discovered that it was amazingly easy to collect five-dollar bills for Mr. Garcia. I circulated among dark-skinned merchants who dealt in exotic products, among clerks in shipping offices and dwellers in [Continued on page 92]

"Mr. Garcia runs an agency for a company in Spain. He distributes bonds or coupons of some sort. His customers are eager to deal with him, yet they have to be reminded when the proper date comes around, and he is too busy to see them all himself."

It sounded like so much Greek to me, but who was I to pretend I understood the jargon of the business world? Placing bonds and coupons appealed to me as a nice, respectable occupation, and I told Ricardo so. He smiled with pleasure.

"I shall take you to see Mr. Garcia right away," he said.

If I'd been even half grown-up, I'd have found it mighty strange that I should be led in quest of a job to the second-floor rear bedroom of the house where I lodged, and that I should be received by the old Spaniard in a dressing gown. I didn't stop to think, however.

MR. GARCIA pulled out a box which was crammed full of long blue envelopes of the kind I had seen him give his visitor the evening before. The envelopes were of a peculiar shape, thin and narrow; a street car transfer would have fitted neatly into them. They were sealed, and they bore no inscription. "I'd be glad to pay you twenty-five dollars a week to offer these to my clients," said Garcia. "I'll furnish you with a list of names."

Twenty-five dollars! It seemed a fortune. After I had stammered my thanks, I remarked innocently: "I should



How to Be Happy and Married

A Message to Brides from
MARTHA MADISON

IS Mrs. Madison writing YOU one of her kind and able letters? She doesn't preach, she doesn't criticize, but she does try to help you as you seek to understand love. Write her of your problems and you will be cheered and comforted by her reply.

IT'S April and letters from prospective brides are already beginning to pour in. They want to know everything from what color dresses their bridesmaids shall wear to how to keep a wandering husband within the fold. But most of all they want to know, "How can I make my marriage successful and happy?"

I don't set myself up before you girls as the seat of all wisdom. I don't think I know all there is to know about life and love, not by a long shot. But I do feel that I have had enough experience with men and women and their love affairs to discuss helpfully with you an important subject like marriage.

As I see it, it's a simple process of elimination, girls. First of all you've got to get rid of a lot of silly, romantic notions that should have gone out with hoopskirts and fainting fits, but didn't. Then you've got to adopt a set of new ones that aren't half as attractive but are much more useful.

If you were suddenly swept from the deck of a nice safe boat into a churning sea, you wouldn't have much use for a feather fan would you? And believe me, all that's been said about the stormy sea of matrimony isn't even a mouthful. When you launch out on those precarious waters you need the wisdom of a philosopher, the knowledge of a scientist, the experience of a divorcee, and even then you're going to find it a hard job to keep your head above water.

Why? Because the sea of matrimony is full of a lot of stupid, struggling humans who learned how to swim on a piano stool. They learned about marriage from books and grandmothers, and so they're fighting and clawing and dragging each other down to the depths.

Now then: the first idiotic notion we cast into the rubbish heap is that romance endureth forever. Romance is not the big idea in life and marriage will

not perpetuate it.

Next: marriage does not make you "one." "Two souls with but a single thought" is applesauce! To your dying day you will remain individuals and will think and talk and act as individuals, as two. Marriage merely gives you a common aim and is a satisfying, respectable social obligation.

Your darling husband will not always break his neck to get home to the nice little dinner you have prepared.

He won't always gush over you in the morning.

He won't be forever telling you you're the best looking girl in the world.

No, and after the first month or so, he'll stop calling you up from the office at noon just to hear the sound of your dear voice.

He won't always be fair or reasonable or agreeable or considerate.

He won't always feel that any place is a good place to be just so long as you're there. Not on your life!

AND he isn't going to be neat about the house, either. Probably the very first day he'll begin leaving a horrible litter of dried suds and shaving soap and razor in the bathroom; and there will be ashes in your pin tray, and—oh, you'll see.

And no matter how many times you vow before marriage that you just won't ever keep any secrets from each other, you won't always find it possible to live up to that.

No matter how fine he is; no matter how golden your dream, you're going to find them both covered with tarnish and full of flaws. But this much you can count on—all of the time he will be human, with all the beauty and pathos, nobility and inconsistency the word implies.

Right about now I guess we've thrown overboard all the



silly old traditions that have marched to the altar with brides since the marriage relation first originated. And now about that set of new ideas! I'm not going to start out with a long list of "don'ts"; there are too many "dos" that are more important.

WHEN you say you want your marriage to be successful and happy, you mean that you want to get along with yourselves. If you've never acquired the habit of self-restraint, begin now. If you've never evolved a philosophy of your own to brace you for the wallops of life, begin now. And if you've never learned the need of tolerance—well, I feel sorry for you, that's all—because if there's any phase of life where tolerance is needed, it's in marriage.

If right now you're cherishing any fond notion that after marriage "everything will be different," chuck it overboard with the others. If the man you're going to marry has unpleasant habits or serious faults now, they're going to be twice as unpleasant and serious when you have to live with 'em, and unless you can be tolerant and tender of each other's weaknesses you're going to be desperately miserable.

Don't get the idea that you can tactfully remold him or cleverly manage him, because you won't get away with it. By this I don't mean that a wife cannot have a splendid and helpful influence on her husband; almost any man will accept suggestions if they are given with love and respect. But no real man will let a woman maul and manipulate his life if he knows that she ridicules him and sneers at his ambitions. Every healthy, proud instinct will rise in revolt against it, and if you persist he's going to break loose and you'll be minus one husband—and there's the secret of many broken marriages.

Remember this, too: you'll get plenty of dangerous and thoroughly useless advice from relatives and friends. Don't



Marriage does not make you "one." To your dying day you will remain individuals and will think and act as two.

take it! Start right by not discussing any detail of your married life with anyone. There are only two people in the world who know the situation and that's you and your husband. It's an extremely private and personal matter and if you must talk, talk to him.

Now here is something that is really important. We all need friends. During the excitement of being engaged and getting married and honeymooning, a husband or wife is sufficient; love fills in all the gaps. But sooner or later things will drop back into their normal place and the needs of life must be met.

THAT'S the time a poorly cooked dinner at the club is going to be more beneficial to your husband than all the calories he'll get at home. On those evenings keep up your friendships with your girl chums. Go to the movies or a show or to a gym class—do something that will take you out of your married life

for a while. And don't be disgruntled about it. It takes more than love to fill a life and more than French pastry to make a meal.

And that's not all. Don't expect your husband to be eternally grateful just because you keep the house neat and give him good things to eat. That's part of your job. You're

earning your living making a home and building a family. If you weren't earning it that way you'd probably be working in an office and you wouldn't expect a weekly letter of thanks from the boss.

A married woman has to earn her living just like a single girl, only she gets a bonus of love where the single girl thanks her lucky stars if she gets two percent of her salary once a year.

And for cat's sake, don't be forever thinking up new ways of holding him. I once knew a woman who thought her husband was getting tired of her, so she gave him the "ice treatment." What's the "ice treat- [Continued on page 112]



This Funny World

As Seen by Aleck Smart



She Saw Behind Our Whiskers

A YOUNG Smart Aleck evolved into an Aleck Smart; just what, we wonder, constitutes his each component part? In days most prehistoric was he fly or snake or fish? His brains did he develop, or eat them from a dish?

Some college was his mother, five dollars we will bet: His daddy, as we all know, is popular Smart Set. However we will keep him, finished product as he is. If making us all happy he continues as his 'biz.'

Mrs. C. P. Kent,
Bluefield, Va.

Take a look, dear Mrs. Kent, at the drawing up above and you'll see why we don't run a picture of ourself. That's the best we dare do—and that's bad enough. What?

We're for 'Em—Thick or Thin

Lamp your legs, girls. Are the ankles thick? You're a hard worker. Are they thin? You're fastidious and strong with the applesauce. Are your legs solid but shapely? You'll be handy with a flatiron in a family dispute. Are they constructed on lines meant for walking purposes only? You belong in a home—your own home. Are they slender? Then you've got that funny thing called artistic temperament. Anyway, that's how a Chicago artist has doped it out. These artists know everything, don't they? Or don't they?



Now We Ask a Few Prize Contest

How smart are you? Test your brains on these simple ones. Be sure you're right and then shoot your answers to Aleck Smart. For the correct answers and the best letter telling why this page should or should not carry a list of questions each month, Smart Set will pay \$10; for the second best, \$5; and \$1 for each of the next ten best. Aleck Smart is judge and contest closes May 31, 1927. Now go to it.

1. Who was the first movie vamp and what is her real name?
2. What is the very latest fad in silk stockings and what started it?
3. What is a sheik?
4. What is a jane?
5. Who is the theatrical producer famous for glorifying the American girl?

6. Who uses the expression, "Kindly stand by," and what does it mean?
7. Who originated the expression, "Gentlemen prefer blondes"?
8. Who first swam the English channel? How long did it take?
9. Who recently swam the Catalina channel? How long did it take?

We Hope You're Right

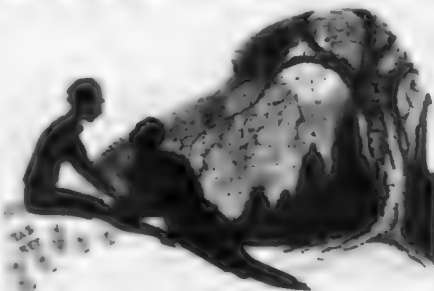
If we could only believe all you folks tell us! We try to believe it and our boss, The Editor, swears he tries to deserve it. I guess he does. Anyway here's hoping Smart Set continues to be your favorite and in time rises to your ideal. Bouquets from you readers are all over the place as a result of our request for criticisms. The editor smiles once more—so now you can go on singing our praises if you like. First prize for a letter telling which Smart Set feature in April was best goes to Miss Doris Sylvia Dase, of Detroit, Michigan, who couldn't find enough nice things to say about Elsie Robinson and Odd McIntyre. Ashley N. Chandler, Toledo, Ohio, gets the five spot and one buck each goes to: Evelyn Patterson, Frost, Texas; Lucille Davidson, Gary, Ind.; Mrs. H. Walker, St. Louis, Mo.; Daisy Watkins, New Martinsville, W. Va.; David Watson, Winnipeg, Can.; Frances C. Yokus, Williamstown, Pa.; Mrs. O. Sherman, Aurora, Ill.; Dorothy B. Barker, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. L. D. Kerns, Freeport, Pa.; S. Sarasin, Chicago, Ill. Now try the others.

Bright College Years

The girl who walks back from a ride, according to Williams Purple Cow, says life is nothing but trudging. . . . Colgate Banter pulls this one, and maybe there's something in it: Agnes, aged three, lisped at the dinner table, "Sugar, Daddy, pleath," and all the family wondered why her father got so red. . . . I didn't raise my shades to be a spectacle, wise-cracks the Grinnell Malteaser. . . . The New York Medley gets smart like this: "Would you marry a man whom you hated?" asks Clara and Belle answers, "Yes, if I hated him enough."

Limerick Fans, Attention

Supply the last line in this limerick, win a prize and prove you're a poet. Are you? Smart Set will pay one dollar for each of the ten best lines supplied. Contest closes May 31, 1927. Aleck Smart is judge.



It was under the light of the moon
That he asked her to wed him in June
The very next day
He came back to say

What a Wife

Dig! Dig! Dig! Dig!
Make him buy you
diamond rings,
Make him buy you lotsa
things.

That's the way to keep
him, Jill,

If you don't some flapper will
Dig! Dig! Dig!

(See: Why I'm a Gold Digger Wife—Page 57)

Just About IT

What is IT men want more than anything else?
What is IT will capture both Latins and Celts?
What is IT makes men go so crazy about one?
What is IT makes men think they can't live
without one?

That's IT!

What is IT, this thing that makes beauty look
pale?

What is IT that opens all doors without fail?
What is IT makes queens out of flappers and then
Makes fools out of those who were kings among
men?

That's IT!

(See: What Men Want—Page 10)

Two Ways of Getting 'Em

Evanston, Ill.: Go on and get them, girls, is the advice of Professor Stevens of Northwestern University. "This is no age for the shrinking violets," says the Prof., "and the girls who wish for men friends and then sit and wait for them, will be out of luck in getting that platinum band for the third finger."

Chicago, Ill.: Girls and young men here have organized a Slow Club, because they are tired of "petting and gin." Aleck Smart thought it was a case of sour grapes until he saw a picture of Ernee Olive Porter, the organizer of the club. We are sending in our application for membership.



Listen, Men, and Learn!

Thank you, ladies. You certainly didn't spare any banana oil in telling us why you gave some guy the air. There's no limit to the reasons you men got turned down. "Talked only of himself," was "stingy," "liked the country," "couldn't live up to his ideal," "just on a hunch—and I was right," "wouldn't get a job," "not kind to flies," are a few of the things that stopped girls from saying yes. The first prize goes to L. F., New Albany, Ind., for her letter on "Why I Wouldn't Marry the Man Who Asked Me."

The other ten winners get \$1 each and the bills have already been sent to them. Now take a try at the new contests on this page and on page 30. Here's wishing you luck.

Number three of the Princess Pat informative Series giving women really valuable and scientific facts about complexion care. Here we tell something about skin cleansing which will be news to 99 women out of 100.



How CLEANSING with the RIGHT CREAM performs a new marvel of Beauty Science.

CAN THE RIGHT CREAM do more than cleanse? Indeed yes, infinitely more! It can have exactly the same wonderful effect upon the complexion that a warm bath has upon a tired body—and for the same *little known* reasons.

Everyone has experienced the sensation of stepping dead tired into the warm bath, and emerging fresh as a daisy. Not many know *why*. Physicians call it the "reflex arc." Simply stated there is stimulation to the nerves and blood vessels which *does not stop at the surface*. It is carried along underlying nerves to deeper centers. (Clear down through the tissues may go this impulse *started at the skin surface*). Opening and cleansing the pores, stimulating the skin—that has been the sole cause of revived life.

But You Cannot Possibly Scrub Your Face As You Do Your Body

No. But Princess Pat Cleansing Cream does for your *complexion* precisely what a vigorous bath does for your *body*—and with the necessary gentleness. It does this in a wholly different, *scien-*

tific way. For Princess Pat Cleansing Cream removes *pore film*, which resists ordinary creams.

Leading skin specialists will tell you what pore film is—an invisible film which forms on *every skin every day*. Your face is covered night and morning. Pore film is acid and irritating. You cannot see it, but it is present, causing blackheads, oily skin, coarse pores, eruptions, etc. Perspiration and oil from the skin cause pore film. And sooner or later the skin suffers its effects.

Very well. When you use Princess Pat Skin Cleanser (scientifically formulated for the purpose) you *remove* pore film, as well as the customary dust and dirt which ordinary creams remove. Then, for the first time in your life perhaps, the pores of your skin will be *completely* cleansed, completely freed of invisible, choking pore film.

And what happens? Thousands upon thousands of tiny nerves within the skin telegraph to the deeper nerves, "we're free, we're free." Countless little blood vessels sleepily relaxed respond to the message, awaken and contract. They expel their sluggish, poisoned contents and rush fresh, pure blood to the skin, making it tingle and

glow with new health and life. Through the "reflex arc," all of nature's magic forces are concentrated to benefit the skin.

You Do Nothing New, But Your Cream Does

You apply Princess Pat Cleansing Cream just as you would any other cold cream. No new habits to form. But how different the results! A few days free from *pore film*, a few days with the pores really cleansed and awakened, and you *could not be persuaded* to go back to creams which do not remove the injurious acid film. Too, Princess Pat Cleansing Cream is delightful to *use*—entirely free from objectionable "stickiness." It is utterly free of any ingredient that could promote hair growth. You cannot help but delight in its use.

You cannot reasonably deny yourself the advantages of pore film removal. One jar of Princess Pat Skin Cleanser will convince—or your dealer will refund its cost.

Get
This
Week
End
Set—



SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is NOW offered you for this coupon and 25c (coin). Set beautifully boxed, contains easily a month's supply of powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including Skin Cleanser. Please act promptly.

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat perfect beauty aids include: Princess Pat Cream Skinfood and Ice Astringent (the famous Twin Cream Treatment), Princess Pat Skin Cleanser, Almond Base Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Two-Purpose Talc, Perfume, Toilet Water.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. 1306, Chicago
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (Print) _____

Street _____

City and State _____

The Beauty Market

[Continued from page 41]



Face powder appearances streak and spot and must be constantly "touched up." The "24 hour complexion" ends this messy annoyance at once. It renders an enchanting touch of pearly beauty that remains fresh and unaltered throughout the day. Just try

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

and see how vastly superior it is to Face Powders. The unsurpassable appearance rendered is not affected by moisture, perspiration, dancing, outdoor sports or other activities. Its use makes you fully confident that your appearance is always at its best.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream does far more than any face powder. Its astringent and antiseptic properties are very helpful in correcting blemishes, wrinkles, tan, freckles, redness and rough, muddy skins. Made in white, flesh and rachel, also compacts.

For a better appearance, start its use today.

M-30-7

Send 10c for Trial Size



Jord. T. Hopkins & Son
430 Lafayette St.
New York
N.Y.

expensive clothes I'd had for my Atlantic City jaunt and sneaked them out of the house at night. Knowing what would happen if I told my mother beforehand I left a note for her. Early the next morning, before she had risen, but not without tears in my eyes, I stole to a rear shed where I had hid my bags. In the alley Rob was waiting in his father's car.

We arrived in New York at noon two days later.

I GOT something of a rude shock when, after we had registered in a hotel, I found Rob had engaged adjoining suites. When he came up, an hour after we had lunched, he was slightly intoxicated.

"Well, you're in the big town now, and I'll show you the ropes. I'm going to look after you till you get landed. I tell you you're a winner, and in six months you're goin' to have Broadway at your feet."

Grinning, he came toward me. Before I realized it he had seized me in his arms and kissed me. Furiously my hand smote his face. On the long trip he had made no advances, and the sudden change in manner had taken me off my guard.

"What the hell—" His face was contorted with rage. "Where do you think you get off, kid? If you've come to this town with any backwoods ideas you've got a wake-up coming. Say, how do you think you girls with looks get on? By giving no more than a smile? D'y'u think I brought you over here to kiss your little fingers—"

"How dare you! How dare you! What do you think—"

"Come down stage, kid." His voice was mocking. "You put yourself up for sale when you went in a beauty contest, didn't you? And now you've got your face to peddle. What else have you got? You'll need someone to help you till you get on your feet."

"Well, it won't be you," I screamed.

"If not me, then somebody else."

Even then I had some wits about me. I wasn't entirely a dumb-bell. Rushing to the telephone I asked for a bell-hop. I was leaving the hotel immediately. His arrival ended my set-to with Rob. "When you're on your uppers you can 'phone me here. I'll wait. And I guess I won't have to wait long." He watched me depart, my head held high.

Out of my meager savings I paid one day's charge for the suite, and ordered a taxi driver to take me to a cheap hotel. In four days I landed a job in the chorus of a well known revue. By the time rehearsals finished I had spent all of my money. The hotel, knowing I was to open in a show, agreed to carry me along for two weeks. For two days before the opening I had nothing to eat except a single cup of coffee and a roll.

It wasn't long before it began to dawn on me I wasn't going to be picked out of the chorus and starred on my amazing good looks right off. That was my first disappointment. That I had been among the four girls in the final selection in the Atlantic City contest didn't seem to make any impression upon the agents and producers I visited. I didn't have the makings of a great actress, but if I had studied and worked hard during my early chorus engagements I might have made of myself a real entertainer and been sure of feature numbers. I still expected the world one day to fall on its knees in recognition of my beauty. On the strength of my looks I was reasonably sure of a job in the chorus for some years to come. But what

was there to a job in the chorus? I couldn't buy the clothes I wanted on my salary. Rich men weren't offering me jewels or proposing marriage, and I wanted to shine.

After working in several shows I got a job in the new edition of a somewhat notorious revue. One day, after rehearsal, the stage director said to me: "The boss wants to see you down in his office. Better run along." I got cold feet. To be called down by the producer meant one of two things. One was that you were fired. The other—

It was common gossip in theatrical circles that this producer's shows were financed by various rich backers who were interested in certain girls. "What that bird produces isn't a musical comedy," I had heard it said, "but a high class sporting proposition." Nevertheless, for a certain kind of show the man had made an outstanding hit along Broadway. His spectacular advertising had started a number of girls on the way to stardom. And the attacks of the censors upon his productions added to their drawing attraction.

In an office fixed up like a lady's boudoir I found a tall, pasty-faced man sitting with his feet propped up on a desk, his felt hat tipped back from his forehead. His eyes narrowed with a rat-like cunning as I entered. He was reputed to take dope; his complexion betrayed it. His hand shook as he took a cigarette from his mouth.

"I've been watching you at the rehearsals," he began without preliminary. "You'll never make an actress, that's sure, but you've got personality. You've got a figure. Anyway, audiences don't give a damn about great talent. What we've got to sell here is mostly legs. You've got 'em! Most of you girls are dumb Doras, and you're no exception. But with proper backing and advertising, I think I can make something of an attraction out of you. What say? You came near winning in that Atlantic City contest. Maybe I can fix the next beauty contest so you do win. Got any rich friends?"

MY LEGS were shaking under me. "I don't think I have any friends." I tried to smile.

"What a girl like you needs is a friend." His smile was more of a sneer. "Sit down," he added. "You never had a chance. I guess. Now you've got the main assets to be featured in the sort of revue I'm running—looks and legs. I've made stars out of a lot of girls who can't come near you. You'll need some training, but more advertising. Advertising costs money."

Over the horrible misgiving with which his words filled me rose a wild and tempting hope. I felt desperate. "Well," I said, taking courage, "I've got no money, and if you don't advance me something on my salary I don't know where I'll get my next meal."

"Now that's too bad," he commiserated, wagging his head. "A nice little girl like you going hungry! Listen to me," his voice dropped confidentially, "I had Nicky Bernheim in here for rehearsal this morning. Know Nicky? He's one of the biggest cloak and suit manufacturers in town. Millions! Nicky's backed me in a couple of shows. And I'm hard pressed for cash to go on with this. Now, Nicky likes your size. You've sure made an impression, and he's some connoisseur. Do you know who Nicky has made—" In a low voice he mentioned the name of a prominent comedienne, pointing to her picture on the wall. "She had

[Continued on page 76]



Here is a way to
sparkling loveliness
**Youthful
Beauty**
instantly

with these youthful shades of
Pompeian Powder and Bloom

By MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET
Famous Beauty Specialist

USED together, these two toilettries give every advantage to your skin, bringing out its hidden beauty and cleverly disguising its lesser defects with a velvety, flower-petal finish.

Pompeian Beauty Powder gives a smooth, uniform tone from brow to throat and down over the delicate curves of the shoulders. Exquisite women use it for its purity, and for its velvety texture, which makes it adhere so admirably.

Pompeian Bloom completes the effect of instant beauty when used with Pompeian

Beauty Powder. Like the rich warm blood that comes to the cheeks of a lovely child is the natural coloring given by this rouge. It brings a rose tint to your cheeks that your mirror declares must be your very own.

You can prove the flattering effects you can obtain with Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom by purchasing them this very day at your favorite toilet goods counter. Or, if you prefer to make some beauty experiments first, fill out the coupon and mail it with Four Cents in stamps. You will receive samples of the Powder and Bloom, each in its individual box, powder in loose form, rouge in a diminutive, dainty compact.



60¢

**NEW SMART PURSE-SIZE
BLOOM COMPACT**

This beguiling new case encloses the unchanging perfection of Pompeian Bloom. It is a beautiful little conceit—one of the dainty accessories that women delight to carry.

Pompeian
Beauty Powder
and Bloom



Madame Jeannette, THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
3110 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

I should like to try the Powder and Bloom samples mentioned in your offer—enclosed please find 4c in stamps, as requested.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Powder shade wanted _____

Medium Bloom sent unless another shade requested



Now, a white smooth skin Almost Overnight!

Let Nadinola give you a smooth, white, beautiful skin—the lovely complexion you have longed for—almost overnight. Just rub on this safe, double-quick super-bleach, this fragrant white cream, and see how fast it works. You will be amazed how it clears your complexion and whitens your skin, how a *single application* gives you new beauty.

Unightly tan, freckles, pimples, moth patches, blackheads and other blemishes—Nadinola banishes them quickly, surely. While you sleep it does its work of beauty restoration—makes your skin smooth, soft, velvety-white! Nadinola never fails. It contains the surest bleaching properties known, yet it cannot harm the most delicate skin. A positive, written, money-back guarantee (together with simple directions) in every package. It must delight you with its amazing results or you pay nothing.

Start using Nadinola at once. See your complexion grow fairer and smoother every day. Have the beautiful, white neck and shoulders that draw fascinated glances—the lovely, smooth skin that men admire and women envy. Begin tonight. At good toilet counters, extra-large size, \$1. If your dealer can't supply you, write us today for extra large-size jar, with dainty gift sample and beauty booklet. Send no money—just pay the postman \$1 on delivery. Address Dept. 3, National Toilet Co., Paris, Tenn.

Women now know there's none "just as good" as

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

Superfluuous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin. in the privacy of your own home. Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet. We teach Beauty Culture

D. J. MAHLER CO., 926-B Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.



oily hair



Mark your letter Dept. X

Oglove Sisters

Oily, stringy hair is ugly. Make yours fluffy and glossy with our Tonic for Oily Hair. Send \$2.00 for a month's supply. Write for—free advice and booklet.

604 Fifth Ave. New York

ted hair. You got red hair. Nicky falls hard for the red-thatched ones." He laughed. "Now I tell you what I'll do. I need a good looking girl like you for a feature. If you can help me to interest Nicky I'll make you the main cheese in the show. I'll bill-board your name. I'll advertise you. There's a beauty contest coming in this town, and I think I can fix it so you win. I'll advertise you as the most beautiful thing ever made."

I was too nervous to answer and he went on.

"All you've got is looks, and you know it. Do you think they'll get you anywhere unless someone backs you? Name a girl who has! This is a hard-boiled game, kid. Play it according to the rules. Or go back home. Want to go back home? Or stay in a chorus? Where'll that get you? In two or three years you'll be frozen out by the fresh crop. Now's your time. I'm offering to make you. It's now or never. Fortune never smiles twice." He lit a cigarette. "You say you ain't got money for some cats? I'll see you get money. If Nicky comes across with a check I'll give you a commission. What say to having dinner with me and Nicky this evening?"

So that was how it was worked! Need I tell you what went on in my mind in the few minutes I hesitated? Go back home? With all my wild dreams unrealized? When, right now, the opportunity was offered? When, like other and famous girls I had envied, I might see my face on bill-boards, my name in electric lights? I thought of a famous beauty, notorious for her friendships with rich men. Hadn't she married a millionaire? Had she hesitated? Her story was common gossip. Would she ever have gotten anywhere had she been prudish? Or any of the others?

"Oh, I'll have dinner." I laughed blithely, but with a sinking heart within me. "When one's hungry one must eat, I guess."

"You'll be eating caviar yet, Kid," he said, "we're partners, you and me. I like your kind. You're a sport. I've given you my word, and I'll keep it."

He did. Within four months I was one of the most advertised girls in New York. From obscurity I found my name placarded everywhere. My pictures were published in the newspapers. I was put up on bill-boards. Shortly after our conversation and while in rehearsal for the feature numbers, I was entered in a sensational beauty contest. How it was arranged I don't know, but I won. Interviews with me, written by the press agent, appeared in the papers. I had taken dancing and vocal lessons, and improved myself. I had good songs, the music was catchy, people flocked to the theater, and I made something of a hit in the show. Few stars received the publicity and advertising that I did.

FOR nearly a year I tasted what seemed to me the pinnacle of glory. What if I spent sleepless nights when I thought of Emmett and my mother back home! I was being exploited as a raging beauty, as no winner of an Atlantic City pageant had ever been. Famous artists painted my picture. I saw my much advertised face constantly in the newspapers. I appeared in colors on the cover pages of movie magazines. I earned large fees posing for advertisements. I earned a fairly good salary in the show; it was given out I got \$750 a week; actually I was paid \$250. But I got everything my heart wanted. I had a luxurious apartment. I got all the clothes I could wear. I was given jewels. And for these I did not have to pay—out of my salary.

I got letters from admirers, from twenty to a hundred a week. Flowers were sent to my dressing room. I met rich men. I was entertained. I took what came to me, blithely, thoughtlessly, thinking it would all

last forever. Wasn't I a supreme beauty? Weren't my dreams being realized? Was I not famous? I no more doubted my future than I did the security of Gibraltar or the height of the Woolworth Building.

I had come to a pass where I believed I was so famous that any producer would be glad to seize the opportunity of taking me over as a star. I came to feel I didn't need Nicky Bernheim's help any more. We all get that way, you know. Nicky was one of the kindest men in the world. I think he had come really to care for me, and there was nothing he wouldn't do for me. But he came to be just an annoyance, like a buzzing mosquito. His constant bobbing up at my apartment interfered with my various social plans. When Nicky's name was mentioned it became my habit to remark, with a wry grimace, "How I do hate ready-made cloaks and suits!" I had begun to stall off Nicky when he 'phoned. If he wanted to meet me after the show I was tired, or I had a headache.

Nicky seemed distasteful and vulgar compared to the society swells who took me to dinner and the night clubs. Nicky was past middle age. He talked with an accent; his clothes were unpressed and baggy; he just had no class. And why should I waste my time with Nicky? Why shouldn't I look to my own interests? Other show girls had married millionaires.

Well, one night I was sitting at a table in one of the most expensive night clubs with a boy friend from upper Fifth Avenue, when who should breeze in but Nicky!

WHEN he saw me his face was a study. Ordinarily he was anything but a beauty. In the rage that convulsed him he was positively ugly. I couldn't help comparing him with the fresh-faced boy at my table. I just loathed Nicky. He waddled over to my table, scowling and glowering.

"Are you coming with me?" He could hardly speak for the anger that possessed him.

"Certainly not!" I snapped. "D'y'u think you own me?"

"Really!" My companion raised his supercilious blond eyebrows and smiled at me. "Your friend seems somewhat lacking in the manners of a gentleman. Shall I call the bouncer?"

As Nicky laid his heavy hand on my shoulder, I said, "Get away from me! How dare you touch me?"

"I 'phone and you tell me you have a headache," Nicky said, "and I find you here! What's this fellow to you? Why shouldn't I touch you? I've tried to do right by you. I done a lot for you. I got no use for girls that cheat. Are you coming with me or no?"

"No! I told you no!" I screamed. He tried to pull me from the table. "No, No! Get away from me! Get away!"

"Don't you know I'm your friend?" Nicky's eyes watered and he seemed to blubber "I like you. Come on now! Won't you come?"

Insane with rage at his interference, hating him from the bottom of my satin slippers, I seized a bottle, as he tried to pull me from my chair, and smashed it down on his dome.

In a moment the place was in an uproar. Nicky flopped to the floor, apparently unconscious amid the broken glass. The hostess, followed by a threatening array of waiters, rushed up to the table. "Get this man out! Get them all out!" I think the waiters carried Nicky to his car. As the newspapers told next day, his chauffeur took him to a hospital, where the injuries were found not serious. My companion got me through the crowd and took me to my apartment in a taxi. When I called him up the next day he said he'd better not

[Continued on page 78]

Grow-Yes grow-Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By LUCILLE YOUNG

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually* grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the judge.*

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public*. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eye-



Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

lashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too;* for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, *cannot be detected.*

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made

a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely *new* way. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was *sure* before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery *have been my regular patrons.*

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember... in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not *actually* grow, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money... simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

2709 S. Wells Street,
Chicago, Illinois

Name.....
St. Address.....
City..... State.....

NOTE: If price of \$1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.



Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Loretta Prinze,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious. Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Miss Hestefinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.

Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale. Naomi Ostot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to 'Lucille Young.'"

Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2,
Box 179, Jeannette, Penn.



Lucille Young,
29066 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted within 30 days, I will return it and you will at once refund my money without question.

Lucille Young



NONSPI (an antiseptic liquid) does away with the disagreeable underarm perspiration odors and diverts this perspiration to parts of the body where there is better evaporation.

A few drops of NONSPI used on an average of twice a week will keep your underarms dry and odorless—also save your clothes from destructive perspiration stains.

NONSPI, used and endorsed by physicians and nurses, as well as by more than a million women, is a year around toilet requisite. Fastidious women use NONSPI, spring, summer, fall and winter to preserve their daintiness and charm.

Get a bottle of NONSPI from your department or drug store today! Start using it tonight! A 50-cent bottle lasts several months. We will, if you prefer, mail you a bottle postpaid for 50 cents (we accept postage stamps) or will send you a testing sample of NONSPI free.

The Nonspi Company,
2626 Walnut Street,
Kansas City, Mo.

Send free NONSPI
sample to

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

YOUR PICTURE ON THIS EXQUISITE COMPACT \$1.85
Beautifully Colored By Hand
Send snapshot, photo, or negative, any size (name personal picture returned). Compact is daintily made, with smooth, rich Improved Powder Sifter and full size mirror. Complete with picture \$4.95. Regular value \$4.95. SEND NO MONEY. Pay on delivery. GUARANTEED.

Gilbert Mfg. Co. 234 Fifth Ave. Dept. M20, New York, N. Y.

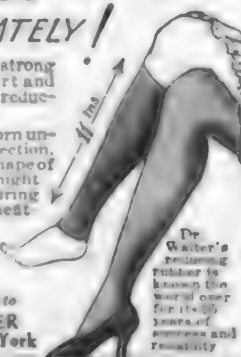
PRETTY ANKLES \$3.75 AND CALVES per pair
ALMOST IMMEDIATELY!

DR. WALTER'S Special Extrastrong Ankle Bands will support and shape the ankle and calf while reducing them.

They fit like a glove. Can be worn under any kind of hose without detection. You can note the difference in shape of ankle at once. Can be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day deriving then extra benefit of the support.

Write for Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands for \$3.75. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or by installment.

Send Ankle and Calf measure to
DR. JEANNE S. S. WALTER
389 Fifth Avenue New York



see me till the affair was quieted down. He said he would call me up, but he never did.

A week later I got my notice in the show, and in three weeks I was looking for a job. I found all my upstage ideas about my value as a comedy star were just so much applesauce. What the producers didn't say outright, the agents did. Without a backer I had no chance of being starred or even getting feature numbers. And were any backers forthcoming? The men who had played me along when my name was billboarded, and it was something of a conquest to be seen with me, just weren't there. The angel who will finance a girl to stardom is an angel, believe me. They are generally not Apollos when it comes to looks or even gentlemen in manners, but they're rare finds, as I found out.

That was my first real disillusionment. Except for a chorus job my wonderfully advertised beauty, without backing, was of no value. At times I had difficulty in even getting chorus jobs. There were months when I was flat broke, and if it hadn't been for the jewels Nicky had given me I should have starved. Times came when I needed decent clothes. I invited the humiliation—for what won't you do when you can't pay your rent?—of telephoning Nicky several times and being high-hatted by his secretary. Two years later, unable to get a job anywhere else I went back to the producer who had "made" me a "world beauty" for a season and asked him, almost begging, if he hadn't anything for me.

He wasn't as hard-boiled as some people make him out.

"Most of you girls with looks don't last long, if you've got nothing else to back it up," he said. "You made the mistake of your life when you gave Nicky the air. That bird liked you and would have done anything in the world for you. But you hit him under the belt, you did. My Gawd, where do you dames think you get off? You get a swelled head and then—good night! You don't pick backers like Nicky from the trees. And you did let him down dirty. No getting away from that. When a man like him is done, he's done. You got yourself to blame. But I'll tell you what I'll do, for old time's sake."

He said a new revue was going on. The main attraction was to be a living statue tableau. Artistic, beautiful, more daring than anything New York had ever seen before. For the first few nights after the opening one girl was to pose on a pedestal, a la Venus clothed in a coat of white powder. "It'll raise a howl but that'll help the show. The censors'll get on their hind legs, and the newspapers'll give us a lot of space, and maybe the police will close us up for a couple of nights. Then we'll announce we're taking the nude off, and put a little fringe round you girls and the show'll be a riot. You've still got that divine shape we got so many writeups about, even if you have gone off a bit in looks. So if you've got no scruples, and I guess you ain't, you can have that job at fifty bucks a week."

LONG before I accepted that job of posing as a living statue, to tide myself over, I had begun to think wistfully of what my life might have been with Emmett if I had stayed back home! Had I remained there and married without ever going to the city I might never have been satisfied or absolutely happy. I knew that. But now that I had learned, through bitter experience, to see things in their true value, with what heart-breaking regret did I rue the day I gambled my beauty against fortune in a contest! Oh, if only I could get back home!

The thought haunted me. Heavy lilacs shedding their fragrance in our backyard on a rainy April morning. That Sunday afternoon walk with Emmett out to a meadow beyond the city to gather the first white violets. Evensong in our little church

on the cemetery hilltop where dogwood bloomed amid the evergreens. Moonlight on the river and Emmett, with noiseless paddle, speeding his green canoe over a sheet of silver. Visions of the little home he had pictured in the suburbs beyond the park—a white and green bungalow . . . flower boxes at the windows. Against this a weary grind of trudging to agents' offices, rehearsals, the oaths of stage directors, a dingy room in a theatrical hotel, and the dingier gossip of the shabby theatrical crowd.

SINCE my first note, written after I came to New York, telling her I had gotten a job and was all right, I'd not written to my mother. What criticism you make, what contempt you feel for me, I accept. I had expected to make my first triumphal return to my home as a great star. I'd dreamed of my home-coming as a triumphant celebration.

And now after three years I wrote to her. She answered my letter, as I knew she would. She was sorry I had failed after making such a big success at first. She had resigned herself to my stage career. Maybe if I continued to work hard I might succeed in the end. Every night she prayed for me.

Our correspondence continued. It had been my one comfort in the hard hot days when, without trolley fare, I trudged the streets looking for an engagement, or when I spent my last money to go to some Long Island studio to work as extra in pictures. My mother's letters lifted me out of the depths of despondency and hopelessness, periods when I might have done anything. And it was those letters that brought me at last to the determination to stop playing a game whose only end would be worse failure.

If I didn't get on, why didn't I come back home, she wrote. I could always get a job there. And Emmett still loved me, she was sure of that. He spent every Sunday evening after church with her. He wouldn't talk about me, but he never went with any other girls. Everybody wondered why I never came home. They had heard of the big success I made in one show, but they all wanted to see me back. My room was ready for me.

By the time I accepted that job to pose in the risqué revue I had fully made up my mind to go back home. Some day soon, when I had some money saved, when I could return in presentable clothes and not looking down at the heels. I couldn't wire my mother for money to go home. I didn't want to be a burden on her. I wanted to have a little money ahead to pay my way until I landed a job back there. You see I had some pride left.

As for Emmett, if he still cared for me I would tell him everything. That I decided. I'd tell him how, after my terrible failure, I had tried to be good. How I wanted to remain good. And if he still wanted to marry me—

I would go back to stenography; oh, I hoped they might give me back my old job in the bank. And I'd try to make my mother happy. I'd wash all the dishes, and cook the meals, and do the weekly cleaning Saturday afternoon. And go to sleep in the clean little room every night with the cat purring at my feet, all tucked in and safe. That home, once so despised, beckoned me with the sweetness of the lilacs and roses of its little garden. It was the one big thing I had now come to look forward to. I felt I had to take that last job offered, such as it was. It would enable me to live while I bought some clothes and saved a little money. It seemed the one bridge offered to get me back. It would be my last sacrifice of whatever ideals and scruples I had, the last time I would ever have to make barter of what beauty of

(Continued on page 80)

Gayest of Frocks—Sheerest of Light Summer Things

Wear Them Now Under the Most Trying Hygienic Handicap



Easy
Disposal
and 2 other
important
factors

*Utter protection and security, plus an end to
the problem of disposal*

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

SUMMER days and moonlight nights, dances, tennis, motoring, yachting—don't let them bother you because of a difficult hygienic situation.

The old-time "sanitary pad" has been supplanted. There is now protection that is absolute, positive and certain—a new way that will make a great difference in your life; that will provide peace-of-mind under the most trying circumstances.

KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



*Supplied also through vending
cabinets in rest-rooms by
West Disinfecting Co.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular
65c per dozen

Kotex-Super
90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as
easily as a piece of tissue

FREE—The Kissproof Girl—send coupon for 12-color art print



Kissproof Lipstick is waterproof—it stays on!

Once applied, your lips are beautiful, full colored, gorgeous things—and not for an hour or two hours, but for the entire day. Kissproof is so different you will wonder how you were ever satisfied with the ordinary kind.

Flatters every complexion

Kissproof is such a rare blend of red and orange it will instantly make your lips vivid, brilliant, and gorgeous—yet so delicate, so subtly natural one would never know you used a lipstick at all.

Send for Kissproof Beauty Box

It contains a dainty, miniature Kissproof Lipstick, a beautifully decorated box of the wonderful new windproof Kissproof Face Powder, a generous supply of Kissproof Rouge, the last word in vivid, daring, yet natural color, and a whole month's supply of Delica-Brow, the

original waterproof liquid dressing for the lashes and brows.



Delica Laboratories, Inc., 3012 Clybourn Avenue, Dept. A132 Chicago, Ill.
Send me the Kissproof Beauty Box and a 12-color Art Print of the Kissproof Girl. I enclose 20 cents to cover the cost of packing and mailing. Check shade of powder.
☐ Flesh ☐ White ☐ Brunette ☐ Ivory

Name _____
Address _____

face or form I still had left for money. As the producer cunningly designed, the revue provoked a hullabaloo. Admitting the beauty of the musical score and excellence of some of the numbers, most of the critics knocked it as one of the most salacious productions ever put on Broadway. At once the censors and various societies for civic morality raised a clamor. The police commissioner and a body of censors came to see the production, occupying a box. Clergymen denounced it. We got columns in the newspapers. Interviews with the girls who appeared in the nude tableau, written by the busy press agent and defending the beauty of the human form, were given liberal newspaper space. To me the whole thing was distastefully cheap and vulgar. I felt sick and disgusted with myself. But what could I do? I had to earn that fifty dollars a week.

A WEEK after the show opened I received a letter from my mother

"Emmett was here last night, and thinks with me you ought to come home. There has been some talk about you here in town, he says, but what's over is over and he says he doesn't believe anything, as they always say the worst. Emmett is coming to New York to see you. He's going on business for the bank anyway, and he says he'll try to make you come back."

It was the night before the show was closed. As I stood on the white pedestal, my right arm posed above my head, my left knee extended, my downcast gaze fixed blindly upon the first rows of the audience, all I thought about was that letter from my mother. Emmett was coming, and he was going to try to make me come back home! For two days I had remained in my room in the tawdry hotel, whose address my mother had given to Emmett, waiting for a telephone call. When I could wait no longer I told them at the desk that if anybody called I'd gone to the theater but would be back at eleven thirty.

But I could hardly retain my pose in the tumult that filled me. Go back home with Emmett! Tears came to my eyes and misted the white coating on my plastered lids. Would I see Emmett that night after the show? Would he be waiting at the hotel? I could hardly keep from jumping in the wild eagerness that filled me. My nerves were all jangling. Dear, good mother! Did she think Emmett would have to try hard to make me come back? Money or no money, I decided that night would be my last up there in the spotlight exhibiting myself—shamefully. . . . Yes: I'd go without food until Emmett came. . . .

Toward the close of the first act, the spotlight shifted from me over the other groups of girls. My gaze followed the light.

Describing a circle around the stage and up over my head the spotlight came, down at my left, wavering slowly across the first three rows of seats in the theater below me.

That moment an icy hand throttled my heart. I saw the conductor of the orchestra lift his baton. Transfixed as if in that instant I heard the crack of doom. I saw looking up, from among a blur of others, Emmett's uplifted face, twisted in such stark horror as I had never seen on a human countenance. His eyes half-closed as if he

were forcing back an agony of tears, his mouth gaping. His face was convulsed in a spasm of horror, aversion, accusation, unutterable heartbreak, the death agony of a soul in despair.

They told me afterward I fell from the pedestal when the curtain went down on the chorus ensemble and was unable to go on with the show. How I got to the hotel I don't know.

All next morning I waited, all through the day and the night. But Emmett did not call that day, nor the next day, nor the next.

And so I didn't go back home.

I still hear from my mother. Why do I tell her so little about myself, she asks. What am I doing? How am I getting along? Why don't I tell her of my life? A drudging round of agents' offices day after day; uncertain engagements for extra work in motion pictures in which I can only watch those great and serene stars whom I once believed I should rival. They earn five thousand dollars or more a week, and I'm glad to get my five or ten dollars a day. Sometimes I work three days or five a week, more often only one, but I manage to keep a dingy room in the theatrical Forties and to keep alive.

Agents are always holding out promises of a place in the chorus of a road show, but it is getting harder for me to land jobs than younger girls. I've come to be regarded as a sort of "back-number"; I had my chance once and failed. And when opportunities do come I don't have enough actual money in hand to pay for room rent and food during three or four weeks of rehearsals. Can I tell my mother this? Six weeks ago my mother wrote telling me of Emmett's marriage to Congressman Fuller's daughter. It was very sudden, she said. What had happened to Emmett when he was in New York? Why hadn't he seen me? She had been unable to get very much out of him upon his return, she wrote, and it seemed he avoided her. Had he called at my hotel, as he said, and found me away? What could have made it "impossible" for him to look me up again?

And when shall I go home? Perhaps if my mother wrote and said that she was ill or dying, and needed me I should muster up courage to go back and face them all.

MY LOOKS aren't entirely faded, by any means, and with the artful use of cosmetics I might still compete with those girls who have beauty to sell. Yet today I shrink with a horror of revulsion, from what I sincerely determined never again to do on the ill-starred night Emmett saw my "perfect beauty" exhibited publicly on a pedestal. Between want and hunger and the poison bottle there's a broad and easy road for a girl to walk so long as her face bears even the shadow of a passing beauty. I've lost most of my pep; I'm not strong in courage, and it takes either courage or madness to die. Like six or eight of every ten girls you see in the radiant choruses of the great revues each season, in a few years—three years, five years, seven—I shall probably drift from sight, from yours, the theatrical agents, from the ken of selfish and heedless and gay Broadway. And what will become of me you will never know, nor would you possibly greatly care.

YOU can't keep secrets from your doctor! At least most people can't. When a man's nerves are frayed, when pain racks him, or when he sees death itself approaching, he talks freely of the things that are closest to his heart. In the course of my day's work as a family doctor, I have mended as many broken lives as I have broken legs; I have heard as many whispered confessions as a priest and I have learned many things about life that ought to help others to diagnose their own unhappiness and perhaps to remedy it. In the July issue of SMART SET I will share with you some of the secrets I have heard.

Should I Share My Sweetheart?

(Continued from page 27)

with other fellows. They all say that the girls themselves want this kind of thing.

But, why should they want it? Why should we allow them to have it? Girls don't want a lot of promiscuous loving in my mother's day. They were contented and happy then with the caresses of one lover. It's fellows like Scoots, and his friends, that get the girl of today off on the wrong track. There can only be one right road. That's the one on which a man and woman in love save their love-making for each other. When I insist a girl's got to be a one-man sweetheart, the crowd tells me I'm all wet.

THEY claim sweethearts used to be built on the one-man model, but that they now exist only in the mind of an old-fashioned fellow like me. They want to know how the deuce a girl can stay a one-man girl these days with the speed limit wide open for both sexes. They insist times have changed.

There's a lot of talk about everything having changed on account of the war, prohibition, and the fact that we're living in a free, frank age. But, human nature doesn't change in a generation or two. It's never changed fundamentally. I don't believe men have changed in their attitude toward love and women as much as they boast they have. Neither have girls changed. They've always wanted to give their love and kisses to just one man. They want to do that today. If they don't they're on the wrong track.

Scoots denies all this. His denial sounds crazy to me. It's wild, dangerous talk for young people, but they must believe it. If they didn't how could they go on at this rate? For instance, last week three couples of us were discussing sharing sweethearts. I was the only one against the idea, of course. I insisted that they were all putting up with the situation because it just seemed to be the smart thing to do, and that none of them had the nerve to come out and denounce it as I did.

Mary Manning laughed at me. She said people only put up with what they wanted to put up with these days. "In the old days of buggy riding, and way before that, girls wanted to do just what we've got the nerve to do today. It's all bunk, Ralph, about us wanting just one man's caresses."

Ruth, my girl, broke into the discussion by announcing that she bet human nature had always been just as it was now. "It's just daring to come to the surface in girls," she declared. "A generation ago a girl's human nature was suppressed, repressed, and in a lot of cases punished and threatened into a shackled state. Now we've got nerve enough to step out of our shells, and knock the old rules on the head. We've always wanted to step out, and today we're doing it."

"Look here, old narrow-mind," chirped up sassy little Margie Borden. "if it's thrilling for boys to go around kissing lots of girls, why isn't it fun for girls to do the same thing? We're all the same, you know."

"It may be fun for some of you, but that doesn't make it right," I said.

Ruth popped off at that. She wanted to know if I thought she and Margie and Mary were bad girls because they all went in for letting other fellows kiss them.

Now as I said before I never really thought of them as bad girls. If I did I certainly wouldn't have asked Ruth to marry me. But I said what was on my mind. I don't believe a girl can stay good forever if she's going to let the whole field

play her. It just doesn't seem reasonable.

They all said I was hopeless on the subject. That very night I went home wondering if I cared to marry Ruth. She had such wild ideas! I guess I must have worked myself up into a frenzy about it because it was only three nights later that I knocked Smith down after I had caught him kissing Ruth.

And here, an hour after the ugly scene, Scoots was practically telling me that Ruth wasn't going to marry me if I didn't change. After we put out the lights and got in bed, I began to feel awfully worried. Of course, I knew deep in my heart that Ruth was the only girl. I was set on marrying her. I'd always secretly hoped I could change her, instead of letting her change me.

If she felt the way Scoots claimed she did, there was a good chance that she might give me the gate. Good lord! I couldn't bear the thought of losing Ruth or of her marrying anyone else but me.

Yet, how did I dare take a chance marrying her under the circumstances? We'd always be in hot water over her flirting because Scoots was right about the young married couples. They went in for that sort of thing much more than the single ones. Scoots must have been reading my mind as we lay there in the dark because he said:

"The thing that makes me sure Ruth wasn't kidding about calling it off with you after tonight is that she said she didn't have any idea of letting a man's jealousy make her life miserable and unhappy. You see, she knows the truth. It is jealousy that makes you see red when some bird kisses her. The rest of us have gotten jealousy out of our systems."

"In other words, I suppose I've got to grant her the privilege of flirting before she'll marry me?" I asked bitterly. At that rate there'd be a divorce for every marriage in a few more years, and I told Scoots so.

"Well," he said, "it won't be any of our business if there are two divorces to every marriage in 1928. The only thing I'm interested in is seeing you hang on to Ruth. Why, you're so crazy about that girl you'd go insane on my hands if she broke off with you."

"I know it, Scoots. You've got me there. I'm nuts about her, and I guess I'll have to try and put up with some of this rot. But, I'm telling you it's not right!"

"Take my advice and call her early tomorrow. She spoke of going to William's party tomorrow night with somebody else."

"Who? I'll break his neck!"

"There you go again. Keep that shirt on, kid!"

"Oh, go to the devil!" I said.

BUT I didn't fall asleep for hours. The worst thing about it all was that Scoots was right. Ruth was just the type to break off with me if I ever let her see how miserable and unhappy my strict ideas could make her. She was independent like all the rest of the girls in the crowd. What could a fellow do? If he put his foot down altogether as I'd done by hitting Smith, and saying that must be the end of Ruth's flirting then he lost his girl!

I wished I didn't love Ruth so darn much. But her pretty face tantalized me as I lay there, and I was feverish with anger and worry at the very idea of her going to the party next night with another man. At last, in order to get some peace of soul and mind, I determined to call her up in the morning, and make sure she was going with me. If necessary I'd give in, and promise not to make any more scenes, but I wasn't



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at all sure how far I could depend on myself to keep such a promise.

There was a girl named Dell with a chap named Harrigan at Ruth's house when I called the next night. Dell was a stranger to me, but while we were having a cocktail a thought came to mind. After all, maybe I could solve my problem with Ruth by trying some of her own medicine on her. I realized it was sort of old stuff trying to make your girl jealous by flirting with her friend. However, I decided to try it. Ruth might get my viewpoint. Girls sometimes like to get away with all they can, but they don't want their sweethearts doing the same thing. Since Ruth had never had any trouble with me along those lines, I hoped it would get her goat to see me kissing Dell.

Now Dell was mighty attractive. She had large dark eyes, and what Scoots would have called Gypsy lips.

I took a second cocktail hoping it would help me carry out my scheme. A third, and I felt I was on the road to success. I gave Dell several meaning looks in front of Ruth.

Suddenly I found myself in the pantry with Dell making up another shaker of orange blossoms.

Our hands touched. We bent our heads together over the business of squeezing oranges. The nearness of Dell, and the fragrance of her hair made it easier for me to play my game. My arms went around her, and she raised her Gypsy lips for a kiss. I bent down. Our lips met, parting only at the startled sound of a girl's soft voice. We looked up. Ruth was standing in the doorway looking at us. Harrigan was right behind her. Ruth's lips moved:

"Oh! Goody, goody. Ain't we got fun!" she said clapping her hands. "There's old kill-joy having a good time with Dell."

I felt like an idiot as she caught Harrigan's hands and pulled him out of the room. Then I felt sore because I'd made a fool out of myself without achieving my purpose. Catching me kissing Dell had only made Ruth glad.

As we went into the living room the radio dance music was still going. But Ruth and Harrigan were not dancing. They were just standing in the middle of the floor in each other's arms. The same kind of angry fire that had flared in my blood the night before at sight of Smith kissing Ruth flamed inside of me as I stood there. I took a step forward, but Dell's hand shot out and caught my arm:

"Hold everything!" she whispered warningly.

AS RUTH and Harrigan turned about and faced us, I looked down at Dell and struggled to keep my temper. A moment later the girls put on their capes, and we started down in the elevator.

I was still boiling because I knew that my scheme had failed. I should have known better than to pin any hopes to such an old-fashioned ruse where Ruth was concerned. Harrigan, sitting between the two girls on the back seat of the taxi, had his arms around both of them, acting like a sheik, and there I sat staring at the picture they made. There was a look on Ruth's face that forced me to control myself for the time being. One word, or the wrong gesture from me then would have started a war. I turned my eyes away from the sight of their gleaming silk knees, the cigarette smoke curling from their red lips, the white flashes of shoulders and arms, and

Harrigan boldly hugging both of them.

Ruth must have read what was going on in my mind because before we went inside to the party she pulled me aside. "If there's going to be any more funny business tonight, it's the end, Ralph. I was never so embarrassed, and mortified in my life as I was last night."

"How about me being mortified, and embarrassed seeing you in that bird's embrace?"

"If I choose to have a little fun like the rest, I'm going to have it, my dear, and we may as well understand that now. If I thought there was anything terribly wrong about it, I'd stop. But, everybody's doing it these days. I'm not going to be like you—the exception!" she said.

THERE you are! Ruth's words sum it all up in a nutshell. You can take this girl-sharing business, or leave it. It's not right. All men ought to get sore over it as I do, but they don't!

I told her I'd make no scenes at the party. "When I first saw you kissing Dell I hoped some kind of a miracle had changed you. I thought you'd become human like the rest of us. That's why I said, 'goody-goody!'" But, I could see your face in a mirror when you caught me petting with Harrigan. One look was enough. You'd have started something then if Dell hadn't hung on to you. I realized then that your kissing her was only a trick that didn't work."

Ruth was right again. I would have started something. However, I didn't make any scene that night at the party. But I had to turn my head away from several little flirtations that involved her. I forced myself to do this because I love her. I've managed to put up with the situation so far.

But, I'm not certain how much longer I can stand it, because, of course, I haven't changed a bit inside. Forcing a person into doing something never really changes his feelings or viewpoint.

For this reason I'm all up in the air. I know I love Ruth more than anybody in the world. Perhaps that's why I can't see this mad business of sharing her with other fellows. Yet, if I marry her, what will happen when my old-fashioned complex, if it is such, makes me see red?

There's only one answer. I'll fly off the handle. Maybe next time I'll hit Ruth instead of the man kissing her. Sometimes I feel that this would be the best way to settle the situation. After all, it's up to the girl. Men don't flirt with girls who let them know where they get off. The girl's to blame in nine out of ten cases. Why not hit her?

I suppose girls, and fellows, too, who read this will tell me to go off in a corner some place and die—or else get a girl who believes as I do about these things.

Yet I know I'm right. Absolutely right! There's no reason in the world why a man should share his girl's caresses with a bunch of sky's-the-limit gin-drinkers. I can still find no excuse for a girl, avowedly in love with one man, who lets other fellows get fresh with her.

But it looks as if we've either got to put up with it these days, or lose the girl.

I wish some fellows who feel as I do, yet took a chance in marrying, would tell me how the thing came out. There must be a lot of decent men who are hesitating about getting married for the same reason I am. Maybe we all ought to get together and boycott these flirts.

WHEN you say "She's a typical flapper," what do you mean? Are you paying some one a compliment or showing up your mean disposition? There must be something in this flapper business if David Belasco, who is as fine a student of human nature as he is a theatrical producer, sets his seal upon it. His article in July SMART SET will make some people who think flappers are hopeless sit up and take notice.

ITried to Escape from Life

[Continued from page 46]

they thought they were alive! I even laughed at myself. I know now that everything's all right, as long as you can laugh at yourself. But the time comes—

In June when I went home I guess I wasn't a very nice person to have around the house. Mother tried to make me happy, but Roger and I had explained mothers quite out of the scheme of things, except as a rather hideous medium to which Nature resorted to keep the silly species going. To me mothers were no longer important, but it wasn't so easy to get around Father. Someway he was more solid and real. The feeling that he was a "chemical accident" was never quite convincing.

"Dad," I said, "what's it all about, this thing we call life?"

"You mean as to purpose or cause?" he asked.

"Both," I snapped. "What's one without the other?"

"NOT so easy, Mae," he said. "The purpose is uncertain and the cause is a mystery."

"Then there isn't anything to do but just shut your eyes and go on?"

"Just go on," he told me. "But keep your funny eyes open. There're lots of things to see, all of which are worth seeing."

"But I've seen everything," I cried. "I've seen cities and rivers and ships and men and women and night and morning and flowers, and there isn't anything left in the world to see."

"Yes, in that sense you've seen everything," he answered. "It wouldn't make any difference where you went, you'd find men and women and they'd be doing pretty much the same thing they're doing right here. Yes, you can see all the world in your front yard, but I wonder, Mae, if you really have seen everything. Have you seen a strong man die suddenly? Have you seen an old man, lonely and poor and suffering, cling to life? Have you seen a baby come into the world? Have you heard its first cry? Have you seen the look in the mother's eyes when her child lies against her arm? Have you seen the father when the doctor goes out and tells him his wife and son will live? Have you seen a mother fighting for the life of her baby when diphtheria is dragging him down? Have you seen the peaceful passing of the man or woman whose life has been kind and true and brave?"

Dad's tone and the look in his eyes as he asked these questions thrilled me, but the words themselves didn't mean much to me. Being a very wise young girl I looked upon his questions as inverted platitudes. At any rate I was glad he didn't try to talk to me of God and heaven. If he had I should have pitied him and been irritated.

I did my best last summer to have a good time. I worked hard at it, but it wasn't any use. There wasn't a kick left in anything. Flirting had become old stuff. Besides there wasn't a boy at home who could spoon as Roger could. Now, don't get the idea that I was in love with Roger. I wasn't and I'm not and I never shall be, but Roger certainly knew his onions.

I went to church because Dad and Mother expected me to go. Once in a while the sermon was all right but more often the minister talked of hell and heaven and an old-fashioned God, as though his congregation were weak-minded six-year-old children. I wanted to laugh, or scream,



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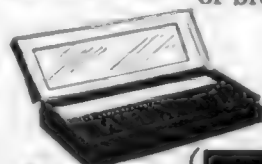
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or get up in church and curse. It had all become empty and mean and weak to me. I knew there was no such thing as a God. I knew there had never been a Garden of Eden and I knew there never would be a Garden of Eden. I wanted that Garden. I wanted it in front of me: I wanted men to see it ahead of them, to have it to work for. But it didn't exist and it couldn't exist. That left everything very flat.

They had told me at the university that men had lived on this earth for a million years or more. Then when I looked around me and saw the hideous mess that men had made of those ten thousand centuries. I knew there was nothing to live for—or die for. That, too, left things very flat.

WHEN Fall came I had almost no interest in going back to the "U." That I did go back was due wholly to the pull of habit. My family expected me to go so I went. After I got there I was glad. It was good to be away from a little place like R—where everyone knew everything about everybody and where, as a result, life and the ways of life, were pretty narrow. There was more breathing space in the city—especially in the school circles. More freedom, more noise, more shouting for the football team, more laughter, more talk. I remember thinking these things and I remember the spot on the campus where I suddenly stood still and thought

"Yes, there's more of everything here than at home but it's only a difference in quantity. Really, it's exactly the same thing that I get at R— and I'd get the same thing if I went to New York or London or Paris or Pekin. It's just as empty and useless and silly as the life in any country town. It doesn't mean anything and all of these people running around don't mean anything. They haven't the least idea where they're going or what they're doing."

That thought, I'm sure, marked the beginning of my final slide down the long grade into the awful blackness.

There was a sort of a thrill, a brief revival of interest in things, when Roger became a football sensation. He still liked me and he still kissed me though I admit the flame was gone for me and I think it was gone for him, but habit made us do it whenever he could get time to see me.

Then Roger said something that opened my eyes still farther to the utter futility of things. It was late in the season and I was worried because he had taken frightful chances in every game he had played.

"Roger," I said, "please be careful in the game Saturday. I don't want to see you all busted up, you know."

"Aw, Mae, what's the difference?" he answered. "Suppose they do smash me around, suppose they smashed me out of things entirely, what'd I miss? You know we aren't goin' anywhere; we're just crawling along from day to day, and you can bet your life I don't want to live to be an old goof toddling around on a cane. If they smash, I hope they smash hard. That's all."

There it was and it came as a big surprise to me. Roger, who was so strong and vital and about whom all the girls were crazy and whose father was awful rich, and who was already famous and sure to be on the all-American team, didn't see anything in life to make it worth while. If it didn't mean anything to him what could it mean to me who was unknown and poor and not and never could be a star pupil? I was just a weak, insignificant girl who hadn't asked to be born and who couldn't see any sense in the things I was expected to do.

Of course, I went home for Christmas, but really I should have been better off if I had stayed alone at school. It was

all so petty—this Christmas spirit, and then the gifts! It was mostly selfish and what wasn't selfish was merely force of habit. It didn't mean a thing. It meant less than that to me.

Until that vacation I don't remember that I had seriously thought about suicide. You know from what I've told you that I didn't think life was worth living, but I supposed I'd go on living it since that was what people expected me to do.

One day I was alone in my father's office waiting for him while he was in the consultation room. In a cabinet with glass doors were a lot of bottles containing various drugs. As I sat there looking at them I saw one with the word poison on the label. I couldn't take my eyes off it. After a little I got up and went over and opened the cabinet and took out the bottle. It was full of half-grain tablets and I took ten of them. Then I put the bottle back and closed the door. I found an envelope, put the tablets in that and hid it in my bag.

I didn't say to myself, even then, that I meant to use the drug. All I thought was, "Now, no matter what happens, I'll be ready for it."

Before I left home I got a chance to read in one of Dad's books about the effect of this particular poison and what constituted a fatal dose. It was a little confusing to find that one couldn't be sure of it. All I could be sure of was that unless I took so much that it made me seasick, any amount from a grain and a half up, would be almost certain to put me to sleep forever.

I had the tablets with me when I went back to school. From that time on they were never out of my possession.

Now here's the thing that may surprise you.

When the semester closed I found I had become an honor student. You'd think that must have bucked me up. But wait: Some verses of mine were published in the school paper and people said I was a genius and saw me doing great things in the future. Do you think I got a kick out of that? Well, I didn't! I hadn't any interest in being an honor student and I hadn't any interest in being a poet. If I were the greatest poet that ever lived what good would it do me? Would it give life, in general, a purpose? Would it wipe out and set right those million useless years? Would it answer any one of the hundred questions no one has ever answered? Would it keep me from being a "chemical accident?" These are the questions I asked myself the night I became famous on the campus.

And that night for the first time I got my precious tablets out and I sat and looked at them for a long while. I was playing with the idea of death and the play fascinated me.

NOW before I go on with my story let me tell you plainly the things that make normal young people think of suicide.

First: A loss of the God that's taught to them when they are children.

Second: Drained emotions, so there is no longer a thrill left in anything. I mean, too much life, too quickly.

Third: Wrong and ignorant ideas about sex relations. In general, I mean by this, the straining toward a moral code that is unnatural and man-made.

I don't know which one of these three is the most important. In my own case there was no conscious sex factor at work. There may have been subconsciously; but about that, of course, I don't know.

I suspect that with most very young people who want to die the loss of their childish God is the real "motivating force." It's a great shock to find that the thing you have been believing, the thing that has seemed to make everything so right, doesn't exist—is merely an "old woman's dream."

Unconsciously we lean on the things we are taught before we are old enough to think. Then all at once that support is snatched away. Is it any wonder we wander around and despair of ever going lightly and freely again?

I suppose no one cares what I think about this, but some of the wise folks who are writing about the suicides in colleges might not remember that this is written by one who has gone through what they only write about. So I feel I have a right to tell them what I think because of what I know. I think they shouldn't teach children anything about God; they shouldn't put any ideas about God into their heads. When children get old enough to think they can read and talk and ponder and form their own idea about God. Then they won't picture Him as an old gentleman who looks like their fathers and find they have to tear that image out of their heads, and go mad trying to do it. What I want to say is that I think it's time grown-up people stopped lying to their children. It's terrible the lies they tell us, about religion and about sex and morals and success and what's decent and what isn't.

Oh, I don't want you to think I'm a conceited prig. I'm not. But I'm a girl, not yet nineteen years old, and I've gone through hell because of the supposedly harmless lies that were told me. The last two years should have been among the happiest in my life and they've been the most miserable. Hundreds of other young people have the same experience. And it isn't our fault that we suffer; it's YOUR fault; it's the fault of every parent in the world who isn't honest and straightforward with his sons and daughters.

I wanted something to hang on to and the thought that there wasn't anything stayed inside my head and I suppose it festered. I was young and strong and free of disease, but there was no zest in things. I tried to think of myself as I had been in high school, but I couldn't believe that lighthearted girl had been I. How far I had traveled in a year and a half! One illusion after another had gone glimmering until at last I was thrill-proof. My friends said I was blasé and I let them say it. I knew I wasn't; I knew I was young enough to believe anything, if only I could find something to believe.

I remember jumping out of bed once, throwing open my window and leaning out into the night. I raised my arms to the stars and I prayed:

"Oh, God, let me know, let me know."

IT SEEMED to me I had to know. What? The meaning of things, the purpose of life. I had to know.

Tears streamed down my cheeks. I was in agony, while I demanded a miracle for just me. There was the night and the stars—but there was no miracle. As I drew back from the window I heard something say inside of me, "Straight is the gate," and I knew what that meant.

I sat down on my bed in the darkness and I held my head in my hands and I shuddered away from the thought of that "straight gate." I didn't want to die. I wanted to live but I wanted to know why I lived. That was the question I could find no answer to. But I wanted to live. I reached out in the dark, found my bag and took out the tablets. They were barely visible as they lay in my hand. It came to me then that they were the miracle. I was alive. I had but to bend my elbow, to bring the tablets to my mouth, to swallow them. I should be no longer alive. I should be—what?

Dead? That is to say, I could no longer talk or laugh or sing or kiss Daddy or see the stars or whisper a prayer to God. I should be cold, still, ready for the frightful

breaking up of this strong young body. But, oh, I would know. Or would I? Could I be sure of that? No, I couldn't be sure. I could only be sure that I should stop asking questions. Well, could I even be sure of that?

I didn't want to die—and yet—The tablets lay in the palm of my hand, dimly seen. They were the "straight gate," so straight there was never any coming back through it. They seemed to move, they seemed to rise of themselves towards my mouth. I screamed, closing my fingers tightly. No, no, I didn't want to die. Quickly I put the tablets in my bag, locked the bag in a drawer and threw the key from me.

WHY didn't I throw away the tablets? I had leaned far over the bottomless pit—and I had been terribly frightened. But I remained on the brink. I hovered there. Why? A better psychologist than I will be needed to answer that question. I think it was because I had not got rid of the idea of death, because I still needed the tablets to lean on, as something to save me if the pain became unbearable.

You see, I had not yet made up my mind to force an answer from eternity. During the days that followed that midnight scene with the poison, the idea of quitting it all was seldom out of my mind. I know now that if I had talked to some wise person about my problem I should have escaped the ordeal that still lay before me, but I talked to no one. I tried, out of my meager experience and poor little wisdom, to solve the question that all the million years have left unanswered. It was too big for me and I went down before it.

The time came when, as far as I myself was concerned, I said, "I am ready to die." But I was not the only one to think of. I didn't want to cause Daddy and Mother unnecessary grief. I knew they loved me and would mourn for me. I was still a baby to them and my death would be a terrible blow. It took me a long time to get around that point. Over and over I told myself that I had not asked to be born, that I had not asked them to love me, I had not asked them to take care of me.

I had to tell myself that a good many times before I began really to believe it. I think I was merely making that an excuse to cling to life. I probably wasn't yet ready to end it all, but the time came when I reached a decision. One day late in February, while walking across the snow covered campus, I said to myself:

"This has got to end. I am no good to myself. I am no good to anyone else. I can't stop asking, asking, asking. Going on is too hard. It's easier to die."

When I got in my room I looked at myself. I was pale and my face was very serious.

"Tomorrow," I said to my image in the mirror, "you won't be able to stand up here and look at yourself—and you'll be at peace."

I felt rather sorry for the girl who was going out. Sorry and glad, at the same time. Sorry that there was no answer and glad that since there wasn't I could escape. Life, I felt, had cheated me. I had expected great things of it. The great things had not come. I had dreamed of love, but spooning had robbed me of the ecstasy that one man might have given. I had wanted wisdom but the books had opened to dark pages. I had wanted the high music of poetry but the clamor of a world, busy with its small affairs, had drowned that out.

Somewhere, perhaps, there were great things, great love, wisdom and the beauty of high, fine words. Somewhere.

I took off my hat and coat. I patted my hair into perfect order. I removed my dress and put on a bath robe. I kicked off

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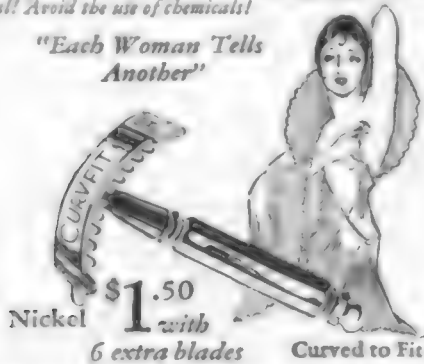
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my shoes and put on the high heeled green house slippers of which I was very fond. Then I sat down at my desk and wrote:

"Dear Dad: When you get this I shall have gone on into the never, never land. I don't know what it is and I shan't be able to come back and tell you anything about it. I love you and Mother and Kate and Sally. But that isn't enough. I want something more and I'm going out to try and find it. Maybe I shall. Good-by and if there is a God, I ask Him to bless and keep you and make you happy and let you forget your darling Mae."

I put this note in an envelope, addressed and stamped it and left it lying on my desk.

Then I took the tablets out of the locked drawer and went over and sat down on my bed. "I suppose I ought to take a last look around," I said to myself. "That's what one is expected to do." But I didn't. I no longer had any interest in the things I knew so well.

AS I SAT looking down at the tablets I noticed that one of my nails was slightly broken. I put the drug down on the bed, found a file and fixed the nail. Then I made sure that all of my nails were in perfect condition. That suggested to me the wisdom of preparing, ritualistically, for my going out.

I went in to the bathroom and started the water running. I removed my clothes, got in the tub and soaked myself in the hot water. After I had climbed out and dried myself, I took an atomizer and sprayed myself with perfume. I got out my finest lingerie and put it on. I selected my most beautiful stockings. Then I chose an evening gown of silver and black lace and put it on. I put mascara on my lashes and touched my cheeks and lips with rouge. Then I stood in front of my mirror. I realized all of a sudden what a sham I was and I said:

"You fool. You poor little fool. You can't even die decently."

In a rage I tore off the dress and undies; I scrubbed off the mascara and rouge. Then I put on my dressing-gown and stood again before the mirror. My flare of temper had sent some color to my cheeks, but even as I looked it faded, leaving me white, with dark circles under my eyes.

"Now," I said, "you may be fit to drive yourself through the straight gate."

I went back to the bed.

Like sinister bits of frozen snow the tablets lay there waiting for me.

I sat down. I picked them up. I said to myself:

"This is the end—or the beginning.

"I have tried Life and it has failed me. Will Death also fail me?"

"Life is a chemical accident. Death is a chemical change.

"I love change.

"Dear World, silly Life, good-by."

I was posing, you see; but I was posing for myself. I thought I could afford myself one last dramatic gesture. It was a gesture; it was a pose; but it was a tragic gesture, it was a cruel, fatal pose. That much, surely, I owed to my youth.

I rose and got a glass of water. As I carried it back to the bed, I noticed that my hand did not tremble. I had been agitated; I was now calm. I no longer had any desire to look at myself in the mirror. I had made by last gesture. I was in the grip of truth—a fierce, rending truth.

As I sat down on the bed, I looked at the clock. It was five minutes to five. "At five o'clock," I said picking up the tablets, "I shall swallow these. Let it be written. 'She died at five o'clock.'"

Once more the tablets lay in my hand—ten of them. I had decided to take them all. I looked at them. They carried the

idea of magic. They were so tiny—but they were stronger than I. They were stronger than the strongest man in the world. All the mysteries of all the years were in them. They would carry me to high places, through straight gates.

I looked at the clock. It was two minutes of five. Only two minutes left! My heart began to pound. Was I afraid? Was this only a gesture? Did I mean to weaken? Ah, not I! This life, at least, I was through with.

Slowly I raised my hand. I poured the tablets into my mouth. I drank, swallowing the terrible drug. . . .

It was as though something flashed in my brain, while I could feel my heart racing madly. Vividly everything stood out. In those few seconds of violent stimulation I was inspired. I saw and I knew. For a swift, short second I was face to face with God. It was unbearable. Screaming, I threw myself off the bed—and fell into a profound and silent blackness. . . . I remember there was a great and painful roaring in my ears; a noise that died away while I sank and sank and sank, into a depth no human being had ever before entered. I was still sinking when someone caught me and held me up. The confusion of noise was renewed in my head. It was meaningless, it was soothing. A great weariness weighed me down. I literally ached for sleep. Something stung me but the pain was far away, a mere nothing. A black, sickening fluid was forced down my throat. I was dragged about, mauled, torn. It didn't matter. In a moment I should be asleep. Lights danced before my eyes; my eyes ached. Sleep, sleep.

For ages and ages I fought for sleep. For ages and ages fiends tortured me to keep me awake. The quiet, beautiful shadows would draw near, but always some monster would drive them back. The velvet blackness into the midst of which I tried to sink would be dissolved by dancing lights, whileimps prodded and pinched and abused me.

The time came when I no longer courted sleep. All sensation had ceased. I was awake but I was at peace. I did not think. I was conscious of the people around me but I had no interest in them; I had no interest in knowing where I was. I had no interest in anything. I did not think I was dead; I did not realize I was alive. I didn't care where I was or what I was.

While I was still in this state of suspended emotion, dead to sensation, Daddy came. His presence did not stir me. It was nothing. The world, time, place, myself—all were just nothing, as meaningless as a leaf on a still pool.

"Don't worry, Dr. Adams, she'll pull through all right."

THOSE were the first words I heard and remembered. They meant nothing to me. I think I knew that it was I who was going to pull through, but I wasn't interested. Don't get the idea that I still thought of death. I have told you that while I was in that state I didn't think of anything and that's the truth. I don't believe that I even remembered that I had tried to die. I am certain that no ideas of life or death were in my head then. I didn't want anything, I didn't want to do anything and I didn't do one single thing that required an act of will.

Long, long afterwards something started functioning in my head. I remembered. Every detail of my attempt to die returned to me—just as I have written it out for you here. I was not sorry I had made the effort. I was not sorry I had failed. This was a little confusing at first and it took time to straighten it out.

The next time Daddy came to see me I was worried. I thought he would say "Oh, Mae, how could you hurt us so!" I didn't

want him to say that because I had no good answer ready. There wasn't any answer. I had been selfish and I knew it. I had known it all the time. But Daddy didn't say that. He asked how I felt and he said if I wanted to go home he'd take me, but if I wanted to stay on at school I could do so. He didn't ask why and he didn't lecture me. It would have been easier, maybe, if he had. Anyway, his kindness was too much and I began to cry.

"Now, Mae, darlin'." he said, "you haven't anything to worry about, but a few tears won't hurt you, so go ahead and cry. You think your funny old Dad doesn't understand, but he does. I was young once—a long time ago, and I had emotional strains like yours. I didn't go quite as far as you did, but the stress was there just the same. I don't blame you. I shouldn't have blamed you if you had—had—succeeded. It's part of your nature, part of your growth. If you had been a little wiser, if you had been a little closer to me, you might have solved your problem without the bitterness of this last scene. The best way is to talk and the best people to talk to are those who know and understand. But let's forget it now."

"Oh, Daddy," I cried. "I'm glad, I am glad I failed."

He kissed me then and he said, "Good God, I'm glad, too."

"I want to live," I told him. "There are so many things I haven't seen."

He smiled and patted my hand, but he didn't say, "I told you so." I guess Daddy is really a pretty wise man.

Anyway I am glad. I'm not sorry I tried; that simply had to be, I guess. I was a silly fool and I just had to do silly, fool things. I thought I was so wise I could see how empty everything was—life and love and those million years. But I was such a fool I couldn't see how full the world is of beautiful things. I was blind, really blind. And because I myself was empty I thought everything in the world was empty. But it isn't, oh, it isn't. It's full of kindness and cruelty, love and hatred, wisdom and folly—all the splendid, fierce passions that make life—a life that wouldn't be worth much if it weren't worth fighting for.

I still think most people are silly, but I know now it's only because I don't understand them that I think that. Probably I'm also silly to everyone except myself. My pain and my joy are real to me. I know, now, that I shall never really have learned to live until other people's pains and joys are also real to me. Trying to learn this has given me an honest interest in life.

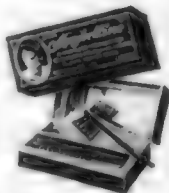
And then back of it all is that God with whom I stood face to face in that awful moment that I thought was my last. A God that is in you and me and everything; not a kind old gentleman who is not far away, but a God who is so close that He is part of us, a fine, free driving Force that gives life meaning and beauty. I went down into the flames of hell to learn it and now no one can ever take it away from me. I know now that the "straight gate" is found only through struggle and sacrifice—not through being a coward and a quitter.

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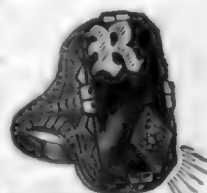
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Appearances Were Against Me

[Continued from page 37]

you ought go over and get some real Paris ideas. Then you'd be worth a whole lot of money to the firm. A real first class designer! There ain't no limit to the salary we pay anyone like that."

He looked sharply at me. What he said was true. A really good dress designer could make ten thousand a year and more. A feeling of excitement seized me. How I wanted to be a big success, show my people back home that I had made good! Gus Meyer again seemed able to read my mind.

"Tell you what," he said, "why don't you pack up your things and come along with me to Paris when I go week after next? I need some one to make the sketches when I go to the big openings. You just come along. It's just what you need to make you an A number 1 designer."

I WAS not so green or so naive or so innocent that I did not get his other meaning, but instead of being insulted, as I suppose a really good girl would have been, a kind of mad thrill of ambition and recklessness filled me. What it was I do not know. A kind of devil seemed to possess me that night and I turned to Gus Meyer and said:

"How about your wife? How would she like it if I went to Europe with you?"

"What Rosie won't know ain't going to trouble her."

"Wouldn't they know down at the office?"

"Say, Ruth, you don't need to tell everything you know. Lindheim is one of them guys that is tight. I been after him for a year to hire a first class designer, but he won't spend the money. When you come back you'll be worth something to us. Understand if you go, you and me will be just good friends, nothing more, unless you say so."

The demons of temptation fought in me. Paris! Adventure, romance, escape from the humdrum deadliness life so often was. Just good friends, if I said so. Well, lots of girls in New York were getting all the good things of life and in return giving—nothing. Why couldn't I be like that? Why not? Meyer was a good-natured man. He was lonely and probably just wanted companionship. He could be staved off indefinitely.

I looked across at him, and then for the first time I saw in his face a look of almost shy admiration. He caught my glance.

"I tell you what, Ruth, I think a lot of you. I only wish I was free so I could tell you what I think of you. You're just the sort of girl I like. You work; you got ambition. Rosie was like that when I first married her. You don't need to be afraid of me, girlie. I'll treat you right, and there ain't no one can ever say Gus Meyer goes back on his word."

That was true. Meyer had a spotless reputation for honesty.

Two weeks later Gus Meyer and I sailed on the same ship for Paris, but our cabins were not even on the same deck. All the way over I flirted shamelessly with the ship's doctor, and Gus did not seem to mind so very much.

Paris! How could I ever describe the beauty and wonder of that loveliest of cities? It was all I had ever dreamed, only more perfect. I was like a mad thing, rushing from one sight to another, living on excitement and pleasure. Gus was wonderful to me, and he never broke his word about the way he would treat me. I knew by now that he was genuinely in love with me, and when a man really cares about a woman he is rather helpless in her hands.

At times I told myself I was everything contemptible, and yet Paris was worth it.

It was not all play, though, for me. I was determined to make this visit of mine of real profit to the firm. I worked hard and did not waste my time. Then one morning when I was hurrying to one of the biggest modistes in Paris, I ran into Roy Chandell, one of the artists I had known at Cooper Union in New York. With Roy was another man, to whom I was introduced.

"Larry, this is a little girl we called 'Ruth.' I've forgotten the rest of the name. Ruth, this is Larry Graymore."

While Roy and I were exchanging bits of gossip I could feel that this Larry Graymore was watching me. After a while to include him in our talk I said, "Are you a designer, too, Mr. Graymore?"

"What, Larry!" Roy answered for him. "Good Lord, no, child. Larry's a real artist. He's going to be in the Salon before long. He does portraits and they're wonders."

"That's why I've been staring at you so unpardonably, Ruth." Larry Graymore's clear frank brown eyes looked straight into mine and as they did my heart gave a jump. He was nice looking, I thought, and wondered if he found me at all pretty. Suddenly without knowing why I wanted this stranger to admire and like me. The color came into my cheeks, and as he kept looking down at me I felt nervous and uncertain. I hardly paid attention to what he was saying, the deep tones of his voice moved me so.

"Every once in a while I see a face I just must paint. Sometimes it's beauty or soul. Then again it's something shy or evil, or some quality that for the moment escapes me."

"What is it with me?" I asked.

"Beauty, of course!"

I could not hide my swift smile of delight and then wondered more humbly what the beauty might be that a real artist like him would see in my face.

"There is something else there too, but what it is I am not quite sure," he went on gravely. "Perhaps you would sit for me? My one merit is that I work rapidly. I would not take too much of your time."

I was touched as well as flattered.

"I'd love to sit for you, if it would not take too long."

"This afternoon perhaps. The light in the studio will be perfect. We could have tea if you liked."

MY HEART pounded wildly as I said I would come. What was there about this Larry Graymore that could move me this way? He had a wonderful face, dark and clever, and though you could not call him exactly handsome he was vivid and fascinating. He had an air of being intensely alive, right to the very tips of his long sensitive fingers. They were fine hands and as I looked at them, I found myself thinking that they were just the sort of hands I would like to have caress me. His nearness, his hand on my arm as he helped me at the crossing, thrilled me in a way that frightened and almost angered me.

What was I—some silly sentimental school girl to be swept off my feet by the first really attractive man I had ever met?

The three of us walked along the Bois in the bright morning sunshine, and I forgot all about my engagement and that I had an appointment to meet Gus at eleven. I forgot everything except that I was young and in Paris and had found a man who interested me.

Roy Chandell left us, and Larry and I walked on. I don't know how far we went. We had luncheon in a little café and it

wasn't at all as if we had only met that morning, but as if we were old friends who had known each other all our lives.

Larry told me about his struggles to get over to France to study, of his dreams, his failures, his hopes of success. I saw then that though his clothes were immaculate they were so well worn as to be all but shabby, and that his fine sincere face was too thin. I was sure he often went without enough food and this thought kind of got me by the throat. I could not help feeling cheap and ashamed when I thought of the way I had managed to get over to Paris.

WHAT would Larry think of me if he knew, he who was so honest and independent and aboveboard in everything? But why need he ever know a thing like that? Certainly I would never tell him. I wanted his respect so much. Every moment I spent with him made me realize that I wanted this man to like me more than I had ever wanted anything in my life. Everything about him gripped me. The quick eager way he had of speaking, a trick he had of throwing back his head when he laughed, the way his brown eyes danced at some nonsense.

About three o'clock we went to his studio. It was a shabby, cold place in Montmartre, up five flights of steps, just the kind of studio I had imagined I would find in Paris. Larry made me take off my hat and he threw a lovely embroidered shawl about my shoulders. Then he began working eagerly on a canvas.

An hour, two hours, were gone. While he worked he did not speak very much; but I was happy, so happy just to be here all alone with him, the two of us shut in away from all the rest of the world in this funny crooked little room with its threadbare rug and slanting pale shadows.

"Tomorrow, perhaps you could come for a little while, Ruth? I know how busy you must be."

"I want to come," I said. My tone must have said more than my words for he gave me a quick look. And then suddenly I wished I did not have to go at all. Gus! I could not help shuddering a little. How could I bear to go to meet him after having been nearly all day with Larry? Larry looked at me curiously.

"Sure you'll want to come, Ruth?" he asked.

I had a panicky feeling that those clear eyes of his could almost read my thoughts. I tried to laugh off the look of repugnance he must have seen in my face as I thought of Gus.

"Yes, I'm sure," I said, and hurried away.

As I rode off in a taxi, I kept wondering and worrying about what Larry would say if he knew who it was I was going to meet and who it was who was responsible for my being in Paris. I had managed to tell him very little of myself, just that I did designing and pulled down a fairly good salary.

Gus was waiting for me in the lobby of the hotel and I could see that he was annoyed and for the first time angry.

"Where have you been all day? I waited for an hour for you to come to Lucien's but you don't show up. Do you think I have nothing else to do in Paris but sit and wait?"

I murmured something about having gone to the Louvre and forgotten the time. If Gus knew I had spent the day with a very attractive young man he would have been angrier than ever.

"It's all right," he said, calming down. "You're a good little girl, Ruthie, but I got something mighty serious to talk over with you."

I felt some sort of trouble coming and wanted to dodge it. Did Gus know I had been in Larry's studio that afternoon? We went into a reading room and sat down. Gus took a crumpled cablegram out of his pocket, and without a word handed it to me. I

saw then that his usually ruddy face looked white and worried. I smoothed out the sheet and read:

"KNOW WHO YOU TOOK TO PARIS. STARTED SUIT DIVORCE. ROSIE."

"Well, it's come at last; and I'm just as glad. Now you and me can get married like we should, Ruthie."

I wondered if I was hearing things right. Gus's wife suing him for a divorce because he had brought me to Europe and Gus expecting me to marry him.

At last I managed to say something. "But I don't want to marry you, Gus. We're just good friends."

It was lucky that reading room was deserted, for Gus let out a kind of a shout. "Don't want to marry me! Say, what kind of a girl are you anyway? Ain't I respected you and treated you right because I wanted just what's happened to happen. You ain't been playing with me, Ruth; just using me for a good thing? You ain't no gold-digger."

There was something almost pathetic in the way he kept saying these things to me. I did not dare say a word. I felt trapped, caught, like an animal in a net.

"I ain't trying to rush you, Ruth. These things take time."

I felt that if he kept on I would break down and cry. Marry Gus Meyer! It might not have been so impossible if only I had not met Larry. The thought of him swept over me. He was the kind of a man I could love, the kind I wanted to marry. His slender hands! Gus Meyer's thick, white fingers! If he ever touched me I would die.

No, no, it was all impossible. I had to break through this trap somehow. But how? How?

All that night I could not sleep. It seemed that I was just marking time till the next afternoon when I should see Larry again. Should I tell him of the fix I was in? If I did, could I make him believe me and understand? And I remembered one of Eda's maxims, "Never tell any man the truth. Lies pay better."

But even if Larry were to grow to care for me—Yes, I'd starve with him in that studio. It would be happiness. I might be crazy but I was madly in love with him. It had hit me at last and the volcano had broken loose as Eda predicted.

SO WHEN I went to Larry's studio I did not tell him. I was too afraid he would not understand about Gus. I was too happy being with him to risk one moment of my joy. We made tea and he painted, and then he told me he cared. I was the one girl he had always been looking for, always dreamed of.

Gray twilight slid in through the windows as he took me in his arms. All happiness, all life, all hope was in his kiss. That evening it was harder than ever to go, and each night for that one perfect week that followed I found it more bitter to have to leave him and go back to Gus.

Larry painted while the light lasted, but he seemed dissatisfied with his work and kept destroying it without letting me see it. What was it he saw in my face? What had he discovered that he did not want me to see? Was it possible those too clear eyes of his could see the guilt in my heart? No, no—I did not want to think that. I did not want to see the truth. I only wanted to be happy.

As if real happiness could be built up on lies! But I did not see that then. I only knew we were in love, gloriously, divinely in love. I had never dreamed how sweet life could be. If only it need never be. But one night the blow fell.

Gus told me when I got back to the hotel that he was thinking of going back home sooner than he had expected. Did he sus-

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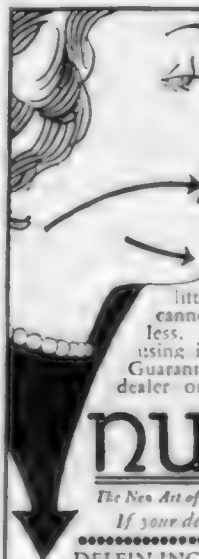
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pect that I had made up my mind not to go along with him? I could not tell. I only knew that since he had had that cable from his wife and I had seemed unwilling to marry him he had been sullen and too quiet.

Up in that shabby studio, held close in Larry's arms I could forget every worry. By now the picture had been put aside and we just spent our afternoons together and were happy.

"Dearest, I know I'll make good. It's only a question of time; but how could I ask you to share this poverty, you who can earn such a good living in New York?" And he looked at the expensive clothes I was wearing, a frock, and coat and fur bought with Gus Meyer's money.

I felt suddenly ashamed. I wanted to tell Larry of this horrible grafting thing I had done. I was sure he would believe me now, held close in his arms with my lips against his cheek. Yes, now I could confess to him, tell him everything. I could work and pay Gus Meyer back every dollar he had spent on me, my passage money over, hotel bills, clothes. I caught tight hold of Larry's hand. Having found him it seemed as if I could not live if I were to lose him.

"Tell me, Larry, do you love me?"

"Not a bit."

"No, truly. You really love me? You always will?"

"Always."

"No matter what I may have done, whatever mistakes I may have made?"

"There are some things I could not forgive."

I hesitated. Could I convince Larry that there had been nothing between Gus and me but—

There was a loud rapping on the studio door.

"Entrez," Larry said, standing up.

I quickly straightened my hair and looking up saw three men standing in the doorway. One of them was Gus!

I jumped to my feet. What was he doing here? How had he found me? Then with a sick feeling of horror I looked at the other two men. Detectives! He had had me followed.

What was I to do now? I looked desperately at Larry. It was too late now to make any explanation. Gus was talking to him in a quick excited tone. I caught snatches of what he said. "I brought her over.—Wife divorced me on account of her. Marry her.—It was me brought her to Paris."

I TRIED to cry out and stop him, but Larry turned away from me. I knew no matter what I said he would not listen.

I caught hold of his arm. He flung off my hand. "Is what this man says true? Did he bring you to Paris?"

I could not answer. Something caught in my throat and choked me. I went blind with the tears that scorched my eyes. I saw Larry going toward the door. My voice came at last.

"No—no, Larry. Please listen to me." I ran after him; but he turned on me and pushed me back.

"There is nothing more to say. I guess I've heard enough, more than enough. You've cheated him and at the same time you cheated me. I'm through. That's all."

"No, Larry, no. It's not what you think. Before God, it isn't. He'll tell you that isn't so. Tell him, Gus. You see, he says so too. Larry, I only let him bring me over. I was crazy to come to Paris. I meant to pay him back every penny—"

I had half fallen on my knees before Larry, but he made me stand up. Some of the anger was gone from his face but the pity and contempt I saw there hurt just as much.

"It's all right, Ruth. Pull yourself together. I guess you're not to blame, only it makes everything different. I don't want to be a brute, but I couldn't ever trust you again, not after this. I'm sorry."

He was gone then. I heard the studio door bang after him, and I knew that I had lost him—lost him for good—that he'd never come back to me. I had destroyed the most precious thing life could give me.

After a while Gus managed to quiet me a little.

"Ruth, don't cry! Don't cry like that! You can't blame me for coming after you. You're only a kid and Paris is a rotten place. I thought you might be getting into trouble and I wanted to save you. I want to get you back to God's country and take care of you."

I never will know how I managed to get back to the hotel.

I wrote Larry a letter. Everything in me that was left of hope or youth went into what I wrote him. I begged him to listen, to believe me and forgive. That afternoon I went to his studio, but the concierge said he had gone away. He had left a note for me.

My hand shook so I could hardly read it. Before I tore it open I seemed to know I would never see him again.

"Ruth:

"Please do not try to find me. I have thought things over and I know we never could be happy together now.

"The one thing I cannot forgive is a cheat. God forgive me, it was deceit I seemed to see in your face when I tried to paint you, only I could not believe it then. I hope that you may find happiness in forgetfulness.

Yours sincerely,
Larry."

IT WAS over then. Everything was over. My life seemed ended when I read that relentless note of his farewell. What did anything matter now?

There are no limits to the suffering the human heart can endure. Even Gus pitied me and regretted the step he had taken in having the detectives trail me.

Once he said, "If I'd thought for a moment you were stuck on that fellow and that he was the decent sort who'd have done the right thing by you I'd have stood aside for you, Ruth. I care a lot about you. I'd like to see you happy."

I think Gus even tried to find Larry for me, but I knew that was no use. If he would not forgive me of his own accord I did not want him to forgive me at all. What had happened was all my fault and I must be sport enough to grin and bear it.

I have come back to the States and Meyer and Lindheim need never regret that trip of mine to Paris. I just turned down an offer from a rival company that offered to double the salary I am making, but I wouldn't leave Gus now. He has been too good to me. Besides I am ambitious to make something big of the work he helped me start when we came back from Paris.

Today I am one of the best paid and most successful designers in New York. People speak of me as a "success." Little do they imagine that under all the well poised calm of manner, under my fine clothes, my heart is empty and cold and lonely to the point of agony.

For I know now only too well that I have lost the biggest and best thing any woman can know—real love. But for my own blind, selfish folly I might have married the man I loved, had a home and children, for Larry Graymore made good. He is a brilliantly successful portrait painter. Two years ago he married a titled English widow; a brilliant match the papers called it.

Some day I suppose I will marry Gus, who has never swerved in his devotion, or in his encouragement of my work. But what does that matter, when I know how much I have lost, how great was the price I have had to pay?

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My Lottery of Love

[Continued from page 69]

apartments and hotels who had no visible means of employment. These men were fairly decent to me. They did not hide the pleasure and novelty it was for them to be doing business with Mr. Garcia through an American girl. Many of them tried to flirt with me, but stopped the moment they saw that I was scared. Some of them started to kid me about the blue envelopes.

"Has the boss given you one of these for yourself?" they'd ask.

"Why, no!"

"He's stingy, but surely you can't resist buying one."

"I never thought of such a thing. I can't afford to invest in bonds."

THEY'D chuckle at that. "Five dollars is so cheap for a nice bond!"

"But I've never seen one. I don't know what it's all about."

"You must be joking."

Not one of them, however, went so far as to open his envelope in my presence.

I quickly caught on to the fact that I was the agent for some shady transaction, but I wouldn't allow myself to feel personally responsible. I liked my easy job, and my heart was full of my growing interest in Ricardo. No man has ever wooed so gracefully. He asked me a half a dozen times a day to marry him, and each time I was aware of his complete insincerity—as to the marriage part of it, any way. He was a born philanderer, but his charm was so great that I could not condemn him. I was blinded even to the shoddiness of his everyday life.

His only job was a connection with Mr. Garcia similar to my own, and I had to find that out for myself. For days, he led me to believe that he was making at least \$5,000 a year in Wall Street. Actually, he didn't work hard at anything. He visited much fewer customers than I did. He sponged shamelessly on his mother for money.

"But my dear, I have a little investment that is sure to bring me a fortune soon," was his stock reply to my reproaches, and I preferred to think he spoke the truth.

"You must set yourself up in business when you get the money," I urged. "Surely there's some line you'd like to follow."

"Business! It bores me. But at school they used to think I could act. I'll go on the stage, maybe," he replied airily.

"You are more a type for the movies," I said.

One day, after I had been with him a month, Mr. Garcia said to me:

"I want you to go to the general delivery window of the main post office and ask for a letter from Spain. It will be addressed to you."

"To me? But I don't know any one in Spain."

"That's all right. The letter is about my business. I hate to go to the post office, so wrote the president of my company to send it in your name."

I thought the whole thing mighty fishy, yet I did as I was told, and sure enough I was handed a bulky registered letter. While I was signing the receipt for it, a man who had been lounging in the corridor came up behind me and glanced over my shoulder at the name and address on the envelope.

"Huh! Is that really yours?" he growled.

I nearly died of fright, but I managed to snap back, "Certainly. I identified myself to the clerk. You've no right to question me."

"So it seems," he said sarcastically, and turned away. "Wish the movie actor had shown up this time."

I got home as fast as I could and told Mr. Garcia what had happened. The old man's face clouded. "Did the fellow follow you?" he asked.

"I don't think so."

"Well, it's all right. He was just a masher, and you called his bluff. Good girl!"

His explanation fell far short of satisfying me. I went to Ricardo and insisted that if I were being used as a catspaw I must be given a chance to decide for myself whether I was willing to continue. "I've read about detectives," I said. "That man at the post office was a detective. He's been watching the letters from Spain. And when he said he wished 'the movie actor' had shown up, he meant you. You're so much like Rudolph Valentino, you might be his brother. Last month it was you who called for the letter, isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"Then what's it all about? What crooked business is going on?"

"I can't tell you. I promised Garcia not to. But it's time he took you into his confidence. Listen, you come down to the basement at ten this evening. There's to be a meeting and I'll translate for you. In the meantime I'll fix it with Garcia."

My wild imaginings veered a dozen times between the extremes of believing that I had been involved in a revolutionary plot and the dread that the blue envelopes had contained smuggled cocaine. We were all criminals, of that at least I was certain. A fine state of affairs for a small-town girl who had boasted to her mother and father that she could look after herself in New York! My mounting excitement brought me during the afternoon to the verge of hysteria.

I was in the basement promptly at ten o'clock. The room was crowded. All the residents of the house, including the landlady, were present as well as some fifteen outsiders. There were not enough chairs to go around. Many of the men stood against the wall. They pulsed furiously at cigarettes, and their eyes were glued upon old Garcia, who sat by the fireplace, a large printed sheet of paper in his hand. The atmosphere was tense, yet the reverse of tragic, I thought.

RICARDO pushed his way to my side. He was about to explain something when Garcia started to read aloud in Spanish. I could tell that he was reading numbers. Guttural cries of chagrin came now and then from the listeners.

"Do you understand now?" Ricardo whispered.

"It's a lottery—the famous Government lottery of Spain. You and I have been selling chances in it. The winning numbers are drawn once a month. Garcia gets them in a coded cable message, but he waits for the official list and gives some of his best customers a thrill by pulling off this reading stunt. The list, as well as a schedule of numbers to be sold in New York next month, were in the envelope you fetched from the post office this morning."

I was thunderstruck. "Lotteries are absolutely against the law in America, aren't they?" I stammered.

"Of course. But it's a fool law. Lots of people get away with breaking it."

"They do not!" I had heard in my own little home town of Baileyville of a farmer who had been sent to the penitentiary for selling a share in a Cuban ticket. "Besides, it's the law of my country, and it's rotten for me to have been trapped by a lot of foreigners into breaking it."

"You aren't thinking of telling the police, or anything of that kind?" Ricardo asked.

He seemed worried and anxious as he waited for my reply. It was long in coming because I didn't know just what to say. Should I tell the police?

The idea hadn't occurred to me, but suddenly I wondered whether it might not be my duty. I moved into the hallway. Ricardo followed, arguing with me under his breath. Refusing to answer him, I started up the stairs. This saved both of us, for when we were half way to the first floor, there was a tremendous crash at the basement door. Half a dozen policemen and some men in plain clothes burst their way in. I caught a fleeting glimpse of the detective who had spoken to me at the post office, but he did not see us. We made our escape by running up to the roof and crossing over to the third house to the east, where some Spanish friends of Ricardo lived.

I LEARNED afterwards that Garcia and a number of his backers had been arrested and held in jail, with the certainty that they would be convicted on trial. The lottery ring had been broken up at a single blow, but that phase of the matter is of no further importance in connection with my story.

My problem was Ricardo. His complacency had been shattered. He revealed himself as a lovable, weak boy, terrified about his future and ashamed of having helped to get me in wrong. There proved to be no warrant out against him, and we were both able to return to his mother's house. In contrast to his shaken nerve I seemed to have been strengthened by my adventure, and with a girl's traditional perversity I chose the height of the crisis to admit frankly to myself that I loved him.

"But Ricardo, why did you waste your time in so dangerous a game, for so small a salary?" I asked him.

"The grand prize in the Spanish lottery is \$250,000," he replied, a sort of awe in his voice, as if the contemplation of the figure intoxicated him. "There are hundreds of other prizes in the thousands of dollars. The money Garcia paid me was nothing. But, don't you understand, I was playing the lottery myself? I bought tickets every time. I was sure I would win, sooner or later."

"Such a shadowy castle in Spain, dear," I murmured.

"This past month I was hoping for luck more for your sake than mine. I dreamed of being rich, so that I could marry you and take you far, far away from here."

"I'd not have been flattered by that kind of luck. It would have been crooked, and I couldn't have felt proud of you. I want you to work for success, Ricardo."

"But what can I do?" he asked helplessly. "I've never really worked."

AN INSPIRATION came to me. "I've told you a dozen times how much like a movie actor you look. That's a gift from God—the right kind of luck. Use it."

A grin of boyish pleasure lifted the corners of his lips and crinkled the skin about his nice eyes. "Ever since you first spoke to me about that, I've thought of trying it. But I was afraid I was kidding myself. Do you really mean it, Alma?"

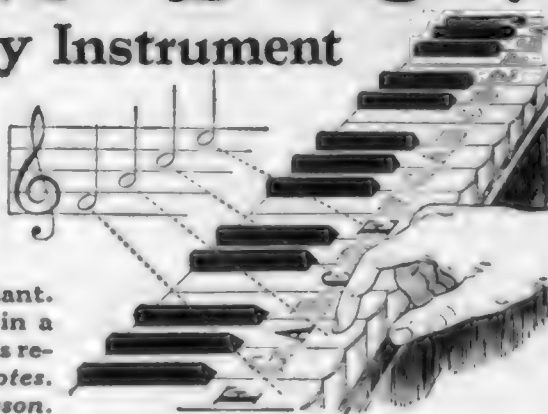
"You bet I do," I replied earnestly.

"I needed an American girl to give me courage. You say I am handsome enough for the movies? All right. Watch Ricardo!"

It would require another tale as long as this one to describe his upward struggle for recognition in the studios. I'll content myself with saying that Ricardo made good, and that I married him the day he landed his first small part. My own dreams for a career have shaped themselves quite satisfactorily. I'm the business manager, as well as the wife, of my future star.

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The Real Diary of a Real Girl

[Continued from page 15]

more perfume, but what's the use of being a piker? I couldn't save enough in a lifetime to buy a beaded bag—and what's ten bucks for bait for a million? I went up to Mr. B—'s office and asked that high grade stenographer of his—she calls herself "secret-tery"—could I please see him. She says no. But I could see his shadow on the ground-glass door and I knew he was there. I pulled out a couple of sobs in my voice and says "I must see him. I really must. No one else will do. Please let me see him."

I saw him jump up then and he came to the door and stood looking at me.

So I decided my voice has "IT," too. I've noticed it makes men turn around sometimes. It's a bit husky and since I'm telling the truth to you, Old Book, it honest to Mike sounds a little like Ethel Barrymore's. She's been in the store and I've heard her talk. I'm going to learn to use it right. Maybe when I get some money I can take some lessons.

So Mr. B— says, "Come in, Miss O'B—I'll see you."

I went in. Giminy, I was nervous. I hesitated and stood there drooping like and he said, "Well, well, my dear, what can I do for you?"

I quivered my voice all up and I said, "Dear Mr. B— I don't know what you'll think of me, but I do want to ask a favor of you so much. No one else can help me like you, so please, please, don't be cross, but help me."

JUST then I noticed a funny look in his eyes. They got shiny and a little crossed like Slat's eyes used to when we sat on the porch nights.

He said, "Of course. What is it?" And he came around and put his hand on my arm. Well, pawing is one of the things most all men do, so I suppose I got to get used to it, but I could have whacked him. He wasn't hard to see through. He would fall for awhile for anybody that was good-looking. I let his hand stay there and I said, "You're so kind. This is what I want. My uncle has sent me a little money to buy a gown. He is a dear old thing, an army officer in Washington, and he wants to take me about a bit. He knows we haven't had much since Dad failed, and of course you know army officers aren't overly rich, but I am his favorite niece and he has been looking forward to this for a long time. So I wanted to get an evening gown. I have some street things that I can make look quite nice, but I wanted an evening gown and I wanted it to be exactly right and what he'll like, too. Not too elaborate, because I'll have to wear it a good deal and still something that will make me look my poor little best. The girls would do it for me, but they're women. Your taste is marvelous and perfect and wonderful. I wondered if you could give me ten minutes and look at me in the gowns I'm thinking about. You could tell me which one to buy. It means so much to me."

It was early and no customers had come in yet, so he said, "Of course. Delighted. Get what you had in mind and bring it to the French room on the third floor and I'll be there."

I flew for the stuff. I had them all spotted, you bet. He came up and I put them on, one after the other. Gee, it was my first chance and I was cold with fear and excitement. The first was a black chiffon model trimmed with silver. The skirt was very, very short; the chiffon clung to

my body like a second skin and softly veiled my shoulders and arms. I was languishing in this one and I tried to walk without taking my feet off the floor. I veiled my eyes with my lashes and pouted as much as I dared. He was the kind of man that likes all his dinner put on the table at once. You could confuse him just by looking at him.

The next was a pale rose velvet, with no back at all, and only a giant velvety rose for a bodice. When I got this one on I was sedate and cold and very grand. I nearly died of joy when I saw myself in the mirror. Yes, I have "IT." When I get clothes I will be beautiful enough. Then I put on a simple white taffeta, very short. I was demure and sweet and appealing in this one. You know there are some men who desire innocence above anything else. You never can tell. So I came real close to him and asked him which I should have.

He said, "You should have them all, my dear. You're a born model."

I gave him a quick look. He was a little drugged by it. Just about like a man after he's had a few cocktails. There are a lot of men like that, I imagine. But the trouble is it don't last long unless you keep drugging them and that wouldn't do me any good. I had to get what I could in the beginning and then run for it.

But I saw I had him for the minute and just as I knew I had to go slow with old D—I saw I had to work fast with this baby.

"Oh," I gasped, "how wonderful! If I could be a model for you!" I put my hand on his arm then. "Oh, it's my dream."

"All right," he said. "You shall be. Speak to Mrs. H— when you go down and tell her I said to start you at once. And now—"

I jumped in. "Oh, Mr. B—, I'm so happy. I'd like to kiss you. But which gown shall I take? Really?"

He gave me one of those wise little looks of his and said, "The white one, by all means."

Well, I'll have to tell him my mother fell ill and I had to spend the money for my dress for an operation. Good old operation! I bet they've helped many a girl to get what she wanted.

September 30—Women succeed or fail not by how they behave but by how they misbehave. A woman who can misbehave profitably and still be respectable has got to be a genius. And I'm no genius. Anyway, a woman's reputation matters only with other women. Every man judges a woman by his own experience with her only. I guess the bad men always see the bad in a woman and the good men discover the good anyway.

OF COURSE I never met any good men and I'm not counting on that. But some of them have to pretend to be good to hold their jobs.

There are some men it isn't so hard to get but it's hard to get rid of them. B— is one of those. I got him easy enough, but he's a hard man to cheat. I got all I want out of him now, but I can't keep him hanging around like I do old D—. Good old D—! He'll live a lot longer at that for the thrill I have given him.

October 9—No. I've made up my mind it isn't worth while in this game to waste time and energy and opportunities trying to worry about your reputation. I have an idea men are intrigued by a woman who has a devilish reputation. They can brag about being seen with her then. And wealth purifies. When I have a million dollars

nobody will care much what I was or how I got it. At least, if they do it'll be the first time on record. I've heard a lot about dirty money, but I haven't seen any yet—at least, not any that ever was refused in this store. And I haven't seen anything yet that I wanted that money wouldn't buy.

B— is getting pretty mad. I expect I'm going to lose my job pretty soon. And I can't afford to lose my job. It'd mean starting all over. I been watching the men that come in, but mostly they got their women along. I got to have an opportunity to show my stuff. There are plenty of men in the world and lots of them have got more money than they know what to do with, and probably they'd be glad to give me a little, but the women on top, the wives and sisters and mothers, try to keep them all. I don't blame 'em.

OCTOBER 22—A chap came in the store today and I had quite a crack at him. He was a nice looking boy, too, and he was a gentleman. The first one I ever talked to. They're different all right.

He come upstairs to the French room and asked for Mrs. H— and he said he was Mr. Laurence E— and his sister Miss Madge E— had been in yesterday to look at a frock. He thought he might like to buy it for her for a present if it was suitable and pretty and could he look at it?

Mrs. H— acted like he was Babe Ruth or something, and so I got right in her way when she looked around and she said "Miss O'B—, please put on that silver and turquoise model Miss E— liked yesterday. Let Mr. E— see it."

It was a mighty pretty dress. It was a good omen for me. Luck has sure given me pretty even breaks so far. Hadn't I had my hair marcelled at noon? I put on the dress and fixed my mouth and I looked fine. But do you know that egg didn't see me any more than if I'd taken the dress and thrown it on a chair? I walked up and down and tried all my tricks, but he didn't turn a hair.

Then I tried something I'd made up my mind a long time ago I was going to try sometime. I thought about the "IT" that that woman told me I had. I thought about "IT" so hard I could almost feel it like quicksilver in my veins. I breathed it in and held it and drove it into my eyes and I tried to pour it out like a perfume or an incense. I didn't change my look except to fasten my eyes on his face very gravely, but all the time I willed him to see me. I tried to pull him to me with "IT."

And I did. I did. Oh, I can't write about it. I am too excited. I can't think.

3 A. M.—I couldn't go to sleep so I will write some more. I mustn't lose my head now of all times. I must be cold and calm. I mustn't let this proof of my power upset me. I wonder if that's what the history women had—Cleopatra and DuBarry and Pompadour? There are always some women with "IT" if they discover it and know how to use it.

Well, anyway, he looked at me and I saw myself register in his eyes. So when Mrs. H— went to see about something else for a second, I said to him, trying my darndest to speak decent like he did, "I'm afraid you think this isn't exactly suitable for your sweet little sister. I didn't quite think so myself. I wonder if you'd like to see one other that she tried on. She didn't like it quite so well as this one but we did. And I'm sure you will."

I tell you I haven't just got words for it yet, Book, but I know one thing. The

woman that gets men, after she's once made them notice her, is a woman that's like a mirror. That's the word. All men are really that fellow in the school reader, Narcissus. They fall in love with their own image. But instead of seeing it in a pool of water they see it in some woman. They put their imagination on a woman and if she'll just keep still they'll do more for her than she ever could do for herself. All the famous vamps in history are famous because they held their men and got what they wanted out of them. And the men they held were mostly kings and big guns like that. You bet they held them by being mirrors for their greatness, not by being great on their own account.

I spotted this guy E— quick. He's not exactly a prude or a stuck-up one, but he knows he's just right. He wants a soul-mate. Not one of those fresh, smarty debutantes that wants all the limelight for herself and her cute ways. And I bet that's why a little shop-girl like me can beat their time.

And that gives me another idea. I just looked in my new dictionary and I see it gives a feminine for Narcissus. I think that's a swell name for me. It's Narcissa. Fanny O'B— certainly won't do. But Narcissa is the berries.

November 2—I was right. I saw it clear when I wrote it in the book. I haven't written again because I have been busy. But now I will write. Because we are in our new home. Book. This is our own little flat and we have a year's lease in our pocket. It's a very nice flat.

But I am writing because I don't know where I go from here. It would be very easy, I think, to settle down here and let myself get fat. I am physically lazy. After all, I have worked very hard and stood on my poor feet a good many hours. My little flat is so pretty and so comfortable. It is a great temptation to relax for awhile. But I must not. That will all come later. Now, I must not waste any time.

I DO not know just how big an advantage Laurence E— is going to be to me. But I will go back now and write down the whole story and study it. Which may open up the future to me.

I'm not given to handing myself bouquets, but I am a little sold on the way I hooked young Laurence E—. It was simple, but it's so old it takes a lot of art to put it over. I wouldn't have tried it on anybody but a young chappie like Laurence, who's been so busy thinking what a good guy he is that he's never had time to give the rest of the world the once over.

He came back to the store several times after that first day when I willed him to notice me. First to get his sister that dress. Then to buy her an evening wrap. I bet that was a surprise to her. Then to help her select another gown. I was always demure and sort of homesick-looking.

The last day I heard him make an engagement to meet his sister at the Ritz that afternoon. She was having tea with some girls and he said he'd call for her at five. Right there I saw the break had come to me. That is where I believe I have it on other girls. I play my part, but when the break comes I'm always able to grab it. I knew darn well those girls wouldn't get through by five o'clock. I knew young Galahad wasn't going to dash in after the whole crew.

So at ten minutes to five I was waiting outside the tea room at the Ritz.

I got away from the store early because I said I wasn't well and I took with me a lovely marten scarf I'd been showing to some cross-eyed female. I knew they wouldn't miss it and I'd get it back early the next morning. I didn't dare venture into the Ritz without it. You can't have

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the necessary self-confidence unless you look well. I looked fine. Nothing in the world enhances a girl's beauty like furs. I knew Laurence would get the effect without noticing the three-hundred-dollar catskin around my neck.

When I got in the chair I posed my picture. My face was all covered with an "I've just been insulted" expression. My eyes were sad, droopy, innocent, and my mouth was puckered like a baby's that's trying not to cry. I got an idea men like women to be either sad or merry. Your eyes look best when they're about to cry or when they're really laughing. The Laurence E— type likes sad women. In this wicked world sad people are more apt to win salvation and also to be taken with proper seriousness. Gee, I'm making that guy sound a regular evangelist, which he isn't, but that is the keynote of his character, submerged by manners and breeding and habit. And men have got to be attacked on their low down weaknesses.

IN A minute he came along. He is really very good looking. Dark and slim and awfully well-groomed, but he doesn't appeal to me. He's too proper. When he saw me he started and came over slowly. He spoke to me nicely and said, "May I sit down beside you? You seem to be waiting for someone and I must wait for my sister."

I just nodded. So he sat down. I kept clapping and unclapping my hands and giving a darned good imitation of a nervous young woman expecting a bomb to go off under her chair. Pretty soon he leaned over and said, "Is something troubling you? Perhaps I could help you."

I shook my head and went on drooping. I wish I was smaller. Pretty soon he couldn't stand it any longer. So when he asked me again I decided to put him out of his misery.

It's too bad but all that was wasted on him. Not but what he liked it, but he didn't appreciate it as an art. I didn't cry, because tears wouldn't impress him. They aren't ladylike. It's more polite to suffer in silence. I did. I spoke in a low, broken voice. Long pauses between. Little faint gasps and struggles to go on.

I told him about my family and how terribly poor we were. I told him about Ma's invalid health. Goodness knows she is usually sick but it don't do her much good, and about my poor, impractical, shiftless old Dad whom I adored. I told him how I'd gone to work at eight, how I was only seventeen now, and how I'd been carrying the most of the burden for them and my three little brothers and sisters. Then I said I just had to earn more money and there was a man at the store who liked me, and he got me a better position. Later I had to borrow a large sum of money to pay our debts and he lent it to me. Part of it I'd taken to try to study for my voice in the evenings, but I hadn't enough to finish, and to help us out of the hole. I admitted he had given me presents and had been so kind and I had gone out with him. I felt to him like he was a father. I was a little fool, and I hadn't understood. But I was so lonely and I loved pretty things.

Now my world had collapsed about my head. He was forcing his attentions upon me. Ma had died last year. (Poor Ma.) I had finally managed to send my Dad and the two boys out west to a farm that belonged to a friend of his. I thought they might have a better chance there than in this big city. Now I was all alone except for a kid sister I kept in the convent. I couldn't lose my job. I wanted to get ahead but I'd never have the chance. He was threatening me. Today I was going to have it all out with him. If I'd been wrong I must pay the price.

I broke down then but finally told him

about my dreams about my music. I raved about the horror of the life I had lived in poverty and ugliness. That wasn't all acting either.

Just then his sister came out. She looked so cool and cared for. She had six or seven girls with her. They were all exquisitely and expensively dressed and they were laughing merrily and most of them were smoking.

Gee, they were a great little contrast for me. There I was, a poor little creature fighting for bread for my family, driven into a corner where my goodness and purity might have to be sacrificed for them; and there were those girls, idly wasting the money that would have given me my chance. Oh, didn't that young man see it all?

He jumped up and went to them. He talked a minute and then brought his sister over. She was nice but she didn't like it. Women never are friendly to me. The very thing that makes men like me makes them suspicious. Then he said to me very low and hurriedly, "I am going to put my sister in a cab and come back. We will go somewhere to dinner and talk."

I was very cheerful and sweet and amiable. A lovely nature only brought out by sorrow and adversity. I looked very nice. My eyes suit the Madonna type. He probably wasn't conscious of it but it had its effect.

Then he made me the proposition.

I had looked him up thoroughly. Mrs. H—, who has been at the store for twenty-five years and knows everything in New York, had told me a lot. The E— family is one of the oldest and finest in New York. The mother was a Miss S— and the father belonged to an old and distinguished Virginia family. He is dead. There are now just Laurence and his sister Madge and the mother. They were left quite badly off for their kind and are just able to get along in their set, but they are grooming the girl for a rich marriage with some ambitious millionaire. Their name is such a great social asset.

He asked me if I would accept a little loan from him—not much, as he wasn't rich, but enough to go on with my voice lessons. I nearly collapsed at the suggestion and cried, "Oh, please, please, don't talk like that. I thought you were my friend."

Then he just exploded. Said I misjudged him entirely. Said he was different from other men, always had been different. Said he hoped he wasn't the average low beast that preyed on young, unprotected children. Explained that most of his income was from a small apartment building on Fifty-first street and that he wanted me to take a year's lease on an apartment there and I could pay him back in the future when I was successful.

Finally I let myself be persuaded. But I looked up at him and said,

"Oh, you do mean what is right, don't you?"

NOVEMBER 26—Laurence is a trial in many ways. It is terribly wearing to keep up such a high pose for a long time. He never relaxes. He's too good to be true. I don't mind the thing during the excitement of carrying the thing off, but it is very wearing now. However, I suppose it's good training for me. I am learning to be agreeable under annoyance. That is the greatest asset a woman like me can have nowadays. A few years ago the disposition didn't matter, because though wives let themselves get ugly they were always as good and sweet as pie. Now, wives are all beautiful and young and frightfully well-dressed, but they never think of being agreeable to their poor husbands. So, as most of the men who have any money are married, I shall learn to be

extremely agreeable as a contrast to them. The secret of all wisdom is to make a man comfortable. The old maxim about "keep him guessing" doesn't go in modern America. Most modern men are so busy down town all day trying to guess where to get a living or how to increase their bank-roll that when they come home they want to quit guessing. And the temperamental modern wife is like a riddle without an answer.

I AM reading a great deal. Laurence has bought me a great many books. I hate to read, but it is good preparation. I am studying voice and French. I can't sing a lick, but it is helping my speaking voice.

December 2—Laurence kissed me for the first time today. I bet it'll be quite awhile before he forgets that kiss. I kissed him though I'd never been kissed before and never should be again.

December 5—He hasn't been to see me. How funny men are! Well, while I believe absolutely in wooing a man, that wooing must be done by the mind and disposition and by stage-managing. It never does to run after a man. He'll come back.

December 25—This day is a milestone in my life. My first diamond came to me today. Right now, it lies here before me on its black velvet bed and I can take it up and touch it and caress it. It is a lovely one. About three carats, set in platinum. I can hardly believe it is mine even when I put it on my finger and watch it sparkle.

I bought some stuff and went to see Ma and the kids this P. M. while Laurence was with his folks. I had my diamond on inside my glove. I went in a taxi. Oh, the noise and dirt and mess of it all! I know I never belonged to them and they certainly do not belong to me. I hope I'll be decent to them, but I simply cannot love them.

December 29—I have decided to marry Laurence.

He hasn't any idea of it yet, but I shall certainly accomplish it. I don't love him. In fact he makes me tired. I get filled up with the temptation to kick the chandelier or to tell him the truth about Mr. B—or about my folks. He is so proper.

Still, while I thought I should never marry, this will have great advantages. It will make me famous. It will be a great story for the papers. I must go at once and have some good photographs taken. It will record my first conquest to all the other men. And Narcissa Evans is certainly a better name for my future than Fanny O'B—.

January 5—Today I called up Madge E—. I can disguise my voice perfectly, even if she might have remembered it. When I heard that cool, high-grade voice over the wire, I didn't mind what I was going to do. I told her I was a friend, but I wouldn't give my name, and I asked her if she knew her brother was having an entanglement with a shop-girl named Fanny O'B—. I gave her the address of their flat. I heard her give a smothered cry and then she hung up.

OH, it was easy, almost too easy! There hadn't been a single slip in my plans so far. One man after another had made himself a stepping stone for me without even knowing it. And here, the very first woman whose aid I needed, was a made-to-order puppet in my hands, the kind of sister who thinks she is her brother's keeper. In her well-meaning efforts to save him from me she would drive him to me. In less than a week—well, you can read what I told my Book in "The Real Diary of a Real Girl," in the July SMART SET.

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Misunderstood

[Continued from page 33]

widower with three children. Why, you'd think she was going to commit suicide, the way the folks rave on! As if years mattered when you had found the love of your life. If only they understood—but how could you expect a bunch like that to understand?

So it goes.

Misunderstood, everyone of 'em!

Unappreciated!

Just as I was when I "hoped I'd die," but didn't.

The old, old split between youth and age. Tough on youth, and just as tough on age, only youth never thinks of that side of it. Each side feeling the other is to blame—each bitter and resentful, each side in the right and each side in the wrong.

And yet in the end, it nearly always works out.

There was the case of Elfrida Swensen and her mother Olga. They're typical.

Elfrida's mother was forty-nine and as Swedish as the day she left the old country. A big square woman, her strong bones angular beneath the firm pink flesh, her eyes bright as blue enamel under the parted, braided blonde hair in which the grayness was slowly coming. Big feet, planted wide apart, big hands, roughened by scrubbing, with a calloused line of needle pricks on the forefinger.

A big, clean, strong, simple woman. Life should have been good for Elfrida's mother. But it wasn't. She was worried. She was afraid, and her great strength was bitter because it couldn't master the thing it feared. She was afraid for Elfrida, this daughter of hers who had become a changeling.

A Swedish mother with a daughter as American as a hot dog stand.

Elfrida, at nineteen was tall and supple where her mother was big and square. Elfrida's dark hair had a reddish tint—henna rinse in her shampoo. Elfrida's blue eyes were deepened to violet with mascara. Elfrida's lips were a ruby taunt in the velvet whiteness of her coated face. There were slave bracelets as bright and clanking as an old-fashioned harness on Elfrida's creamy throat and wrists, spike-heeled lizard sandals on her long, strong feet, black satin, as befitting a "costume saleslady" on her sleek young figure. And Elfrida was sore. Chronically sore.

"Ma gets my goat," cried Elfrida. "Why can't she cut out that old country stuff? Honest, you oughtta hear the way she lectures me. I've been working for three years now, and I know my way around, but the way she takes on, you'd think I was a dumb-bell, or a regular bad girl."

"Nag, nag, nag, that's all I hear! Everytime I go out, there's a row. She wants to know all about who I'm going with and where I'm going and when I'll get back. Then she gets all burned up because I don't bring my boy friends home. Now I ask y'u, what chance is there for entertaining a fellow when you live in the kind of a place we do? Why, there ain't room enough to turn around without stepping on somebody. And at night, wherever you sit down, someone's always waiting to go to bed there."

"I tried bringing home a fellow once. Just once. Never again! The whole family came in n' most of the neighbors. Scared that fellow so he never showed up again. And besides who wants to sit around at

home like a stuffed shirt all evening? I ain't a dead one yet! After I get thru work I wantta step. N' Ma can't understand it."

Finally there was that fellow making a bad woman of her little girl.

It was useless to tell her that no one had made a bad woman of her little girl, that Elfrida was as safely and respectably married as her mother was. She couldn't see it. To go off like that. No one but a bad girl or a bad man would go like that. After all she'd done. I could tell Elfrida that she was no longer a daughter of hers. She need never come back to bring shame on her mother's home.

To which Elfrida, after one quivering moment, replied flippantly that it was all right with her, and clicked out of the room.

Black months, with no word between them.

Elfrida out of a job, living in some obscure apartment, a baby coming. She sent no word to either her mother or me. Was the fellow treating her decently? We didn't know. The mother haunted my office. She would sit staring out of the window, the tears in her blue eyes, her big, knotted hands, twisting, twisting.

BLACK months, when misunderstanding seemed to harden into hate and I grew hopeless for both of them.

Then one night there came a call.

A man's frantic voice, yammering over the phone.

Elfrida was dying!

The doctor said there was no hope—she wanted her mother!

The taxi waited while I pounded at the mother's door telling her to come. I did not need to tell her twice. After one great cry she was with me, running down the stairs, her feet in unlaced shoes, her big hands trying to button an overcoat over her flannel nightgown. All the way across the city she said but one word, over and over, "Barn, Barn, Barn."

The sound of her great body charging up the stairs, bursting into the room, then stopping suddenly, softly as a cloud beside the bed. And a girl's weak broken cry, "Moder! Moder!" as her arms went around her mother's neck and her head came to rest on her mother's heart.

Miracles? Yes, I believe in them, since that night.

If ever a girl was dead at midnight, it was Elfrida.

If ever a girl came back to life with the dawning, it was Elfrida. And her baby came too, straight to his grandmother's arms.

Full arms, those, with a baby and a sobbing girl and a crumpled boy to hold and comfort.

Joy? The very sunlight was pale beside it in that shabby home. Baby in a blanket, coffee on the stove, great, radiant Grandma Olga filling the room with her beaming and bustling.

Who said they had ever misunderstood each other?

Little trifles like differences on dresses and dances, but what did such foolishness matter when you came to the real things of life?

Love, that was all that counted! If you understood that, that was enough.

In the end, it nearly always worked out.

WHAT is the difference between the innocent desire to be attractive and the deliberate intent to lead a man on? Is a girl to blame if a man isn't sure she is a good girl? When you have read my story "The Daring of Innocence" in July SMART SET you will think twice before you act once on impulse.

Win a Cash Prize

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SMART SET is one of the fastest growing magazines in the whole world because you have largely made it so.

You bought the magazine, liked it and told your friends about it, how alive, fascinating and amazingly real it is. They, in turn told their friends—but *you* started it.

We want to know how you started it and how many new readers you have gotten. Did you write them about it, tell them, give them a copy or just how did you do it?

And so we are offering cash prizes for the best letters telling how many readers you have gained for Smart Set and how you got them. Look over the prizes, then sit down and write us your letter.

PRIZES

1st	\$30	4th	\$10
2nd	\$20	5th	\$5
3rd	\$15	And 20 of	\$1

This is a splendid chance to win some easy prize money and have a good time, too. You won't be judged, necessarily, by the number of friends you have won to Smart Set but by both number and the methods you used.

And remember that you have almost a month before the contest closes so if you act quickly

Here are the rules:

Confine your letter to 350 words and write on one side of paper only.

Give name and addresses of five or more new readers you have gotten for Smart Set and tell how you got them.

Contest opens May 1st, and closes June 1st.

Smart Set editors will be the judges and their decision will be final.

No letters will be returned.

you may be able to add some new readers to your list and discover some new ways of getting them. So let's go. The prize money is waiting. You might as well have some of it. Pick out the prize you would like to

have and go after it—today.

Address: Prize Contest Editor —
Smart Set, 119 W. 40th St., N.Y.C.

In case of ties each tying contestant will receive the full amount of the prize tied for.

Hunted Lovers

[Continued from page 31]

and pride. I tried to put my forlorn little hope away and convince myself that the dreamy tenderness in his eyes a moment ago had been for Cecile, the girl whose picture he had brought with him into the wilderness. Yet, because I was jealous of her, and loved him so much, I clung to my hope, remembering that he'd come to the far North to put all women behind him. Had he put Cecile out of his life, too? I pondered this question, and the torture of not knowing its real answer was like acid in my heart.

We prepared supper over the blazing fire in the big room, and ate it in a silence that was not broken until we finished and Alan started out to feed the dogs.

"It's warmed up so much I think the dogs can sleep out in the shed tonight," he said.

"The bitter cold is over. Kwaske—hoo is here," I answered.

"Kwaske—hoo?"

"The spring change," I said. "Don't you feel a mysterious difference in the air?"

The man looked at me as if my questions startled him. Then recovering his poise he turned to the table, and gathered up what was left for the huskies. "I'll let the dogs stay outside," he said.

When the door closed behind him I went to a window. The northern stars shed a half-light in the clearing beyond which the trees towered like phantom sentinels. Alan Wendring stood in the clearing with Captain. Master and husky seemed lost in reveries of their own as they gazed up at the gold-grained heavens. The man suddenly leaned down and patted the dog affectionately. I turned away from the window, wishing that Alan would give me just a few crumbs of the love and comradeship he showered upon Captain.

I was trembling when he came back into the room. For the first time I felt inexplicably frightened in his presence. It was in no sense fear of him, it was fear of myself. I was afraid I'd find it too hard to suppress my feeling for him. Not that I didn't want him to know, but my woman's intuition warned me that he must want my love before I confessed it.

"The dogs act half-dead," he said, standing behind me. His voice lured my eyes from the dancing flames. He was taking some things out of a black suitcase. "We'll have to travel as light as possible from now on."

OUT of the corner of my eyes I watched him throw different things into the fire—books, pictures, papers. He came to the big photograph of the beautiful girl Cecile, whom I knew had been his fiancée back in New York. He made a motion to toss it in the fire, then hesitated. His face, lighted by the dancing firelight, showed that some kind of a struggle was going on inside of him. I understood. One force within wanted him to burn the picture. Another was fighting against its destruction. I was inflamed with jealousy. The impulse to rush over and throw the girl's picture into the fire gripped me, but I knew that would have been a dead give-away. I mastered the mad desire by going outside the cabin, but a force stronger than any will power made me peek through the window. I had to know what Alan Wendring was going to do with the picture.

He was looking at it with the expression of a man gazing at someone for the last time. Then with all the sudden violence of an Arctic storm sweeping through the Wild, his whole attitude changed. Fury possessed him. In that moment a strange thing

happened to me. My jealousy for Cecile died down. I pitied her if she loved him as much as I did, for I knew he was about to cast her out of his life. And, it would be forever. She'd never have another chance. I drew my breath in sharply as he pitched the picture into the greedy flames.

A moment later I entered the cabin. I vainly tried to explain the mystery of Alan's action to myself. It was not enough to know that he had burned her picture. I was obsessed with the desire to know why he had destroyed the last link with the woman he must have once loved, perhaps still loved.

"Why did you burn that picture?" I found myself asking him.

"It belonged to a life I've quitted. I don't want any evidence of the past around me now. It's hell enough to know I'm being hunted down like a dog," he said.

It was the nearest he'd ever come to anything like giving me his confidence. I wanted to keep the moment from slipping away so I said, "I can't believe you're a murderer."

A shudder passed over his big frame. Then he turned on his heel and walked out of the room and I realized bitterly that I'd made a mistake which must never be repeated. Alan was even worse than a hunted man. He was haunted. The shadow of a man's death was stalking him all the time.

LATER when he returned he sat for a long time in the far corner of the room. The deep silence between us remained unbroken, except for the crackling of the flames, until he finally arose and said:

"I've made a bed for myself in the other room, and I'm going to turn in. We ought to be getting away at daybreak."

"Don't you think we ought to keep the fire burning all the time? It'll save time in the morning."

"Yes, I'll come in every once in a while and chuck a log on," he said. Pausing at the threshold, Alan Wendring said good-night stiffly and was gone.

For a long, long time after hearing the last sound from his room, I sat before the fire, dreaming the dreams of a woman in love. At last I lay down. Until then I only thought of love as a thing of tenderness. I did not know it could bring such pain as tortured me when I tried to sleep knowing the man I loved was so near, and, yet so infinitely far from me.

I finally fell into a fitful slumber, but my rest was broken with terrifying dreams, from which I awoke to find Alan bending over me, asking what was the matter.

"You have been sobbing," he said, "and I was worried."

Vaguely I realized that I had been dreaming of my father, and our last good-by. In broken fashion I told Alan of the dream, of my father, that the cabin was my birthplace, and that my mother had left the dance-halls for love.

It seemed an eternity before he broke the silence that settled after my impulsive confession: "So your mother gave up the dance-halls for your father?" he said, and his voice was soft as it was when he spoke to Captain.

"She loved him," I said feeling exalted by the tenderness of his voice.

He got up suddenly as if he'd just stopped himself from saying or doing something he'd been fighting against. I watched him rush out into the night. The low joyful bark of a dog reached my ears. I got up, flung a fur robe around me, and flew

to the door, possessed by the premonition that I was going to hear something that would lift my heart up to the Northern stars. In their half-light I saw Alan bending over Captain. The man's words reached me like choking sort of sounds, but their meaning drove all the ache from my heart.

"Captain, old fellow, she was a little girl here. Oh! if only she'd never gone away from here to a dance-hall. If only she'd stayed and I'd found her."

THE great dog made some sort of answering sound that brought a lump to my throat. Somehow I felt Captain was trying to tell his master something in my favor.

Dog and man moved in the shadows, and I ran back to my cot where I flung myself down with a madly thumping heart and pretended sleep as he re-entered the cabin.

It was another hour before I again fell asleep but when I did I dreamed happily that Kwaske—hoo had come, and that it had touched Alan Wendring, changing his heart toward me.

In the morning we started the great journey anew. My heart and soul were chanting a hymn of thankfulness but Alan Wendring did not know it for I kept the silence he seemed more anxious to maintain than ever.

As the days and nights of the gruelling trip passed, with no outward change in our relations, I found myself believing that Alan was finding it harder and harder to play the game he had started out to play, a game of indifference which he intended to win by fighting both himself, and me.

At last we found ourselves in the legendary haven of safety, the Valley of the Wind, and some of the terrible strain and pressure magically lifted from us.

To the Valley of the Wind, to Wild River, and to all the living, and growing Wild, Kwaske—hoo had come.

It had touched the ice with a magic wand, and blown its warm breath upon the snow. Water leaped, and gushed everywhere with free, glad sounds. The air was soft and sweet with the smell of balsam, and laden with the aroma of spruce and cedar.

But Kwaske—hoo had passed Alan Wendring by. He had refused to let the Change touch his heart. He was still fighting himself, and fighting me. I'd hoped that the coming of spring would find him tearing down the barrier he'd built between us.

Yet, in spite of the fact that my hope had not materialized, my faith in the belief that he was destined to love me eventually, had never faltered. And, I tried to be happy in this and in the knowledge that I was living in a rough cabin, built by his hands, within sight and call of him. I kept saying to myself that surely the passing of a little more time would make him cease to remember the thing which I suspected made him shut me out of his heart. Soon he would forget the Wine Star Cabaret, and Wolf-claws's lie about my having been his girl. Then Alan Wendring would take me in his arms! And all my hurt and hunger would pass away.

There seemed only one thing that could possibly cheat me of Alan's love. The Law! Sergeant Greystone of the Royal Northwest Mounted. I still felt confident that the Valley of the Wind would stand between us and capture, in spite of the fact that Alan Wendring never seemed able to forget that the shadow of the police hung over him; never seemed able to rid himself of the fear that he might be trapped there, the exception to prove the rule that no hunted

[Continued on page 102]

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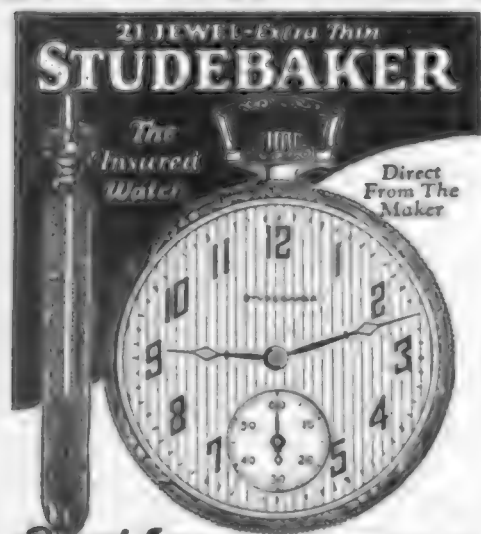


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creature was ever caught in the Valley of the Wind.

So, with the undying faith of a woman, I watched him from day to day for a first tell-tale sign that he was on the verge of showing that he had changed toward me. Ever since that night in my old cabin I had had the feeling that he was fighting against the truth in his heart because he had formed a bad first impression of me, and man-like was stubbornly refusing to change.

Gradually, as the golden days sparkled by, purpling into nights that seemed made for lovers alone, Alan Wendring began to spend more and more time in my presence. Then, at last, in the amber and crimson dusk of a May sunset I saw a look in his eyes that lent significance to the constraint of his voice, asking if supper was ready.

ALL during the meal I watched him out of the corner of my eyes, a wordless song rising in my throat. He left abruptly afterwards with hardly a word. But this too seemed a sign.

Intuition told me that something was driving his secret love for me to the surface. It was the hunger that comes to the strongest men at the end of the trail. And I thrilled over this belief because when a woman truly loves a man she, too, has a hunger for his strength to master her. This is something women of the cities may deny. But only because they do not know the truth about themselves, or deliberately refuse to admit what they know to be the truth.

A little later, as the moon sailed over the mountains like a silver ship, Alan came out of the cabin. For a few moments he gazed at me. Then, with the air of a man still fighting himself, he turned and went into the woods. . . . I watched him with aching heart until the thick shadows of the deeper forest swallowed him.

Perhaps an hour passed. Then I heard steps nearing my cabin. My heart was beating wildly as I peered through the slit that served as a window and recognized something of the stealth, and the deliberateness of the Wild about the way Alan Wendring approached.

The moon had already scaled the ridges that hemmed the Valley of the Wind. All creation was bathed in silver light. It touched Alan Wendring with its magic, and glorified him.

"Jacqueline, Jacqueline!" he called.

But I made no answer.

"Jacqueline, Jacqueline!" he called again.

He came to the cabin, hesitating before the door only a moment. He entered the cabin. A few more steps and he was standing over me!

With a low cry he swept me into his arms. I knew I had to fight him for the moment. I must make him remember I trusted in his honor. I began to kick and squirm.

"Put me down," I cried. "You're breaking your word of honor. You promised. You said I could depend on your honor."

My words had the effect of a bomb on him. His vise-like hold loosened, and I felt him tremble.

"My God, what am I doing? I'm—I'm mad! Jacqueline, Jacqueline, can you ever forgive me?"

I WAS so weak I had to cling to him for support. Now his arms went timidly around me, and I saw his face in the moonlight. A great change had come over him, a change that showed itself in his voice.

"Jacqueline I'm a cad—a cad! But I swear it was love that drove me to this Love and—and foolish pride. I loved you, but I didn't want to admit it. I've been fighting my love for you ever since that first night in the Wine Star. I'm so glad you made me remember I have a—a sense of honor."

I shall never forget how the stars reeled

against the heavens as I leaned closer to him, or how the moon dipped like a drunken ship at sea.

"Jacqueline," he said at last, "you've heard of belated Springs—Springs held up by stubborn snows and ice that were long in thawing!"

"Yes, Alan. We have many such Springs in the North."

There was silence while he drew me closer, and searched my eyes with his own. "Kwaske—hoo!" he said, "what a romantic way the Indians have of saying things! Jacqueline, Spring was long in coming to me. But it's here. Shall I tell you all about it?"

"It's enough to know Kwaske—hoo has come to you, Alan. My hope that it would come has never left me."

"But I must tell you. It is all in here, begging to be told," he said raising my hand to his heart.

"Tell me you love me, dearest," I answered, nestling deeper in his arms. . . .

"Darling, I loved you from the first night," he whispered, and my heart seemed overflowing with happiness.

"Jacqueline, I have come to believe as you say your father did, that the stars up yonder are the eyes of the God of the Wild. Our God! Our Wild!"

"They are His eyes, Alan, and His voice is the song we hear in our hearts," I answered.

"Jacqueline, under the eyes of God, I'm asking you to be my wife, to be no longer Jacqueline Mateen, but Jacqueline Wendring."

"Alan, Alan, my husband," I cried. Lifting my lips to him I saw the stars—God's eyes—through happy tears.

TWO weeks of honeymoon happiness drifted by for us in the Valley of the Wind. And as the golden hours slipped away my desire to share such a beautiful sort of life with Alan forever grew stronger and stronger. For I knew that in no other place of the world could we belong so wholly and entirely to each other. There in the Valley we shared every moment of living with each other.

Together we trapped, hunted, and fished for the food we ate. We built our fires, tramped up the hillside to the spring for our water. We bathed, and swam together in the nearby brook pool with only Captain to share such a frolic. The dozen or more big and little chores about the cabin, and the clearing, were done side by side, every effort reflecting some of the love we felt for each other.

But for all of this I knew that our paradise on earth could not go on forever. We would have to plan for the future in another place. There were three reasons for this: First and foremost, the Valley of the Wind could not remain an eternal haven of safety for us. The Royal Mounted knew of its existence. Sooner or later Sergeant Greystone would comb its hiding places. It had harbored us safely for the time being, but it was foolhardy to depend upon its doing so forever. I realized Alan felt this way because several times he remarked that he had a feeling in his bones Greystone would track us into the Valley despite its legendary stories of security.

In the second place, our necessary supplies like coffee, flour and sugar, were running mighty low, and would soon give out. We'd only been able to bring a small amount of provisions on the sledge. And, in the third place, summer would soon be over in the Valley. When the icy winds howled down from Hudson's Bay, and the northern reaches froze in the grip of wild winter, we would be cut off from the trading posts.

So it was imperative that we leave the Valley and go back to some rim of civilization where there would be little chance of Alan being caught by the police. I knew Alan, was worrying about the same

thing, and trying to keep his thoughts from me.

Sometimes in our happiest moment brooding spells came over him and once more he became both a hunted and haunted man. In those moments I loved him more than ever, and I wanted to help him by sharing the shadow hanging over him.

But, because I knew it had something to do with his mysterious past as well as with our uncertain present, I was afraid to ask for his full confidence.

This situation continued until one morning Alan stirred in his sleep like a person suffering from some kind of torture. A soft moan escaped his lips. I waked him with a kiss, my heart and mind filled with a vague foreboding:

"Alan, dear! You're having a bad dream," I whispered.

He sat up with a haunted expression on his face. The same look that had overshadowed him the night I had said I didn't believe he was a murderer.

"Jacqueline, I was dreaming of the man they say I killed. God! I'm always dreaming of him! Always seeing myself a murderer!"

"But, Alan dear, you must not think of such a terrible thing again. We are happy now. I will help you forget."

He turned suddenly and caught my hands. "I'll never, never be able to forget until I know I didn't really kill him."

"Alan—"

"Wait, dear! There's a chance I didn't shoot that man. It was done in the dark. His accomplice could have fired the shot. But, had they arrested me, I would have had to stand the gaff. There wasn't a chance for me to make a defense because someone else was involved."

"You mean you—you had to shield Cecile, the girl you loved?" I asked.

Alan's momentary silence filled my heart with fear. If he had run away to shield Cecile he must have still loved her at that time. Did he still secretly care for her in spite of the things he had said about hating all women and in spite of tearing up her picture, and confessing that his love was now for me? My fear mounted as these questions remained unanswered in my heart.

Finally, when the suspense became almost more than I could bear, Alan spoke: "I'll tell you all about it, Jacqueline, if you want to know."

I NODDED. I wanted to know everything about his past and yet I was afraid for him to begin the story, fearful it would prove that he still cared for her.

"Cecile had a wild gambling streak," Alan said. "She started frequenting a famous gambling den in New York where society, stage, and underworld rubbed elbows for tremendous stakes. As every one entered the place masked it was assumed that people's real identities were not known. But I suspected there was some crookedness connected with it. I figured it was a high-powered black-mailing scheme, as well as a gambling house. The management was just waiting for the right prey to come along."

"I made my fiancée give me her word of honor she'd never go near the place again. She did. About that time her father was cleaned out financially in Wall Street. Unknown to me Cecile broke her promise and went to the gambling den. She lost heavily, and was forced to give her engagement ring, on a forty-eight hour I O U as security for the amount she lost."

"Two nights later two men called at Wings, my family's country place on Long Island. I suspect they knew I was practically alone. They were in evening clothes, but were rough lookers. I never should have admitted them. But, I was curious. I armed

myself with the automatic I'd used in the army, but when I opened the door for my visitors I was covered by one of them with a weapon similar to my own. I didn't have a chance to draw. The spokesman told me all about Cecile's gambling trouble. You see, they'd known her from the start. She'd been unable to meet her I O U which they flashed at me, producing the ring as further proof.

"I was ordered to cash the I O U plus a heavy bonus, or they would spill everything. I was angry at Cecile for having broken her word to me. But, I couldn't let the scandal they threatened to publish touch her. Covered by one man's automatic I went to our safe. I had just handed over the amount demanded by the spokesman when the wind slammed a door in the house."

"THE man with the gun shot the lights out. I drew my own weapon in the dark and commenced firing after several of their shots had gone wild. A rough and tumble fight took place. Once during this struggle in the dark I know that both the blackmailers were fighting each other. Whether by mistake, or on account of the money one had received from me, I do not know. When I fired into their corner, and rushed upon them there were return shots, then something hit me over the head, and I lost consciousness."

"When I came to I found the man known as Charlie Marino dead on the floor from the bullets of an automatic pistol like mine. The I O U, the ring, and the money were not on his person. It was possible he had been killed by his accomplice, but I realized that to remain and defend myself meant sending both Cecile and myself and our families through a welter of rotten newspaper scandal. So I decided to disappear. Thinking I would find security in some far place like the North, I rushed up here."

"My faith in women was all shot to pieces. Cecile Broadhurst had broken her word of honor to me. It seemed the last straw. And then—" he stopped suddenly as if deciding to end his story there. But, I could not let him finish now. I had to know everything.

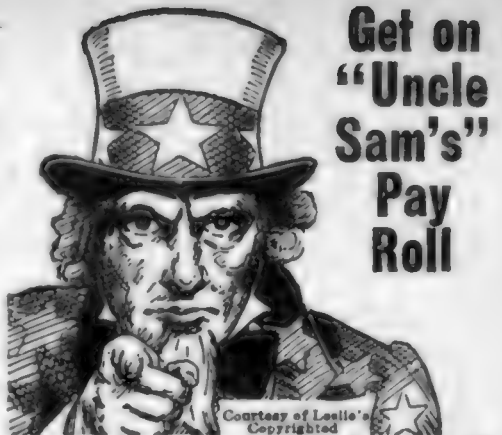
"And, then?" I demanded.

"Then?" he shuddered over the word. "Oh! my God, Jacqueline, I—I ran away from the place, from that man lying dead on the floor beside me, but the feeling that—that I may have killed him haunts me. Sometimes I feel like a murderer. Sometimes I shake off this awful shadow but it's deepened with the passing of time. So much so that I've got to go back. I'd rather hang for Marino's death than suffer this terrible torture of uncertainty and conscience. Please, please, if you love me, try to understand," he begged.

I knew Alan was speaking the truth. The shadow of that night at Wings was the something that hung over him, burdening him with the torture of uncertain guilt. It seemed madness to think of going back to a place that might rob him of liberty, and maybe cheat us both of love's happiness even if he discovered that he had not killed Marino. Because there was the awful chance that his love for Cecile might return. But, a woman's love passes her own understanding. I cared enough for him to want to banish the shadow of murder from his life and give him his full happiness, if that were possible. We must go back to New York to do this. And, he must go back, not as a prisoner in the hands of the Law, but as a free man, returning of his own accord. I turned to him, and tried to make my voice sound natural over my heart-breaking answer:

"Yes, Alan, you must go back. We'll make ready and leave tomorrow," I agreed, but I felt as if the happiness I'd just found was slipping from my embrace.

Something began to gnaw inside of my



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heart. For now there was but one stark thought in my mind—the thought of the beautiful girl, Cecile, whose picture I had seen Alan Wendring burn up in my cabin. I had put her out of mind that night. She belonged to the world we had turned our backs upon. He had loved her once. Back in that world, would he do so again? Would he forgive her and forget me? After all we were not really married by the law of that world.

The girl of the picture seemed to suddenly stand before me, at the end of a far, and terrifying trail. There was a look of cold triumph on her proud face, and I heard her saying Alan belonged to her.

The next day I was high on the ridge filling a skin with spring water such as rises only in the northern hills. It was noon by the sun, and creation was all green, good, and blue. The realization that we were to leave the beauty of the billowing forests, the verdant Valley the sun-splashed mountains and Wild River flowing like silver in the far distance, made me hurt all over.

I stretched out my arms in pleading to the Valley of the Wind. It was like a great sheltering deity that loved and understood me. The Valley of the Wind had taken us in, the hunted lovers, and hidden us away from the one and only thing that could possibly menace our happiness—the Law! And now something more foreboding than the Law was threatening this happiness. Something that lay at the end of a far and

terrifying trail—a woman! An unknown country! A life that might take Alan Wendring from me.

"Oh, Valley," I prayed, "make him remember our happiness here so he'll always love me."

I PICKED up the filled water-skin and started down the path we had worn to and from the cabins. But I had only taken a few steps when I stopped abruptly in my tracks. The skin fell from my grasp, and the water spilled over the ground.

A ribbon of smoke was curling upward through the sunlight not more than a mile away! My heart stopped beating. I knew that the camp-fire smoke meant danger to Alan Wendring, and myself.

I had to decide quickly on the best move to make. The knowledge that an enemy was near made me hurry towards the cabin. I was like an animal driven to retreat to her lair in face of threatened danger. A movement in the brush directly below sent me ducking behind a clump of short spruce. Then I saw the tall, red-jacketed figure of Sergeant Greystone. The splotch of red color came closer. Panic-stricken I ran in the opposite direction, hoping to circle around the cabin and reach Alan with my warning.

My strategy seemed successful, but, just as I came in front of the cabin the bushes parted. Wolfclaws Colombes, with an ugly leer on his selfish face, sprang upon me!

THE Voice of the Wild had not kept faith with me. It had promised me safety in the Valley of the Wind and I had trusted the life of the man I loved to its care. We had been happy but now my terror was intensified by the memory of that happiness. Was it to end this way? I dared not call for Alan lest Sergeant Greystone hear me. How could I warn him? I will tell you in July SMART SET about our second struggle to escape from Wolfclaws and the clutches of the Mounted Police.

My Outcast Hero

[Continued from page 44]

anything more he had turned away and started down the hill.

"It was sweet of you to help me," I called after him; I wanted him to know I could take his rebuke and I hoped he would be sorry. His only answer was that twisted, schoolboy grin that belied the half wild gleam in his eyes. I touched the whip to Bobby in vexation and we went racing through the gateway of government house.

A groom took my horse and I went to my room to dress for dinner still thinking of that soft, serious voice, the twisted smile, the thatch of flaming red hair. I shivered a bit as I wondered about the madness that lurked in his eyes.

WHY hadn't I seen him before? It wasn't easy to miss a man like that on an island inhabited by forty thousand blacks and a mere hundred and fifty whites, including men, women and children! Why hadn't Daddy invited him to my reception when I arrived three weeks before?

I tried to throw him out of my mind, but he persisted in coming back to cause my heart to skip in a funny little way that was entirely new to me. At first I couldn't fathom the half expectant, half exhilarating throb the very thought of him caused.

Then I caught myself looking into my own eyes in the mirror, and thinking of a thatch of flaming red hair.

"You silly!" I giggled at my own reflection and hurried out to find Daddy.

We had a swizzle on the porch before dinner and there seemed to be new lines along Daddy's face, and his eyes were troubled. I tried to be cheerful but he kept peering at me in that worried, harassed manner that made me fret.

Half way through dinner he said, "Dear, I don't want you to go off the government grounds for a few days. It makes me nervous to have you go down the street alone I have had to warn all the planters to be ready and I have wirelessed for a cruiser to stand by. In a few more days, after the carnival, things will go back to normal I hope. I don't think there is any real danger and yet—" he fell silent, with the sentence unfinished.

Finally I screwed up my courage and asked him about the red-headed boy I had seen that evening. He looked at me narrowly for a moment and then said, "Alan Winthrop, you mean. Poor devil! He's a derelict of the war. He came out a few years ago and bought the Marford plantation. They say he seemed an all right sort at first, except for that half wild gleam in his eyes. Then one night he came riding into the village swaying in his saddle. He babbled some rot about seeing eyes in the night out there and he wouldn't ever go back.

"He is suffering with some hallucination brought about by shellshock, I imagine. He thinks that he murdered some of his own men in France. When he's drunk, and that's most of the time, he gabbles about

seeing their eyes in the dark. Ugh! it gives me the shivers to think about it.

We have tried to help him a thousand times but he won't be helped. He's fallen so far that all his senses seem dulled. He's been about the Casa Grande for a year and hasn't bought the place. Seems to have plenty of money. He's a rotter and dangerous—"

Dad kept on talking but I didn't hear anything more. My whole body had gone cold and I sat motionless, staring into his eyes. The Casa Grande! I felt sick and weak. And I shuddered as all the things people had told me raced through my mind.

He was the red-headed outcast who ran the Casa Grande, a cheap little hotel where half-breed women and the white men whom the tropics had beaten, mingled together. Stories of love potions, scented huts and aged whisky came trooping through my mind. Things that were put in books or on the stage back home, things at which people scoffed and wouldn't believe.

He brought the scum of the tropics together; robbed men of their souls; stripped them of even the common decencies of life.

THE whole thing amazed and frightened me. Why should a man who had been a gentleman sink to the level of running a place of that kind? Certainly he didn't do it for pleasure. Why had he cut himself off from civilization and his fellow-men? Certainly not because he wanted to!

I heard Daddy's voice again, "Half the trouble on the island starts in that place he runs, if I can believe what people tell me. He has a fine war record—won a D. S. C. and Croix de Guerre—comes from an excellent family. Yet no one can get a peep out of him about his people or his past." Daddy sighed and shrugged his shoulders. Then he burst out, "This place seems to make devils of men. I don't want to stay here and I'm going to clear out if they don't transfer me next year. It is sickening the way the tropics seem to get into a man's blood. Unless he gets out he's lost. Young Winthrop seems to be running away from himself. He doesn't seem to care whether school keeps or not."

I got up and went around to stand beside Daddy for a moment, resting his head against my cheek. Then he caught up his glass, crying, "Cheerio?" That was more like Daddy and in a few minutes we wandered into the library, arm in arm, our hearts full of laughter.

Captain Anderson was waiting there, puffing nervously on his pipe. The laughter died out of Daddy's eyes as he got to his feet and came toward us.

He told us some one had tried to put the wireless station out of order and they had approached the operators with bribes.

Daddy sent me out of the room and I went out on the veranda and asked the moon why men were given the eyes of babes and the hearts of devils. And the moon seemed to be topped with a thatch of flaming hair and while I watched, it smiled, a twisted, boyish smile.

The next two days and nights I scarcely had a wink of sleep. Daddy ordered the gates of government house locked and guarded. Several minor outbreaks occurred far out in the bush. A planter's stable was burned. A mob of blacks cornered and beat a native policeman into insensibility and left him to die. Every white man on the island armed and greased his guns and went grimly about his duties.

And through it all Daddy received anonymous letters from someone in the town informing him of every move the natives were making. He was frankly puzzled, but I knew in my heart who was sending them.

That is why, when Captain Anderson told me that the natives were going to attack

the Casa Grande first, I went to warn Alan Winthrop.

It was just after dusk when I slipped through the little iron gate that opened in the sea wall below the government house. The creaking of bamboo trees, like dead men's bones in the wind, nearly sent me scurrying back to safety. Finally I pulled my cloak about me and skirted the top of the sea wall to the dirt and filth of the winding little street that edged the sea.

Insolent eyes followed me; a voice occasionally called out in patois as I passed. Up a filthy lane and I was before the green swinging shutters of the Casa Grande. A beggar shoved his hand at me as I put my foot on the doorstep. The low strum of a stringed instrument came faintly from the floor above.

My heart seemed to crowd into my mouth as I pushed the door ever so lightly. It swung in a circle before me and then I was inside. There was a steady chattering of voices from the half-breeds and whites who sat about the tables.

I saw a doctor who had at one time been an eminent physician in New York. He came out for three months' holiday. A native woman had kept him there. Beside him was a man who had once been the wealthiest planter on the island. Now his hair was unkempt and ragged and his clothes hung loosely upon him. I saw his eyes open in amazement and then he began to cough, a frightful racking cough that shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

I slid into a chair in a corner. A red-turbaned waitress came shuffling toward me and I ordered a lime squash while her insolent eyes roved over me. The voices had quieted to whispers. There was only the clink of ice in the corner where a grinning black held forth at the bar with bottles and glasses.

Dirty red curtains lined the walls. Through a doorway in the rear came the soft laugh of a native woman, sweet, cajoling. A half breed swayed dizzily as he rose to come toward me. I felt my blood freezing in my body. The doctor reached up and slapped him into a chair as he passed.

I asked the waitress for Alan Winthrop and her eyes flew wide with incredulous wonder.

"Quickly," I said, and she went gliding away with the movement peculiar to the native woman.

In a moment the curtains were pushed violently aside and he came striding into the room. His eyes were cold glints of steel glistening in the light of the colored lamps. His lips were a thin red line.

He was across the room in three strides and his hands gripped the back of a chair until his knuckles showed white. He struck a match to his cigarette and casually threw it aside. Then he spoke, so slowly and deliberately that I hardly knew that he was speaking.

"You must get out of here quickly!"

SOMETHING of the tension in his voice crept into my heart. I took the lime squash the waitress put before me and as slowly and casually as he had spoken I lifted it to my lips.

"You must go, quickly!" he repeated.

"I came to warn you," I said simply.

His eyes grew wider and he leaned a little closer. "Please go," and now there was a softness in his voice.

Some devil crept into me that made me want to tantalize this man who couldn't brave having a woman of his own class see him in such surroundings. I gazed into his eyes and they dropped before my glance.

"Cozy little place you run here," I tried to sound flippant and offhand.

"You little fool," he said.

"Is that a nice way to treat a lady who comes to tell you that a few thousand natives are thirsting to cut you into little

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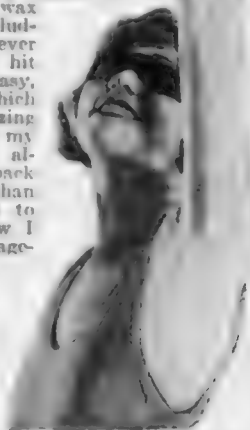
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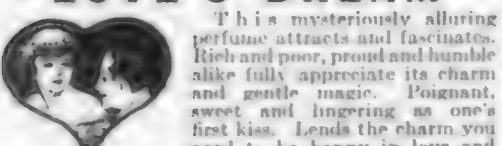
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bits and maybe fry you?" I smiled. He was silent for a moment and his silence seemed to make the room a place of death. The muscles in his cheeks stood out and his face was white beneath the bronze of his skin.

"Why did you come here like this?" "To pay my debt to you," I answered even more sweetly. "Turn about is fair play. You pulled me out of that mob of blacks the other day. I came to warn you that the blacks are going to rack this place of yours—and you—first!"

"I knew," he said. "They know that I know too much about their plans. They talk of wiping out the whites but I don't think they have the courage. They talk and gibber and threaten under their breaths but they won't fight until they are full of rum. You are the one who will have to suffer for coming here. Why half the island probably knows already that you came to this joint to see me—the outcast, the black-sheep, the rotter!" He stopped talking and his eyes narrowed while he listened. Suddenly he took a half dozen steps to the door and swung it wide. A low rumbling that sounded like a distant waterfall was coming nearer and nearer. As I turned in my chair I saw that the morn above the town was illuminated as though the whole town was burning.

Swearing, he turned about and ordered the people from the room. Their faces were studies but they took their glasses and obeyed. He talked swiftly to a black who stood in a corner. The black nodded and took his stand near a window.

Suddenly the rumble became the roar of a rabble. A stone thudded against the building, then another. With an oath he swung the heavy hurricane door closed and slapped the giant bar across it. His voice rang out sharply across the room and the stolid native leaped to bar the windows, great muscles knotting on his back and shoulders as he swung the heavy shutters to and bolted them.

Alan Winthrop took two army rifles and a pistol from a rack behind the bar. The pistol he laid before me saying, "Keep that but don't use it unless you have to. You will know when?" He said it all so quietly that at first I didn't know what he meant. Then something turned over in the pit of my stomach and left me weak and faint. I knew that my face had gone a chalky white.

Raising his rifle to his shoulder he sent a bullet crashing through the top of the door. For an instant there was silence without and then bedlam seemed to break loose. He stood with a little smile on his lips, his head up like a thoroughbred.

In a few moments the racket without ceased and a voice close to the door called, "We don't want you, Mister Winthrop. Give us Governor's miss and we won't touch your place or harm you."

HIS eyes were wide with surprise when he turned to me. Then he answered, "You fools! There will be a warship here within a few hours and they'll blow you all to hell." Their cries drowned him out. Then the voice began again.

"We have the wireless station and we'll have the government house and police barracks within an hour." There was the rattle of rifles and the sharp putt-putt-putt of a machine gun.

"The governor wirelessed the cruiser three days ago to proceed here if they didn't hear from him every two hours," Winthrop called back.

For a moment there was an angry buzz of voices from the outside. Slowly and deliberately he came across the room toward me. A little smile played at the corner of his mouth.

"Did you hear what they are after?" he asked me quietly.

I nodded my head with what seemed to

be my last bit of strength. Something in his face angered me and I flared at him.

"You'd better give me up." He smiled, then went back across the room to lay a hand on the bar that held the door. When he spoke again there was a hush outside.

"You'll let me go if I give her up?" he asked.

A half dozen voices eagerly assented. "Well, you can have her," he called a little more softly. A cheer that became a frenzied shriek went up from without. Then he raised his voice to a shout and brought his rifle half way to his shoulders that were bent forward in a half crouch.

"If you can come and get her!"

HE LEAPED away from the door before a bullet came crashing through to bury itself in the wall.

There were tears in my eyes and a sob in my throat when he came and sat beside me. He put his rifle against a chair and poured out a drink of whisky. Then he drank slowly and deliberately while the shouts from without grew louder and the whole front of the building rattled with the thud of stones.

"Can they get in?" I asked. He shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a race. Probably the cruiser will get here first. If it doesn't, they will. If those dirty, howling devils outside don't think of firing the place we may win. If they do we'll roast like pigs on a spit. But I don't suppose that's being a gentleman is it—telling you the truth?" The sneer in his voice angered me and I gazed into his eyes again until he shifted his gaze. After a moment I said, perhaps dramatically:

"If we've got to die here, together, won't you tell me why you're in this place?"

"Is that why you came?" he asked.

Then I showed him that I too could laugh for I laughed in his face and said softly, "The little boy thinks he is hard and callous and beyond redemption, doesn't he?" His manner changed abruptly and finally he answered.

"Not hard, or callous or beyond redemption, but afraid!"

"Afraid?" I gasped. "Of what?" For a flickering instant I touched the back of his hand with my fingers. Then I said slowly, "Alan Winthrop, Captain in the United States Army, wearer of the D. S. C. and Croix de Guerre, afraid?"

His lips curled and his eyes fastened on something behind my back for so long that I turned and gazed uneasily into the corner. The voices outside grew louder, an occasional rock thumped against the wall.

Suddenly he bowed his head on his chest. I wanted to gather his flaming red head to my breast as though he were a child. I touched his hand again and his fingers groped for mine and held them for an instant. Then he was on his feet and there was a hard little glint in his eyes and just a little doubt. I tried to speak but he interrupted, his voice full of mockery.

"You see I'm too much of a coward to look real men in the eyes. That's why I'm hiding away from people of my own kind. These rotten bits of humanity I have clustered about me here are my kind now." His voice grew soft and a little wistful as he hurried on.

"Have you ever, when you were a child, passed a graveyard at night, alone? Can you remember the chill that seemed to creep into your heart? Perhaps you whistled for a moment to make yourself believe that you were brave. But when you came to the end didn't you suddenly stop whistling and make a break for it—run until it seemed your lungs would burst?" I nodded my head and waited.

"Well, you see," he said, "I can't stop whistling because there is no end to the thing that follows me." His eyes seemed

swayed on a corner of the ceiling again and stared so long that I glanced over my shoulder involuntarily. Just the dusty red curtain sweeping to and fro. The things Daddy had told me flashed into my mind and left me a little sick.

After the war I went back to the States and found myself a hero. Tin medals won the blood of my brothers!

I was just a kid when I got my commission. A mere second lieutenantancy, but maybe I wasn't puffed when it came through. God! how I wanted to do the right thing and how proud I was of my country going in the way she had to protect the weak! There was only one thing I wanted to do in those days—make myself a soldier to wipe out Germany.

WHAT difference if I didn't come through alive though I wanted to. Life was sweet—"and then he added softly, "too sweet."

It was only a month after I got over that I found myself in Dijon. They set us up in the line to relieve the French, poor, tired little fellows barely able to drag themselves about, fighting to keep their homes. That was the first time I saw men talking all about me, being torn to shreds by a barrage. They got my nerves, those tight pressed blue lips, rolling eyes and the pain and the fear that they tried so hard to conceal in their hearts."

He stopped for a moment and his red head went down on his chest again. A half dozen stones rattled against the building outside and the mob was chanting a weird native tune that rose and fell. Alan Winthrop smiled and waved a hand as though to brush them aside. What was a mere native rebellion compared to the big thing he was living over again?

One night headquarters wanted two machine gun nests cleaned out. It was my job and I asked my company for volunteers. They all stepped forward and then cursed at me under their breath when I only took thirty men.

We went out at one in the morning, moving like snails between flares, squirming along in the mud on our bellies, motionless when a rocket lit up the fearful hell between the lines. I had been in for a month without getting my boots off and my nerves were on the ragged edge.

Half way across my hand went into something soft and when the rocket reached its peak I saw that I was wrist deep in the blood of one of my own men. God knows I had seen worse things but it got my nerve. I was whimpering and shaking like a baby. A shell tore up the earth in front of me and I was half buried in the hole it left. I stayed there, afraid to go on, letting my men go ahead into a sure death. In the morning I wriggled up the side and the gas that lurked at the top drove me back. In the night I crawled back to my own lines. When I got back to the hospital I found out that while I laid there whimpering, driving, saying to myself that I wanted to live, all of my men had died.

They decorated me for exceptional bravery. The irony of that! They said that I had cleaned out a machine gun nest. I tried to tell them but they laughed and called me modest!

And after the armistice the eyes of those men, dead men's eyes, followed me back home. I came out here and bought a plantation thinking I might forget. I couldn't stay alone. I tried to stick it out

but it drove me half mad. So I came in here and bought this place to be with people and light and liquor.

"I have gone up into the mornes in the purple twilight when the blue-grey clouds came marching down through the valleys and even in them I see the eyes of the boys I killed—" his voice rose, stopped. His head went down on his arm with a sob. For the first time in my life I heard a strong man cry and it shook my very soul. I found that I was crying with him.

I took his hand and laid it against my wet cheek and tried to tell him that a hundred thousand men had done the same thing when their nerves had given way.

A terrific crash on the door brought us both to our feet. He picked up the revolver that laid on the table beside me and smiled.

"Would you have the courage to use it?" I nodded my head and suddenly he took my two hands between his.

"I want you to know that I'm not as bad as the whites paint me. I stay here because I can be of more service to these poor devils who are tangled up in tropic 'charm' than I could be any place else. I've pulled more than one planter up on his feet and held him there."

"A man with eyes like yours couldn't be bad, or be a coward, Alan Winthrop. You've kept this thing tied up inside you for so long that it's your gospel. If we pull through this you'll never see eyes in the night again," I told him.

A half dozen bullets crashed through the door and then it quivered on its hinges as the natives drove a battering ram against it. I was loading one rifle while Alan used the other one. And I told him how fine and brave he was and kissed his lips while he fought for our lives. When they crashed in the door he was among them like a flaming demon laying them out like tenpins until he went down in a mass of black, shining bodies.

ALMOST at the same instant there was a boom that set the house vibrating and the whine of a shell as it passed over the village and buried itself in the morne behind the town. A rattle of rifles came from down the jetty and in the flash of a dozen seconds there were a thousand black men running wildly toward the mornes.

When Daddy came he found Alan Winthrop's bleeding head on my lap.

He fought me at first when I told him that Alan Winthrop was coming to government house until he was well. But I won when I told him that if he didn't come there I would stay at the Casa Grande!

Whatever it was that had stirred the natives up died a natural death. The island was utterly peaceful during the weeks when I nursed Alan back to health and a normal outlook.

There isn't any explaining Alan's salvation. Old Doctor Hazelton says it may have been the blow he received on his head that brought him out of his hallucination. He never saw eyes in the night again. I like to think that I awakened some part of his soul that had almost died. We fought a hard battle but we won.

He bought back the Marford plantation, and in the evening we sit on the veranda and watch the sun go singing into the sea while the sky turns from reddish gold to primrose and the white puffy clouds are topped with golden turrets—our palaces of dreams.

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The forces are fairly evenly divided under the slogans, "Some Do," "Some Don't." Experiences in the lives of the writers are given to prove the truth of each statement. One man, principal of a High School, thinks sex in business helps. A New York business man insists that ability and accuracy are the things that count most in America's greatest city. The girls also are in opposing camps. They tell of girls who rose through flirting with the boss; they tell of promotion that was won solely by hard work and ability. Probably the truth is in each camp. At any rate here are some of the letters. Read them and decide for yourself. Prize awards will be announced in July. SMART SET and additional letters will be published then. The letters here reproduced may or may not, be among the winners:

Bl. "No" From a Wise One

Must a girl use her sex in business? Not unless she's looking for that kind of business.

Now keep your make-up on girls and don't pull out what's left of your fast disappearing hair, because this answer is the right one, even if you don't like it.

The girl who thinks she must use her sex appeal at the office will use it everywhere and on all occasions, even in church, as many a minister knows, much to his regret.

And don't think either that I don't know what I'm talking about, or that I haven't any sex appeal.

Youngsters! I've got oodles of it and always have had. In fact I've been told lots of times that Eleanor Glyn must have known about me when she described IT.

As for business! Girls, I was darn near born in an office and have occupied some steen positions in the so-called business world during the past fourteen years. Yep! Add that to eighteen and you'll have the right answer.

And didn't I ever have an employer who had sexy ideas? You tell 'em I did! But I didn't keep him long. No sir, I just naturally fired any man I was working for who thought more about the length of my lashes and my skirts than he did about other things.

I figured that I was in a man's employ to perform certain duties, and if his notion of these duties was different from mine, why we parted company.

I've seen several of these rotten eggs go to smash and a terrible odor ooze through the press at their bust up, but I've yet to know of one who is looked upon as a solid and desirable asset in his particular field.

The kind of a boss who wants half his mind diverted by the curve of a leg while he's dictating letters, isn't spouting any business-getters, you may depend on that. And the steno who makes sure an eye-full of leg is in plain sight, isn't tapping off flawlessly composed and punctuated letters.

No sir! This combination is licked from the start by the clean minded fellow in the next office who is dictating to a decidedly attractive, wholesome looking girl with an

intelligent face, who will, the chances are, some day be his wife.

Now you kids who think you're pulse quickeners just because some disgusting male animal can't conceal his desire to paw you over, stop a minute and think of this thing the way it really is.

By the time you've used what you like to call your sex appeal for half a dozen or a dozen years in the business world, it's pretty shopworn. Letting promiscuous males maul you around has taken some of the bloom off the rose.

Then along comes the one man. Suddenly you find out that this sex business means something besides giggling and wiggling and rolling your eyes and standing for some rotten intimacies that do nothing but degrade you.

And you've nothing to give! You've used it all up in business! So many men have had you "on approval" that you're "sale merchandise."

Doesn't sound pretty, does it? But that's the way it is.

And your various employers? Listen to them!

"She worked for me too. Some sex appeal to that girl! Yeah! But I got kinda tired of her. Wanted a change. Getting too common."

Think it pays, girls?

R. B., Syracuse, N. Y.

School Teacher Says, "Yes"

I am a school principal, and agree heartily with "business girl" when she declares that women must use their sex charms if they wish to be successful in their careers and to have a comfortable existence.

In the course of my duties it is necessary that I visit periodically the classes of my assistant, Miss Smith. A difficulty arises and in asking for my opinion Miss Smith comes very near and I am aware of a very attractive face smiling into mine and a yet more attractive body touching mine. Is she to be blamed for avoiding by such means what might otherwise be an awkward situation? "Certainly not!" I say.

I am invited to supper with Miss James, another of my assistants. The parents are never present—our supper is tete-a-tete. She uses brains also and never once mentions school. After supper she holds a match for my cigarette and I feel a very soft hand rest for a very brief second on my face; when I go home I am assisted into my coat with a caress—and I go to make my reports filled with pictures of these women as women and not as teachers.

Men do not like near them any woman who is unattractive—the attractive woman who has used her sex charms well is the winner. Men are all human and are all influenced by environment—remember this you girls who are looking for a position and use your God-given gifts for your own benefit.

At one time I had a young girl teacher who was very much a girl but who was a very inefficient teacher. The Inspector made his visit to her room in the morning, and told me that afternoon that she was incapable of doing the work and to arrange for another to take her place. After school she called to ask the Inspector to examine her

books in the library—he was gone for forty minutes and on coming back told me that Miss Brown was to maintain her position. To use her own explanation "Loving conquers all."

Girls! Smile, caress, love, use your every charm—play the game—and you are a sure winner.

"MAC."

No Sex, No Job

A girl with sex inhibitions has about as much chance of getting ahead in the business world as an ambitious flea has on a nervous monkey's back. I know. I've tried it without and with sex for ten years.

I went into business determined to succeed; I was punctual, applied myself diligently and worked late, only to see a girl whose head was as empty as a gourd, but as well-groomed as a Duchess, get the promotions. It was a mystery to me why our employer never saw her come in late and then loaf.

I resigned, to find a job where brains and ability counted. The same thing happened over and over again! It was discouraging. I analyzed myself and co-workers. The girl who sat in front of me came in late, went immediately to the boss, leaned close to him so her curled hair brushed his cheek, whispered something in his ear, looked at him through half-closed eyes, and he was hypnotized. Drawing her chair close to his for dictation, she reached over and patted his hands, sliding her feet against his, and the next month she got a big raise!

Disgusted, but refusing to take defeat from a stupid baby-face of my own sex, I learned to play the game to the President's taste. "You're smart, chicken!" he'd commend me, not when I cleverly accomplished a piece of Company work, but when I put his wife on the wrong trail, or dodged the girls when he wanted to drive me home through the dusk.

He could think better holding my hand, but it pleased him more to touch my chiffroned knee. I didn't mind his feet pressed against mine, but it was hard on the shoes. A girl really earns more money to keep a man conscious of his sex.

Every girl going into business with lofty ideals has a rocky road to travel. If she could realize in the beginning that men don't want brains, but a lisping, petting girl to keep them keyed up, success would be hers for the taking.

Mrs. T. S., Atlanta, Ga.

Sex User Loses Out

Must a girl use SEX in business?

Now, that depends upon what you mean by "using sex." If you mean all those little graces of mind and manner which are peculiarly feminine, then by all means, YES.

If you mean the deliberate and actual physical seduction of the men with whom she comes in contact, NO . . . UNLESS, she has nothing else to give in exchange for her wages. In that case, what else can a girl do? A girl must live.

But such a girl builds her house upon shifting sand. I have in mind a girl who worked on the same newspaper staff with me in a western city. She could not write copy but she had sex allure. She had ob-

ained and held her position on the paper by reason of her friendship with one of the editors. The paper changed hands. A new editor, who demanded copy and didn't give anything for one's sex, took charge. She was fired. Her history was repeated on every newspaper staff in the city. Today she is living as the common-law wife of an artist and having a jolly good time (apparently) doing nothing for a living.

She may be a success in her way but I couldn't call her a business success.

Another girl of little physical charm who began work as a cub reporter on the same paper at the same time she did is today editing a national magazine at a ripping good salary.

I would call her a business success, but by virtue of ability and not SEX, because she had no sex allure to use. She admits it.

I am a business woman with twelve years experience and a not inconsiderable success to my credit and I have yet to meet with the necessity of seducing any man in order to gain business preferment.

BUT, I do believe in the cultivation and use of feminine graces. If that is what you call "using sex" then I say, yes. It is as necessary to a woman's success as the cultivation of masculine virtues is to a man.

M. F. B., New York City.

Some Naturally Have "It"

I wonder! I believe that if a girl has a keen sense of humor, she would not need to use sex consciously. Unconsciously, we all use it. Can a leopard change his spots?

Having held some of the most influential positions in the secretarial field, I would say that Sex has never played a definite part in my contact with men. I have been secret-tain with a man who aspired to the presidency; a third time I was secretary to a Rabbi known as the second most scholastic in all Jewry. At present, I am connected with a man whose name is known to innumerable legions through editorial work. How did these types react to Sex?

The Governor—God love him!—took a fatherly interest in me, for I was very young then. Even now, a thrill of pride goes through me that he is still my friend. The gentleman who ran for the presidency was a charming man in love with his family—so he gave me the same courteous treatment he accorded them. The Rabbi was seeking someone who had understanding of the human heart, and the last mentioned individual wanted one whose memory was ever keen and alert. With none of these, did Sex ever represent the vital issue?

Now don't picture me as being efficient—and ugly. The strange part is that everyone says I am most attractive. And my sense of humor tells me that they would have despised me had I made my intellect subsidiary to my physical charms.

Summing up things from a broad observation, I am convinced that a business man of a high order wants a girl who has more intellect than she has shapeliness of legs; if she happens to have both, I believe he would prefer the latter be submerged so that he recognize it unconsciously—not enough to disturb the more serious problems of business. Sex appeal isn't everything to men.

Be efficient, jolly and attractive—and you'll have IT!

A. De V., San Francisco, Calif.

Yes, If a Girl's Going Anywhere

Certainly a woman must use sex in business, if she wants to get to where she is going. Most women have found that they must capitalize their charms, if they are going to succeed at anything. God gave

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them to us and they are our most formidable weapon

Men resent the presence of women in the business world, be they ever so useful, because they consider it an encroachment on their special province. And, since we have crept in under the tent, we've got to be mighty clever and agreeable if we are going to get reserved seats in the big top, and be invited to stay for the concert, too.

Men do not want to marry women either, but the social laws of the world make that imperative; and if a married woman wants anything—Well, ask her.

I make the most of my looks, and I try to please. When a customer comes to our office, I find out his little vanities, and play right up. In other words, I put myself across.

If eating a good dinner with him and drinking a few cocktails in a rather daring gown doesn't get my firm a big order, I can do a little petting, too, and still keep off the firing line. The play is to get the business for our house. If I can do that, I get a boost, and I don't have to lose my self respect either.

The sedate business woman in the quiet gown has passed off the stage. The man of today expects to be knocked senseless by a

girl's appearance, and swept off his feet by her shocking personality. He expects to tell her a few racy stories without having her hand him a tract. She must also be city broke and furiously gowned.

Unless a girl can measure up to the modern standards, she might as well be a milkmaid or a milliner, for she will never succeed in business.

Men like to discuss business with a pretty woman, provided it can be made a little risqué. It is intriguing to smoke, drink and be naughty, for tomorrow some other little hand may be ready for squeezing. And a pair of bright eyes and two rosy lips never made business dull yet.

When my boss is grouchy and all ragged out, I use all of my ingenuity to get him over it. If he snaps my head off in the process, I can act hurt long enough to make him very sorry.

He sometimes overdoes the reconciliation, well

"What is a kiss.
Between a man and a Miss?"

Men like romance and flattery, and remember, it is very easy for a man to help an agreeable and attractive woman.

E. C. M., Baltimore, Md.

IF you were told that the man you loved had committed a crime would you believe it? If he confessed to you would you still love him? Would you stand by him no matter what happened? Would you even take the blame on yourself? I did and I'll tell you in July SMART SET why I did it even though I knew he was "Guilty."

June Madness

[Continued from page 20]

ward Madison, the railroad executive, and a married woman has no right to seek beyond her home what I wanted. An inner voice, my conscience I suppose, warned me I was on the verge of dangerous temptation. It had been bad enough to let a strange man's youth and strength sweep me away on a raft in the afternoon, but keeping my date involved vastly more. Discovery, perhaps, and surely unfairness to my fifty-year-old husband.

My husband was a fine, strong-hearted man at fifty, more the business than the intellectual type of man. He was a power in railroading, in fact in anything he entered. But for this very reason he was kept busy all the time. For instance, he had a very heavy conference on that very night with two executives from Chicago. He'd said it might last until three A. M.

I respected my husband for what he was—a fine, generous man, especially tender, and considerate of me. I was proud of his love for me, and after two years of marriage I had not yet lost the thrill of appearing with him at big functions. It sort of gave me a distinction to be his wife, and I knew it. Suppose he found me out? I could hardly expect him to understand or forgive me. Would my night of romance be worth the risk involved? Worth losing Edward, his tenderness, his consideration, his generosity, Madison Hall, and most of all his respect?

AS I stripped off my bathing suit in the shower room and stepped under the gushing water, I decided I really wanted to do the right thing by both Edward and myself, and I made up my mind to ask him to remain home from the conference. If he did, I would be saved from the risk of going with Neal.

Outside my windows the sky was tinged with flame clouds from the sunset, and high

over the vague shore line of Long Island a few stars were burning little golden holes through the heavens. Neal's voice seemed to be calling me, begging me. Oh, how I wanted youth and romance all over again. My husband represented neither. Neal Clayborn, swimming seven miles through the purpling waters, was youth! Neal Clayborn, coming for me in a speedboat, was romance! A beautiful madness possessed me, the beautiful madness that comes only to youth romantically aroused. But, in spite of it, I stuck to my determination to try and keep Edward home, and thus avoid temptation.

"Georgette," I called.

"Oui, madame," answered my pretty French maid.

"What dress do you like best of all on me?" I asked. I trusted her woman's judgment, for Georgette was honest with me, her mistress.

"Zey are all beautiful, madame. But, ze flame dress, ah! eet make madame's black hair an' black eyes like ze beautiful picture."

"The flame dress it is, then," I said. I hoped it would intrigue my husband when I asked him to take me to one of the clubs.

Dinner at Madison Hall was always at seven-thirty, and formal. But, on this night with high adventure in the air, I could not be composed. My feelings were too near the surface, and we'd hardly been seated before I began begging my husband to stay with me.

"I feel like dancing tonight, dear. Just for me, couldn't you play hookey from the old meeting, and take me to Casino Point, or the Shore Club Look. I've dressed all up in this most gorgeous flame dress for you. Come on, let's play it's two years ago, and you're just beginning to court me."

He reached across the table and took my

hand despite the presence of the butler and the second man: "My dear, I only wish I could. But, these men must get off on the Century tomorrow, and we'll have a board meeting all morning, lasting until the train leaves. Tonight we must thresh out all details of this proposed merger. It means a tremendous thing, and your future interests are as much involved as anybody's," he said.

I bit my lip in disappointment, and began to tremble with fear. My plan was failing! With Edward's departure would go all my chance to escape my date with Neal Clayborn.

I tried several times before dinner was over to coax Edward away from the meeting. But it was impossible, and at last I decided fate must have decreed that I should have my night of adventure with Neal.

Edward left in his car at a quarter to nine, saying he hoped to be back by two o'clock. As I kissed him good-by I felt I'd given him a Judas kiss for I knew I was on the verge of betraying his trust in me. When his machine turned out of our gateway I ran up to my room. Fortunately it was my maid's night off and I was alone in the luxurious boudoir with my uncertainty, and conflicting emotions. I wanted to go, but did I dare? Anything might happen on such a trip. Suppose the boat broke down? Or we had an accident? Suppose Edward returned earlier than expected?

These fears were racing through my mind as I was pacing the floor, when a humming sound reached me through the night. My heart beat faster; my breath felt trapped in my throat. I hurried out on the balcony.

Moonlight had touched all of creation with silver. The Sound was a glittering diamond sheen. The shore gleamed with the whiteness of washed ivory, and even the shadows of the trees seemed elfin. Ship lights twinkled through the night as if golden, green, and ruby stars had fallen from the skies, and were drifting over the waters.

The humming sound in the night had become a roar. My eyes closed and I breathed the evening air as if it were an intoxicating elixir.

When I opened my eyes a few moments later, the roar as of summer thunder had dwindled away. A vague, graceful shape was drifting silently with the tide toward our raft. Neal Clayborn had come for me. Such a force as has pulled him toward my raft in the afternoon was now commanding me. I ran indoors aflame with excitement and anticipation.

Arranging my bobbed hair, and drawing a shimmering cape of cloth of gold about me, I turned off all the lights in the room, and slipped down the back stairs.

A FEW moments later Neal was helping me from my canoe to the float, and into the Dasher III.

"I feel like Cinderella going to the ball with her fairy prince," I said, trying to hide my excitement as he pillowed me comfortably in the seat next to the driver's. "And, I wish I didn't."

"Why, Janice?" he asked.

"Because, like poor Cinderella, I've got to be back at a certain time, and I wish I didn't have anything like time hanging over me."

"What's the deadline?" he asked.

"One-thirty," I said.

"Then, we'd better step on the gas or would you prefer a cocktail first? I brought some all mixed in a thermos."

"Cocktail! Oh! Neal, it's cocktail enough to be here," I answered. I put my head on his shoulder. He turned, and kissed me, and I closed my eyes to the reeling stars forgetful of my husband, and of the fact that I was playing with fire that might consume me overnight.

The motor roared into a song of power, and we shot through the water like a shadowy arrow. Then lights gleamed on our

starboard bow. They were like flaming ribbons, twisting, untwisting, and merging again. Then, as the Dasher's motor dropped down to a murmur, I saw the beautiful clubhouse aglow with light, color and gaily dancing forms. Music drifted over the little patch of water, as we headed into the club's landing float where a man waited to take our lines.

"A cocktail now," I whispered as the Dasher was made fast. I wanted something to make me forget that trouble might be the result of my romantic madness. I wanted to enjoy my stolen sweets with no thought of bitter aftermath. Neal got the thermos and poured a frothing amber liquid into two tiny silver glasses. We raised them upward in the gesture of a toast to each other, and drank. It did the trick, and a feeling of carefree gaiety came to me. Swaying through the maze of couples strolling on the wide verandas, we made our way to the dance floor. The orchestra was playing, "Because I Love You."

I SHALL never lose the memory of that first dance with Neal Clayton. My whole being seemed to be a part of the music, and of what the music meant. But, then, all the other dances with him were like the first. Moments of gladness, of lilting ecstasy, of forgetfulness of all that was except the beautiful things our eyes and the pressure of our fingers said.

We met other people, and many men asked me to dance. But I remember none of the other men for I was always wishing for Neal's return so hard that no other person made any impression. At midnight supper was served on the verandas under the June stars and moon. Neal and I found a way to steal away soon afterwards to a porch swing that had been placed in a corner, surely for lovers!

All the time he held me close in his young arms, whispering of what the future could hold for us. I fought down the inner voice that tried to steal some of the moment's happiness and thrill from me. I refused to believe then that there could be no future, that our romance must end with the paling of the June moon that night, and that perhaps a shadow was already looming over me.

And so our tender hour passed and for me it was time for the end of the world. We arose, and drifted through the ballroom in each other's arms to a strain of music that still lingers in my dreams.

Again the Dasher III shot through the night like a shadowy arrow, and again my head nestled against Neal Clayborn's shoulder. There was nothing that could have been said and heard then under the thrumming of those high-powered engines. I would have to wait until we stopped at the float. There would be a few minutes to spare. We would make it by one-thirty. That would afford a chance for me to make my room before Edward came in at two, or after.

I was leaning in sweet abandon against Neal when I suddenly caught sight of lights burning in Madison Hall. We were still a mile from the float. At that distance the lights were only golden blurs. In what part of the house were these lights? Who had turned them on? Foreboding possessed me. If those lights were in the southeast wing it would mean my husband was home. And I knew that would mean the end of everything.

My heart seemed to beat its way into my throat. My eyes felt as if they were jumping from burning sockets, and it seemed as if some unforeseen cruel hands had reached out through the rushing night to throttle me. For a moment fear twisted my tongue into dumbness. The lights I had seen were in Edward's rooms! They became balls of fire darting at me through the dark. Desperation freed my voice.



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"Neal, Neal, stop her! Stop her!" I yelled into his ear.

My voice must have carried its own explanation. Neal snapped off the power without a second's hesitation. Terrorized by the fear of what Edward would say and do I grew weak, and would have crumpled to the seat if Neal hadn't caught me.

"What's the matter?" he asked anxiously. "Oh, you don't understand. I'm—I'm married and my husband's home ahead of time," I said.

"Janice!" cried Neal. "Oh, what'll I do? The light's in his library and sleeping room," I said. It seemed as if all of life was tumbling down upon me. Edward was a fair man, but I couldn't expect him to understand the wild youthful impulses that had lured me away from Madison Hall. He was fifty. He saw with the eyes of age, and felt with the heart of fifty. I had risked and lost all! I began to cry wildly.

"Please, please, Janice!" begged Neal. His voice sounded as if he were terribly hurt. "After all, we've done nothing terrible. If you say so I'll take you right to him and say it was all my fault. We were at an excursion club dance with decent people. I'll tell him."

MY HEART went out to his gallantry and bravery.

But we couldn't do that. Neal was too young and unsophisticated about such things really to understand. Edward would only feel it all the more keenly if Neal appeared. A man's pride is a terrible thing at times. No, I must go and face Edward and my fate alone.

"Let her drift in, Neal," I said. "I'll take care of matters. It's sweet of you to offer but it's out of the question."

"My God, the tide's going out. It's drifting in the wrong way," he blurted.

He was right. The Dasher was slowly drifting away from the float. There wasn't an oar or a paddle aboard. Fearing the sound of the high-powered motor would bring Edward out to the float, and that poor Neal would become involved in an ugly situation, I decided to do the only thing left to do—swim to the float.

"I can make it easy enough with my dress and shoes off, Neal. You can parcel post them to me."

He had turned his back when I started to undress, and was still standing in that position as I poised on the gunwale for a plunge.

"Good-by Neal," I called. Neal had been romance all right! It was too bad our night had to end this way.

Neal turned to me slowly, his eyes searching mine; until his arms caught me close. A kiss and I flashed from him over the Dasher's side.

When I finally reached the float, it was all I could do to pull aboard, then scramble into the canoe, which was always near it. I had not dared look at the lights in my husband's rooms while swimming in from the Dasher. But now those lights practiced some fiendish sorcery upon me, and I could not take my eyes from them. They became blazing balls of fire as I paddled closer to shore. I felt as if at any moment they would come hurtling through the night and strike me like flaming thunderbolts.

The canoe grated against the shore, almost throwing me off balance. Somehow I managed to run through the gardens and up to my suite. Once behind my door I dried myself and after fixing my hair I got into a silk negligee. My conscience upbraided me as I looked in the mirror, and fear swept over me, making me ill and weak. But realizing that there must be an accounting, I fought back my cowardice and went to my husband's rooms.

I tiptoed to his open library door, and peeked in. He was sitting in a deep leather chair, a book in his lap. But he was gazing through an open French door at the paling silver of the moonlight. Of what was he dreaming? Or was he thinking the worst about me? Afraid of losing my nerve if I hesitated, I flew through the library. Leaning over his chair, I put my hands over his eyes. Oh, how my fingers trembled until his hands closed over them, pressing them with kindly strength.

Confession was burning in my throat, but I could not say the things that I wanted to until he got up and cradling me in his arms, sat down with me in the great chair. Oh, how like a sturdy oak he was! I clung to him. What comfort there was in the protection of his arms.

Once more I tried to tell him everything, but only sobs came through my lips, sobs that racked me so I slipped to the floor and buried my head in Edward's lap like a guilty child. His hands played over my hair, and their touch soothed me. My sobbing magically ceased.

Then my husband spoke: "Now, now, never mind, dear. I understand. It was only June madness," he said, lifting up my face.

DOES stolen fruit ever taste as sweet as you think it will? Is a forbidden paradise ever quite perfect once you get there? When my dream first came true it didn't seem to be all I had hoped for, but I'll tell you in July SMART SET how "My Love Came Out of the Sea" and changed the face of the world.

How to Be Happy and Married

[Continued from page 71]

ment?" The indifferent stuff, touch-me-not, making him feel you're casting pearls before swine every time you give him a peck on the cheek.

Whoever originally said: "No husband whose wife was cold to him was ever known to freeze to death," was right! The husband of the "ice treatment" lady warmed his heart at another fireside and now she's burning up with regret.

I often wonder who started the idea that husbands are always trying to get away. From what I know about husbands, and my work has brought me in contact with all kinds, they'll stick to the last gun if you give 'em half a chance.

Women approach marriage for a number of reasons—economical security, the fulfillment of romance, and motherhood—but men are far more sentimental about marriage, and it takes longer to disillusion them. Furthermore, they hate change; once having renounced single blessedness, a man is pretty apt to want to stay put in matrimony. And when his kisses begin to diminish in number and lose their warmth it's usually right after his wife's thoughtfulness and pre-marriage courtesies and attractiveness begin to diminish.

Lastly there are the "prickles"—those sensitive little points that cover that part of us we call "us," and that send us into

spasms of irritation every time they're rubbed the wrong way. We keep thinking that the person who loves us will avoid jarring them and we're terribly surprised when he doesn't.

As a matter of fact, there's no reason in the world why any human being should make a superhuman effort to keep from annoying another. It should be a matter of individual control. In everyday life, tact and a reasonable amount of thoughtfulness are sufficient, but they don't stand up under the strain of married life. So we must fortify ourselves with unselfishness and sympathy and an enduring sense of humor and pull in the prickles! After all, there are more important things in life than being "understood." And there you have the secret of a happy married life.

Never mind if your husband isn't all you thought he'd be; you won't be all he thought you'd be, either. You both have a lot of clay; that's what makes you human. And the more human you are the closer and dearer you will be to each other.

MARRIAGE isn't a matter of sex so much as it is moving over and giving the other fellow a bit of room; letting him live his life in his own way.

I have tried to paint for you a picture of married life as it is, not as it might be, and I find the finished canvas merely a faithful picture of life itself. The chances are that you will be just as happy or unhappy in your married life as you were before, for what is marriage but the fulfillment of life, the completeness of life, life intensified. You have it on the word of God Himself that "It is not good that man shall live alone."

"Shall I Let Him Go?"

Dear Martha Madison: I have been going with a fellow for seven months and we are very much in love, but he is going back home to New Jersey. He says he will come back for me and that he is going to make good for our future. I am afraid to let him go though, and wonder if he really will come back to me. What do you think? Helen, Attleboro, Mass.

Dear Helen: He may have every intention in the world of coming back, but you are running a great risk in being separated. Any one of a number of things could happen that would mean death to all your hopes and dreams and nobody would be to blame.

Why can't he make good where he is? Or if his fortune lies in New Jersey why couldn't you be married and go there and make good together? There are more important things in life than "making good." Suppose he realized his ambitions but lost you while he was doing it. How much would it all be worth?

But are you very sure, Helen, that he is sincere? Think well. Have you noticed any change in his attitude in the past few weeks? Has he been less attentive? Unusually quiet? Fault-finding? Unreasonable? These are a few of the commonest signs of waning affection, and his trip back home may be just a plan to cause a break between you. Oh, I don't mean to put false ideas in your head or cause you any unnecessary pain, but things like that have happened before, because love is really very blind.

So think it over well, Helen, and talk it over well. If you have no reason to suspect him of insincerity, do all you can to keep him from leaving you.

"I Am in Love with a Married Man."

Dear Martha Madison: I am in love with a married man. He is parted from his wife but not yet divorced, although he says he is going to be soon. Do you think I should go to shows with him? I am afraid

his wife will drag me into court when their case comes up.

But this is not all that makes me uneasy. This man asked me to call him up and when I said, "You shouldn't expect me to run after you," he said, "Well, if you don't others will." And I know it's true, because he is so attractive any girl would fall for him. I don't know whether he loves me or not, although he has asked me to make a very great sacrifice for him (I guess you know what I mean) and assured me it would be safe. But if he doesn't love me why should he want to take me out?

You are all I have to confide in, so please help me. Marie, Davenport, Iowa.

Dear Marie: I can't believe that he is worth the great risk you are running. As you say, his wife could very easily drag your name into their divorce suit, and just about that time he would probably give you the air. I don't want to be unfair, Marie, but everything you tell me stamps him as an insincere and terribly vain man; the kind who leaves a trail of broken hearts in his wake, and I don't want yours to be one of them.

Why should he want to take you out? Because you're a sweet, sympathetic, sincere little girl—and because you're good. You know what I mean. If I could see any alternative I would hold it out to you gladly; but I see none. That is why I must say, give him up, Marie.

"She Loves Me but She Won't Admit It."

Dear Martha Madison: I want to win the love of a girl I am crazy about. Her mother tells me she loves me but is too stubborn to admit it. I blame it on the girls where she works. I have been out with several of them but when I found out how cheap and low they were I stopped speaking to them so naturally they have it in for me.

This girl I love is of a very jealous disposition, too. When I asked her to marry me and she refused I thought I'd make her jealous, so I wrote a made-up letter to myself from a girl and left it in my pocket where she would find it. She was awfully mad after that and her mother told me she cried from jealousy. But it didn't make her any nicer to me. Then I took her girl friend out to a show and now she is mad at us both. I sent her a nice valentine, but she never acknowledged it and now I don't know what to do to make up. I have a good mind to quit this place and try to forget her but I don't because her mother still insists the girl loves me. A. W. H., Eureka, Kan.

Dear A. W. H.: Where did you ever get the idea that making a girl jealous would boost your stock with her? Well, never mind, the damage is done, only for heaven's sake try something else next time.

I BELIEVE you can win this girl if you have the patience and are willing to stand for her stubbornness and rather petulant disposition. Why not make an honest confession to her about the letter, and about going to the show with her friend? Tell her why the girls where she works are down on you and ask that in ordinary fairness she give you a chance to prove you are not such a terrible person.

As a matter of fact, A. W. H., I believe the girl cares a lot for you and that a little coaxing on your part will do the trick. You've already got her mother on your side and she can do a lot for you. So don't quit until you've made a last real effort.

"How Can I Win Him Back?"

Dear Martha Madison: Up until a year ago I was much like every other girl. I danced

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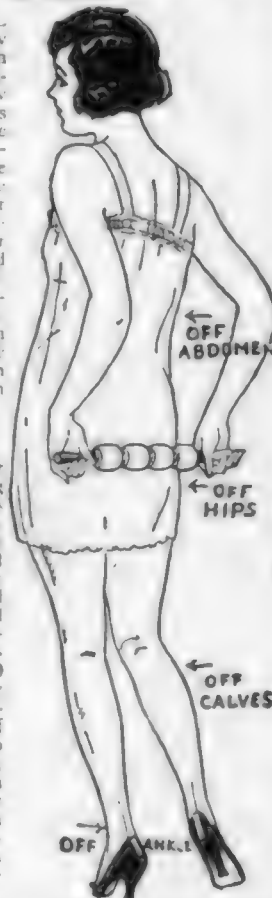


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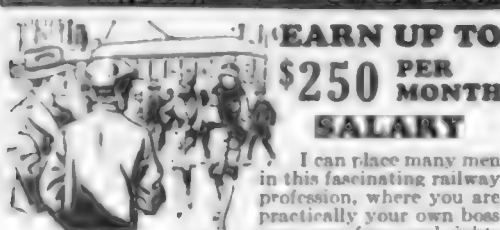
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and had dates and flirted, but I kept straight and true to my ideal of what a girl should be. I lived in a small town but because I was ambitious I came to New York and went to school. And that was the beginning of the end.

I met a young man who simply swept me off my feet. The very first night we met and danced together I knew I was madly in love with him and that he felt the same about me. I can't make any excuses for what happened except that everything I had thought worth while before seemed useless then, and I forgot my ideal. He knew that I was a virtuous girl and we vowed before God never to love any one else.

A few weeks later I had to tell him that something was wrong and from that time he changed. I went away but was so miserable that I lost the baby and now I haven't Jim and I haven't our baby. I haven't anything to live for.

I know Jim won't keep his vow, but if I live to be a hundred I shall keep mine; to me he is just the same as my husband and I will never love again. I want him back and I don't know how to get him. Can

Won't you try to believe me, little girl, when I tell you that if you give yourself even half a chance you will love again? You can't help it. It's the way of life. But by remaining stubbornly faithful to something you never had, you are fighting off real love. Don't try to put Jim out of your mind and heart; of course you can't do it. Instead, free your heart, open up the windows of your soul and let love in. You're not apt to go wrong a second time, and although you will probably never find a man who measures up to your ideal, you will find one who will make this Jim person look like the glass diamond I'm afraid he is.

"I Love My Chum's Sweetheart."

Dear Martha Madison: I am very popular among the boys in my set, but the only one I love is going with my girl chum. I have tried to avoid him because I don't want to hurt her, and yet I know he cares more for me than he ever did for her. Have I any right to return his affection? Carrie, Garden City, Kansas.

Dear Carrie: When it comes to hurting my girl chum by taking the boy away

Martha Madison's Prize Winners for April

The following persons wrote prize winning letters to L. D. who hesitated to get married on \$40 a week.

First prize, \$10.00, Mrs. Clyde Rickhart, Indianapolis, Ind.

Second prize, \$7.00, Mrs. Ralph M. Sills, Napanee, Can.

Third prize, \$5.00, Mrs. Miles Spencer, East Syracuse, N. Y.

A one dollar prize goes to each of the following:

Mrs. John R. Walton, Jr., Wichita, Kan.

Mrs. Gus A Ruether, Columbia, Mo.

Mrs. John Thompson, Beaver Falls, Pa.

Miss Eleanor M. Weber, Belleville, N. J.

Mrs. D. E. Orcutt, Casper, Wy.

Mrs. Orval Wallace, St. Joseph, Mo.

Miss Betty Barlow, Chicago, Ill.

you tell me how? Just Mamie, South Manchester, Conn.

Dear Mamie: No, I can't. The very best I can do is try to ease the heartache and give you a new philosophy, and then perhaps you won't find life quite so unbearable.

According to the laws of convention I should tell you that you have done a terrible thing and that your unhappiness is the wages of sin. But I do not feel that your experience has hurt you, Mamie. Rather it has mellowed you and helped you to grow in understanding and spirit. You are not, by the wildest stretch of the imagination "a bad girl," or you would have yielded to the first temptation that came your way. When you made your vow to Jim it was sacred and I believe he was sincere at the time. The unfortunate part is that Jim was not worth it. He simply wasn't the boy you thought he was, Mamie, so how can you really want him back? What you do want is the ideal you built up about him. Jim is only the shadow.

from her I would go slow if I were you. Look at it first from all angles. If he were not interested in another girl would he be as desirable to you? Or are you the sort of girl who wants what she cannot have? There's nothing so terrible in that characteristic, Carrie; we're all afflicted with it more or less, but the kinder ones of us avoid making others unhappy through it.

You ask me: "Have I the right to return his affection?" If your love for each other is genuine you have every right, but you must not do it on the sly. Think seriously, act slowly and try desperately to be honest with each other, and then if you still feel that your happiness lies in each other, tell your chum. It will probably mean the loss of her friendship, but if you gain real love, don't count the cost. I doubt that the young man was ever deeply in love with her and am certain that it would be only a question of time before he turned to someone else if you hadn't come along.

But what of his past record, Carrie? If he's known as a heart-breaker, better watch out.

HAVE you written to Mrs. Madison? Do you know that she has helped thousands of SMART SET readers in their love problems? Write her now, freely and frankly, and you will be aided and encouraged by her wise and kindly advice.

Why I Am a Gold Digger Wife

[Continued from page 50]

But that was before I had discovered exactly the manner of man I loved!

The engagement days were not important except for one thing which showed something of Lester's complex nature. He was getting a large salary, and he had probably saved a little money, but his extravagances were unparalleled even by my artistic father.

Lester simply loaded me with gifts!

His engagement ring, which he brought to me at the studio the following morning, consisted of one huge emerald. It might have been the purchase of a millionaire banker instead of that of a salaried official in a moving picture concern. Every day, he sent me masses of violets, besides making me even more personal gifts of marvelous silk stockings, perfume, and a pair of black velvet garters with tiny diamond clasps.

WE WERE married quietly at the City Hall a month later, although of course Dad wouldn't have been Dad if he hadn't insisted on throwing a big party that night at his studio in honor of the event. Apart from Dad's friends, there was a sprinkling of moving picture people, among them some extraordinarily beautiful young girls.

But I was not jealous that night. I was too happy, and Lester seemed even more in love than I. We slipped away early to Lester's apartment on Murray Hill. There was to be no honeymoon, for the Nachman Pictures Corporation included three or four separate companies for all of which Lester was production manager, so that he simply could not afford the time to leave New York.

As a surprise that night Lester produced the loveliest suit of black velvet pajamas with Russian boots of the softest, perfumed leather, lined with satin!

And the next morning, while I was dressing, Lester slipped away from the apartment. When he returned he brought me one of the slave bracelets which were just becoming popular.

I didn't want Lester always to be giving me expensive presents. It was as though he were trying to repay me for my love, which I lavished upon him. I was so glad that I was beautiful so that I might delight him. I did not want him to give me things which could be purchased with money. I was entirely content with his love.

As I sat on his knee I told him something of what lay in my heart.

"Don't be silly," he answered. "I like giving you things. You are so beautiful, my darling, that I just love decking you out." He laughed, as he added: "Beauty is always expensive, Gloria, my pet."

"Lester!"

"What? Why so hurt?" he asked.

"I don't like you to say that," I remarked. "My beauty, if I have it, is given, and freely given. How could I, your wife, be expensive? Please never say anything like that again, Lester! And I don't want you to give me anything more."

He kissed me and told me not to be silly. Then as it was already ten o'clock he hurried away, to the studio uptown. But when he returned he noticed that I was not wearing the bracelet he had given me that morning.

"Didn't you like it?" he asked.

"If it had been given differently, I might have," I said. "Please don't talk about it again, Lester."

It took some little time, but gradually I succeeded in making Lester stop giving me

expensive presents. I accepted an allowance from him. Why not? I was his wife and it was only natural that I would need money for clothes and personal expenses, but I stopped him simply throwing money away, and for the time I was very happy.

The following summer we moved out to Long Island. The Nachman people, for whom Lester worked, merged with Modern Moving Pictures Incorporated. At the same time the general manager died, and Lester was made general manager of the two concerns at a salary of forty thousand a year.

You ought to have seen Lester step out! How we hustled, just because he put so much fervor behind it all. We moved into a much bigger house with a private bathing beach, and Lester proceeded to throw one extravagant week-end party after the other.

"If you don't move on you stagnate!" Lester said when I had complained about his extravagances. "Do I ever deny you anything? I can always make more money!"

So that summer consisted of one party after the other, and I wondered how Lester's health continued to stand up under the strain.

It was shortly after this that I caught Lester for the first time!

The house, and it was quite a big one, was crammed with week-end guests. Among the fifteen or twenty people who came to us that Friday night was a pretty, golden-haired little cutie by the name of Hazel Hale. She was not anyone of vast importance in the moving picture world, and I asked Lester why he had invited her.

He was dressing for dinner and was standing before the mirror adjusting his tie.

"Hazel?" he said. "That baby is going to be a star before long. She has already done pretty well, and Maurice Strother, the best director we have, is certain that she is going to be a success."

Maurice Strother a short, wiry little man with dark hair, whom I had met, was also to be our guest but he had not yet arrived.

"I think you are flirting with this Hazel creature," I said crossly.

Lester took me in his arms.

"Don't you know that in my business I have to be polite to any number of women?" he asked. "Don't you know that you will always be the one girl?"

His lips touched my throat, and my mood changed. I remembered some of my father's philosophy. But even though I thrilled, no longer could Lester's kiss blind my intelligence. I realized that I would have to share him in part. I must be content to remain, if I could, as "Queen of his Harem."

LESTER went downstairs to speak to Jackson, the butler, about the wine for dinner. He had hardly gone before Bavven, my Norwegian maid, came into the room. She was smiling mysteriously.

"Mr. Strother has just arrived, Ma'am," she told me. "He asked me to say that he hoped you would meet him this evening by the boat-house, as he had something to tell you."

I wondered at Maurice Strother's nerve in daring to send me a message like that. It was just like those moving picture people, I told myself angrily! Everybody was open game as far as Maurice Strother was concerned.

"He said he would be there at eleven," Bavven went on.

"That will do, Bavven," I said. "Put out!

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the moonlight blue chiffon for me, please."

We were a gay company at dinner that night. Maurice Strother was not sitting near me, but he kept on glancing at me from where he sat, while I noticed that evidently Lester had given Jackson instructions to place Hazel Hale at his left. He hardly spoke to the woman on his right.

And after dinner there was dancing. Lester had hired a small orchestra and we danced on the wide porch. From there various couples would disappear in the gardens, or would enter the house in search of drinks. I had danced once with Maurice Strother, although he had made no reference to the message he had sent me.

But now, as I danced with him again, he held me rather too closely to him.

"You are adorable!" he said in a whisper. "What a success you would make on the screen. Yet, part of your charm, Gloria, is that you stand aside from our world of screen shadows! You are a thing apart. Did your maid whisper to you that I want to talk to you alone by the boat-house?"

I was just about to snub him thoroughly, when I noticed Lester leaving the porch with Hazel Hale. Well, if Lester could flirt, so could I! So instead of telling Maurice Strother that he bored me, I smiled and said "Yes, in a few minutes, but don't let anyone see you."

The music stopped and Maurice disappeared. Using a side entrance, I escaped from the house and hurried down a path towards the beach.

A few yards away from the boat-house, I met Maurice Strother. He took my hand and kissed it. Then he put a finger on his lips.

"Come and see!" he said.

Wonderingly I followed him. We reached the boat-house, and Maurice signed to me to look in. I did so, peering through an open window. There, seated by the doors that led to the water, were Hazel and my husband. His arms were about her waist, but she was coyly leaning back from him.

"And do I get the roadster?" she was asking.

"Of course, you do, you golden-haired baby!" I heard Lester answer. "It is almost smart enough for you!"

"My generous boy!" Hazel answered, and I turned away as Lester kissed her.

I walked some distance along the beach with Maurice by my side before I turned and faced him.

"Was that what you wanted to say to me?" I asked him.

HE SHRUGGED his shoulders. "I heard the rendezvous made in the studios," he confessed. "You are so cold that I thought if you knew how Lester amuses himself, perhaps you would be a little kinder to me, Gloria, a man who loves you!"

I had never liked Maurice. Now I felt that I loathed him.

"You are so clever," I said, "that I thought you would have known that anyone who brings bad news becomes doubly unpopular! Maurice, you are such a funny little man! I should be grateful as you bring me the priceless gift of laughter!"

I have never seen a man so angry in my life, for his type can't stand ridicule. I left him spluttering with rage, and hurried back to the house.

I went up to my bedroom and called my father on the telephone. Briefly I told him what had happened.

"Don't be upset, darling," he said. "I am glad you called me. Now handle it like this. When you are alone with Lester tonight be more charming to him than ever. On Monday, since you know the make of car he is giving Hazel, telephone to them. Say that you are speaking for Mr. Lester T. Leeming. Presume that he gave an order for a roadster. Say there has been a mistake

and that the car is to be delivered to Mrs. Leeming at the Long Island house. When it comes, just laugh at Lester, and then forgive him. Do as your old father tells you, but whatever you do, no tears, no tummy-aching, no martyr business. Then go and order a dozen new dresses. He likes giving women things, so be as expensive as you know how to be. He will appreciate you all the more."

"I'll do everything you say," I promised him, "except the last. Why, Dad, you are advising me to gold-dig my own husband! You want me to sell myself to him."

"Oh, don't be a sentimental goose, after all my training," he said, but he could not persuade me.

As for the first part of his advice, I followed it implicitly. When Lester came up to our room that night I did not betray by word or tone or gesture that I had the faintest idea of his flirtation with that rather common golden-haired little cutie.

And on Monday I called up the sales-room of an automobile over which Lester had lately been enthusiastic. My hunch was right and my bluff worked, for, a few days later a very smart little roadster was delivered at the house one afternoon.

When Lester returned in the evening the roadster was parked in front of the porch, on which I was sitting. I ran down the steps to greet him.

"How sweet of you to order that car for me!" I said. "There was some misunderstanding at the sales office, but I convinced them that it was for me and not for Hazel Hale!"

Lester turned a brick red under his tan, but he had the grace to admit that he was caught. You must realize that I treated it lightly and there was no hint of tears or of what my father calls "tummy-aching."

And did it work? I'll say it did! There was Lester suffering from an acute attack of an ingrowing conscience, and instead of being wept over and blamed, he found, even if I do say it myself, a pretty and charming little wife willing and eager to turn the whole thing into a joke. By way of apology, Lester took good care that I should hear his half of the conversation when he telephoned to Hazel.

"I can't give you that car, after all," Lester said distinctly. "I am married to the most adorable girl in the world, and it isn't fair to her!"

For the rest of the summer, Lester was as good as gold. Too good to last, as I discovered later.

When we came back to New York in the fall I met Ada Worthington at a reception. She was a typical product of New York, several years older than I, smart and chic, and a divorcée, living, upon a too slender alimony. She was a red-haired siren, but there was something about her that I liked, mildly, and so I asked her to dinner.

I think Lester was attracted by Ada Worthington from the first. She came to see me fairly frequently and I dined one night with her in her tiny apartment in the East Fifties on an occasion when Lester knew he would be kept late at the studios. In a word, there was a cordial friendship between us, that is to say, it existed as far as I was concerned.

AT THE time I do not think I suspected Lester of having any flirtation on the side, or perhaps I was a little suspicious of Laura Ambrose, a glorious creature of the Spanish type whom Lester's Company was starring at the moment. There, I thought, might be danger, but as I loved Lester, I decided to keep my temper well in hand. Playing my rôle of the successful wife, I would be ready to catch him when he fell.

Then I noticed that Ada Worthington started to avoid me. As I had done nothing to offend her, I could not puzzle out what

had happened. I imagined that she was a temperamental creature, who took up people and then dropped them. I was a little piqued over her attitude, and I think my vanity was wounded, but I didn't pay very much attention to it because just about then I noticed that Lester seemed to be cooling towards me.

Anxiously I examined myself in my mirror. Was I becoming less beautiful? Was I being? Ridiculous, and I knew it, as far as looks went. Men were always trying to make love to me, an attitude that merely amused me, so I consoled myself on that point. Then what was it?

I was soon to find out. One day at a dressmaker's while I was in a booth being fitted for a frock I overheard a conversation between a customer and the manager. And the customer's voice was that of Ada Worthington!

The manager was complaining about an overdue account.

"Didn't Mr. Leeming send you a check?" Ada Worthington asked in surprise. "Then it must be in the mail, for he told me he had done so only last night!"

Leaving the establishment I drove straight down to my father's studio.

"Lester is at it again," I said and there were tears in my eyes.

"Your fault, Sweetheart!" He lighted a cigarette and smiled at me. "You ought to spend so much money that he wouldn't have any for other women. Besides, I know Lester's type. He only appreciates that which costs him money. I have told you that before. Why don't you listen to your old Dad? Go home and gold-dig him! I know before you tell me, that you haven't asked him for anything outside your allowance since you returned from Long Island."

"I didn't need anything," I said.

"Then go home and need everything!"

Dad said. "Need gowns, shoes, stockings, pretty pretties! Need cash, need jewelry! Gold-dig him with both hands. Go home and use both hands. Go home and use the shovel and then come back and thank me, because I tell you, Gloria, darling, that I know your husband's type, and there are a hundred thousand others like him. I won't listen to you, and I won't dry your tears. Instead, I tell you how to change them into smiles."

He almost drove me from the studio, but I went home with a grim determination in my heart. If Lester liked gold-diggers, then he should find one in his home!

That evening I spent over an hour on my toilette. I was polished more than ever, although I had never neglected myself. But my dark hair shone, I was exquisitely

dressed, and I had not forgotten the psychology of the right kind and the right amount of perfume.

Lester was expected for dinner, but I took great care that he should not see me until Jackson had given him his first cocktail. Then I made my entrance. Lester rose, for he never forgot the little courtesies of life. He came towards me and would have kissed me, but I waved him aside.

"Anything wrong that I am so unpopular?" he asked.

"Unpopular? No," I replied lightly but a little coldly. "I don't want you to muss me up. Pretty gown, don't you think?"

"Charming," he said almost eagerly. "But is that any reason why I can't kiss you?"

"Economy," I said with a smile. "I don't have such an awful lot of new dresses, you know."

"Well, get some new clothes," he said and this time there was more interest in his voice.

"You might write me a check," I suggested. "I can't do it on my allowance."

Lester went at once to his desk. "How much?" he asked over his shoulder.

I made a face at him, though he could not see it. "Oh, a couple of thousand," I said, as casually as though I had asked for a hundred dollars.

He turned around and looked at me. "You mean it?" he asked.

"Oh, if you are going to make a song and dance about it, don't give me anything!"

"I am not complaining," he said as he turned to his check book again.

"Do I get a kiss now?" Lester asked, as he handed me the check.

"Just a little one!"

I am not really one of those wives who are always wanting new things. My tastes are perfectly simple. But Dad was right. Lester is of that temperament that appreciates me infinitely more now that I am costing him a greater part of his income.

I am a perpetual expense, so that Lester doesn't have any spare money with which to chase other girls, and as for Ada Worthington, he dropped her like a hot potato. But more important than that, I am also an inspiration to him. Because of me and my extravagances Lester's ambitions have grown. He is more serious in business and there is talk now of a certain banker financing him in his own production company.

Therefore, in certain cases, I am sure a girl does well if she demands from her husband luxuries and pleasures that enhance her values in his eyes and at the same time give him an incentive to climb the ladder of success.

Forgive Me My Trespasses

[Continued from page 52]

this. Aren't you beginning to get hungry?"

We dined on the roof of the Hotel Renaissance, to the invigorating strain of one of New York's famous orchestras.

He asked me to dance; I refused him with a slow shake of my head.

"Please do!" he urged.

"Do you know any people here tonight?"

He glanced around at the various tables.

"Well, yes, I know several people, I think."

"That's why I don't want to dance with you," I said. "In fact I am beginning to regret that I came at all. You see, I am rather a notorious person, and I shouldn't think a young man with your spotless reputation would care to be seen in public with me, under the circumstances."

The fear of scandal, on Kenneth Karby's part, was the biggest obstacle that stood

between him and me; deliberately I had brought up the question in order that I might have the opportunity to settle it before it began to bulk too large in his mind.

"Listen, I'm of age, and I have a mind of my own. Do you know how much I care for society and such things?" He snapped his fingers. "That!"

"But your own mother and father!"

"My own mother and father are both old enough to behave themselves better than they do. When a couple of their age separates and gets into the divorce courts, and starts naming correspondents and that sort of thing, I cease to worry about them. And then the idea of dragging you to trial about a few diamonds and pearls, with all that nasty publicity! If you ask me, I think they handed a pretty rotten deal to their own

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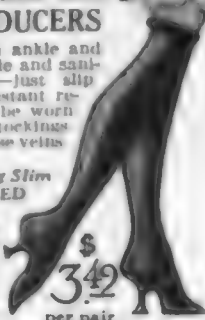
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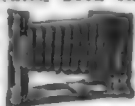
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son in the matter of parental consideration. Are you satisfied to be here with me tonight, Miss Lane?"

"Perfectly!"

"So am I, and that ought to settle it. It's nobody else's business."

"I'm afraid other people will make it their business. If you feel that way toward your parents, they will probably accuse me of turning you against them."

KENNETH KARBY lit a cigarette and I could see his hand tremble slightly.

"I have listened to my family a great deal too much for my own good," he said in a strained voice. "I am going to tell you a secret I have never told another living soul. They talked me into proposing marriage to a girl they had picked out for me a long time ago."

"You are engaged to her now?"

"Yes, I am. But I don't love her, and I don't want to marry her."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know. If I broke the engagement I don't suppose it would matter so much to her. She has been engaged two or three times before. I suppose the easiest thing would be to go through with it. But I don't want to, and I'm not sure that she really does either. I'm telling you this so you won't think that you're responsible for any difference I may have with my father and mother."

"I certainly don't want that responsibility!" I said.

His eyes were upon me steadily, never leaving my face. He was succumbing to a fascination which was developing with scarcely any effort on my part.

Kenneth Karby coveted me. A woman always knows those things beyond any doubt. And if she has the art of a siren in her heart as most women have, she knows that masculine desire is always heightened by feminine reluctance.

"I wish you wouldn't tell me those things," I said with just a little disinterestedness in my voice.

"But I want you to be interested in them," he almost pleaded. "There is something about you that I like, Miss Lane. I never met a girl exactly like you before."

"Please don't, Mr. Karby."

"Aren't you interested in me at all,—a little bit? Don't you know that from the first day I met you there was something about you that attracted me tremendously? I felt I wanted to know you better. I can see you yet, fainting in our office—you looked like an angel that was all tired out."

But I would not let him go on. Some feminine instinct told me that an idea may be exhausted in conversation, and it was to my interest to bottle up in Kenneth Karby the interest that was already roused. I was a cad, a devil, but back of it all was my never-to-be-forgotten hatred of John L. Karby and his wife. They had made me what I was tonight. Let them beware!

"Let us go," I said briefly.

He seemed startled, and humbly apologetic, he urged me, he even begged me, to give him a few more hours of my company; but I was rigid. That was my strategy. I was planning a campaign with the infinite care of a general commanding an army.

He went with me as far as the door of my suite, but I refused to let him enter. He begged me to let him come the next day. I did not refuse him outright; I told him he might telephone.

I never mentioned money. My position would be far stronger, I realized, if I kept silent on that score.

Just for a moment I felt a little surge of pity for Kenneth Karby; but with an effort of will I choked it down.

No, he was the son of my enemies. He was nothing to me whatever! Why should I consider him? He had position and riches.

That he should be interested did not flatter me, for I had little or no personal vanity. For aught I knew, he might have developed a similar crush on any new or interesting girl. Let him look out for himself. I was looking out for myself.

My telephone rang at ten o'clock; an hour, perhaps, after Kenneth Karby had left. The voice on the wire identified itself as belonging to Mr. Galbraith, the bald and glossy manager of the hotel, who had procured the suite for me.

"Miss Lane, are you alone?"

"Yes."

"May I come up and see you for a moment?"

His voice was entirely deferential, yet there was a confidential note that seemed to indicate caution.

Just for a moment my cheeks flamed, and then I laughed to myself. Why not? I had established my own character in my own heart, and what more natural than that I should be taken at my own valuation? I was beyond insult.

"I'm afraid I cannot receive you at this hour, Mr. Galbraith. If there is anything of importance you have to say to me, can't it wait until morning?"

He coughed a little, and in my mind's eye I could see his round face, his shining bald pate.

Then suddenly the devil got into me. All of my life I had been squelching men; had been holding them aloof. But that time had passed. I was free now, without restraint or restriction. I was utterly released from the social requirement of being careful.

Galbraith's advances neither alarmed nor offended me; I was conscious of a sharp desire to meet him, and defeat him.

"I think you really ought to see me, Miss Lane," he insisted. "You're not at all sociable."

The impudence of him! The conceit! I wondered what personal quality he imagined he possessed that could appeal to me.

"Well, if you insist, Mr. Galbraith," I said, "but just for a few minutes."

"I'll be right up."

He came to my suite with an ingratiating smirk on his round face. Something pudgy about the man in his dinner clothes irritated me—an air of self-importance. If I showed this feeling in the slightest, and I may have, I am sure that Mr. Galbraith's high esteem for himself saved his feelings from any injury.

He came in and politely shook hands. "You're all dressed to go out, I see," he said smiling.

"On the contrary, I have just come in," I told him.

"You're not expecting any other callers this evening, I hope?"

"I hope not myself. I don't feel like receiving callers," I said.

"Oh, don't say that," he exclaimed. "You know, you sounded almost ill-tempered. Aren't you at all lonesome?"

"Not at all."

"Oh come, now! I'm a bit lonesome myself tonight, and I thought perhaps I could persuade you to go out with me. I think a little party for two would cheer us both up. Suppose we go around to one of the night clubs and get our minds off our troubles?"

I HAD never been to a night club in my life. This was at a time when such places were just beginning to be in vogue in New York. The reckless, cynical mood that was upon me made me accept the invitation. If any one desired to present me with expensive entertainment why should I not accept? After all this was my game, to get all I could.

"Maybe, for an hour or so," I said with a smile.

Instinctively I knew that coldness, too

long prolonged, would drive away even a man like Galbraith. Like all other girls who have a gift for flirtation, the freeze and thaw method came naturally to me. The oldest feminine trick in the world is the alternation of coldness and warmth; it makes us so "interesting!"

A light of victory sprang into Galbraith's eyes, but before he became too self-sure I lapsed into indifference and he, automatically, began once more to liberate that word—persuasiveness which is man's chief weapon with a woman.

Everyone in America, I suppose, knows about the night clubs of New York. They are all very much the same; restaurants that are highly decorative, with a cleared space in the center for dancing and an orchestra. During the evening there is a cabaret entertainment by paid performers; singers, dancers, comedians, beautiful girls.

My escort got us a table in a shadowy spot. Cocktails appeared, and I drank enough to give me a warm glow. I did not like the stuff then, and I do not like it today.

Galbraith seemed to require considerable liquor to give him the courage to speak what was in his mind. But at last, with the colored lights, the music and the swirl of dancing forms about us, he seemed to lose the conventionality which had been a thin mask about his personality. He was not intoxicated in the usual sense of the word; he was merely bolder. Once or twice we joined the dancing throng on the floor and, like many men of ungraceful figure, he was peculiarly light on his feet. Frankly, I enjoyed the dancing.

"I like you, Miss Lane." We were seated at our little table again. "You know, I might do a whole lot for you, if you would let me."

"Yes?"

I sat perfectly motionless, studying him, anticipating what he would say.

"You're not in love with anybody, are you? I mean you haven't any sweetheart?"

"No."

He made a motion as though to hold my hand across the table, but I drew it away.

"You're a cold proposition, you are. But I don't blame you. A girl as good looking as you doesn't want to make any mistakes. Know what I mean? I bet you'd be a wonderful sweetheart for the right man. Isn't that right?"

Six months before I would have turned scarlet; but now I was as unmoved as though my heart were a cake of ice.

"I might be, for the right man." I admitted calmly.

"That's right. You're a sensible girl. I like to hear a girl talk that way. You don't want to fall for any of these good looking young upstarts around New York. That's not good sense. What you want is a sweetheart that's perfectly safe. You want a man of the world that'd know how to appreciate a girl and treat her right."

"I didn't say I was looking for anybody to treat me right." I reproved him mildly.

"NOW listen to me, honey. You know I could be pretty crazy about you myself. I guess that surprises you, doesn't it? Well, I don't mind confessing I'm just human like anybody else. Honest, I think we ought to be a lot better friends. Does the idea appeal to you any?"

"Don't be foolish!" I told him with just enough antagonism.

"I'm perfectly serious about this," he told me profoundly. "I've got a big vacant place in my heart waiting for the right girl to come along and fill it, and I think you're the right little girl. Something about you appeals to me. When I say I'd treat you right I mean it absolutely. You like the Hotel Renaissance, don't you?"

"It's a nice place," I said, not enthusiastically.

"There's none better in New York," he returned. "You know I'm not only the manager, but I'm also one of the stockholders. What I say goes. How would you like to keep right on living in that suite you've got now, or maybe one a little better. And when I mean living at the Hotel Renaissance, I mean everything—meals, laundry, the whole business. All you would have to do would be sign your checks and they'd be taken care of in the office. If you had a million dollars you couldn't live much better than that, could you?"

I could see that he was making me what he thought was a most magnificent offer, but I was not tempted at all; that is, I was not tempted to accept it and make the return he expected. Nevertheless, I could see an immediate freedom from worry over money matters, and I knew that whatever happened I would always be able to outmaneuver this unattractive Don Juan.

BUT I did not have the opportunity to give him the necessary answer for which he was waiting.

In the twinkling of an eye, the hilarity about us changed to grim seriousness.

There were a few cries; doors were hastily closed, and before we knew what happened five or six men with caps on their heads and handkerchiefs tied across their faces were in among us. Automatic pistols were in their hands.

It was a hold-up!

But these men were no romantic Robin Hoods; they were black-browed and nervous and repulsive.

Only Providence prevented the murder of some one that night. The newspapers the next day commented on the fact that the bandits were drug-crazed criminals of the lowest type, utterly reckless of human life, as savage as wolves! Their very disregard of consequences resulted in their undoing.

Poorly planned, the robbery was a failure. They lingered too long at their work. The guests were hurried from the tables and lined up against the wall. We were ordered to put up our hands while two of the men went down the line rifling the men of their money, the women of their jewels.

I had no jewelry; but a pair of dirty hands searched Galbraith's pockets and took away his money. All of this was very confusing, with women screaming and the place filled with the hoarse threats of the gangsters. But they had not been able to prevent the flight of a screaming hat-check girl into the street. Her cries brought two policemen, who blew their whistles and guarded the outer door until, with incredible rapidity, other policemen were at hand.

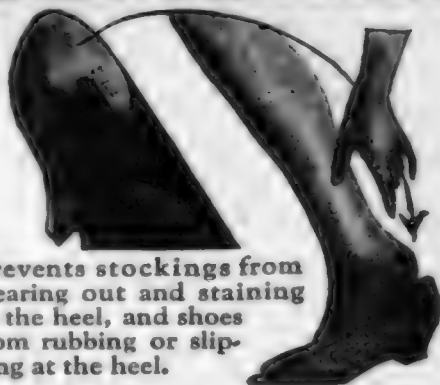
In all the world I think there is no braver body of men than the New York police. With all its bunk and four-flush, New York should be the proudest city in the world because of its men in blue who never know the meaning of fear in a crisis. Grim and level-headed, they poured into the place swinging their night sticks, their revolvers drawn but unfired when there was the slightest danger of their bullets hitting innocent people. They were better men than the bandits, clearer thinkers, infinitely more courageous.

Before the tumult subsided the newspaper reporters were there. We were all held in the place an hour or so by the police. Some of the guests who had been robbed got their property back; others did not. Galbraith was one of the unfortunates, and his complaint was the loudest of all. In his excitement he forgot to muzzle his tongue, and he confided his sad story to a sympathetic young man who happened to be a reporter.

The next day Savannah Lane's picture was again in the newspapers. One of the reports read:

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Thus my initiation in the subtle art of gold-digging. With more experience I might have had more than a thousand dollars from Galbraith, but for a beginner, I don't think I did so badly.

My exit from the Hotel Renaissance was calm and dignified. I left my forwarding address at the desk, tipped the maid, porter and carriage starter. The forwarding address I left was my old rooming house where I could always get shelter from the friendly landlady.

That afternoon I went out looking for furnished apartments and found what I wanted in the upper Seventies—a beautifully furnished four-room place in a rather ornate building more respectable, I imagine, in the matter of appearance than in regard to its tenants. My rental was four hundred dollars a month, in advance, and no lease was required. I saw several of my fellow-tenants in the elevator and the lobby—some of them were rather pretty and they were all extremely well dressed. There was always a line of expensive looking cars outside the door. Perhaps some day mine would be among them.

THE game I was playing is the most dangerous game in the world for a woman. No woman, I think, ever played that game with a colder heart than mine. The rest were drifters; I was my own pilot. The rest might flounder and sink and I might follow them myself down to the inky depth. That was a chance I had to take.

But my brain was clear and my eyes straight ahead on my course. Never once did I deceive myself. I was after money and revenge. I had suffered, and now I was going after my compensation. My decision seemed logical and just, to me, at least.

My plans were not perfectly worked out. Within me were the resources sufficient to accomplish a great deal in the direction I had chosen, but I realized that I could not plan everything. In a large measure I had to be guided by events beyond my control.

Kenneth Karby seemed to be the most logical person to count upon. If he failed me, I would, of course, turn to someone else. But for a variety of reasons I preferred young Karby, although I made no effort whatever to communicate with him. A subtle wisdom told me not to overplay my hand. For my purpose it was far better to be pursued than to pursue. Furthermore I was confident he would seek me out, and I was right.

Within two days the hall-boy announced that he was downstairs awaiting permission to come up and see me.

When he came into the room his eyes were upon me with an enthusiasm that was a little short of sheer rapture. Just for a tiny second something deep inside me responded, but instantly the spark of warmth perished.

"Why didn't you telephone me?" he demanded swiftly. "I had to trace you from the hotel to that rooming house and up here. Didn't you want me to find you, Savannah?"

"Don't be silly," I said. "What does it matter to you whether you ever see me again or not?"

He looked at me in amazement which was not put on.

"What does it matter?" he said incredulously. "You ought to know how much

it matters to me. The only question is, what does it matter to you?"

He was so serious that I smiled inwardly, but I tried to look a trifle bored. Indifference was my trump card at this stage of the game. If he followed my lead I might relent a little later, but I dared not appear eager just now.

"Please don't talk that way," I said.

I thought, for an instant, he turned pale about the lips, but he smiled. Nevertheless I had a strong impression that he had, by a stern effort, repressed some sentimental outbreak.

"All right, I'll behave," he said with a little disappointed laugh. "You don't mind, though, if I happen to be a bit jealous of this fellow Galbraith you went out with after I left the other night? Where did you meet him anyway? And all that stuff in the newspapers; it was awful!"

"Did you come up here to criticize me?" I demanded coolly.

"Criticize you, Savannah? Heavens no! Don't I know that it was just a bad break in the luck that you got into that night club robbery? The thing that makes me sore, though, is the flippant way the newspapers treated your presence there. And I don't like the idea of their printing your picture so much, either."

"Why not?" I said. "I'm a notorious woman of New York, you know."

"You're not!" he said. "You're as straight as a string, and I know it."

"Your mother and father don't think so!" I could see his face set stubbornly.

"I've had a talk with my father about you. I want you to know it, Savannah. I told him the way I felt. I told him that I thought my family had given you just about the worst deal I ever heard of. Yes, and I told him about the twenty-five hundred dollars that he accepted after you sent it back to him. I told him to his face that it was cheap and contemptible to turn you adrift without even a penny to your name. He knew you couldn't get another position without references."

"The money doesn't matter," I said casually.

"That's where you're wrong, Savannah. This world is conducted on a money basis, and don't you ever forget it. I demanded that father write you out a check to replace the money you returned. He kicked like a steer, but I told him that if he didn't I would, so he finally came through. Thank God, I was able to do that much for you!"

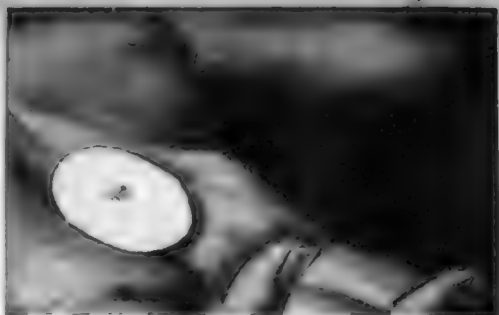
KENNETH KARBY drew a wallet from his pocket and extracted a check which he handed me; it was made out to me in the amount of twenty-five hundred dollars and signed by John L. Karby. I accepted it grimly, but with an air of nonchalance.

"I suppose I was foolish not to accept it in the first place," I admitted. "As a matter of fact I have been worried about money."

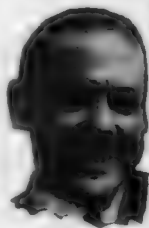
Kenneth Karby came over to the divan on which I was sitting; he reached over and took my hand which I allowed him to retain.

"I cannot bear to think of you being worried and harassed about anything," he said. "Savannah, there's no use beating around the bush any longer. I'm just downright crazy about you. You're the most wonderful, gorgeous creature in the world. Why don't you cut out everybody else—men like that Galbraith—and stick to me? Don't you care a little bit about me, Savannah?"

DID I care about him? Not I! Fine as Kenneth Karby was proving himself to be, my determination to hurt his parents through him never wavered. They hadn't been merciful or just to me. If I was no longer kind or human or generous whose fault was it? If the son of the man who had so cruelly wronged me was head over heels in love with me—well, revenge was sweet! I'll tell you in July SMART SET what I did with his love.



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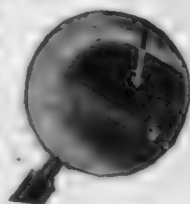
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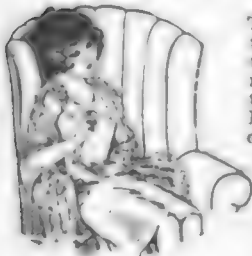
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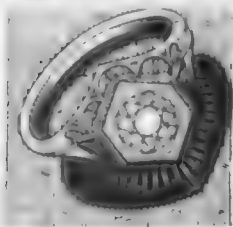


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What Money Can't Buy

[Continued from page 63]

pretty view would attract attention. It just wasn't done.

At No. 89 I stopped. Something told me not to walk right up to the front door! Then I saw a little sign that instructed tradesmen and servants to go to the basement.

I was taken upstairs to see Mrs. Spencer, who was all that the agency woman had implied. Everything about her was real. From the moment I entered the house I was conscious of an atmosphere of quiet and restfulness. Footsteps were muffled on the thick velvet carpet. No matter where you looked your eyes met velvety softness and exquisitely blended color schemes. There was a studied avoidance of suites or sets of furniture, and yet you had the feeling that even the most insignificant piece of bric-a-brac fulfilled a certain definite purpose in the scheme of things.

IT WAS really beautiful, but it took me several months to discover the secret of the charm that pervaded the Spencer mansion. That charm was simplicity. What a contrast to our house back in Waco!

Mrs. Spencer seemed satisfied with me and instructed me in my duties. I was to wait on table, answer the door-bell and act as personal maid to her young daughter and herself. This was luck! Not only did I have the pattern of a perfect lady before me, but I had also the pattern of a perfect young lady. Miss Dorothy was about my age and had made her debut the winter before.

Dorothy Spencer was wholesome and sweet and unaffected. She did not treat me like a menial; having servants at her beck and call was no novelty. On the first morning of my employment I received a really important lesson in the art of being a lady.

Mrs. Spencer had called me in to do some mending and Miss Dorothy and she were talking over the events of the evening before. The conversation turned to Miss Dorothy's escort.

"I hate him!" she told her mother. "He's fat and stupid. He reminds me of a pig. You wouldn't have me marry a piggy-man, would you, mother?"

Mrs. Spencer was a trifle annoyed, but she was also amused. "Oh, Dorothy," she said, "you're delicious. Of course you don't have to marry a pig—piggy man, but Richard Harmon is a splendid fellow."

"But I can hardly be civil to him," explained Miss Dorothy. "He talks all the time about how sweet I am. If he only knew what I think of him!"

"You must always be sweet, Dorothy, if you want to be a social success. It's hard sometimes I know."

"Sweet! You mean hypocritical!" Dorothy said.

"Not hypocritical, dear," her mother told her "it's simply being well-bred."

So that was it! A lady must be sweet to everyone. That meant being well-bred. But this was only the beginning of the many things I learned from Mrs. Spencer and Dorothy.

For instance, I noticed that the Spencers had a certain dignity and grace to their walk I lacked. They seemed to have perfect balance and never permitted themselves to rush about. In the mornings they dressed leisurely and with care. The manicurist, the hairdresser, came every other morning, and on alternate mornings I brushed their hair until it shone like satin. This meticulous care of one's person was something new to me. I had always been clean, as a matter of

habit, but I used coarse, strong smelling soap, and my hair was brittle and lusterless. I had never had a manicure in my life, but Mrs. Spencer's manicurist told me that my blunt fingers would appear tapered if the nails were filed to a point. I had always cut them square across.

I learned, too, how to care for my skin. Every night before Miss Dorothy and her mother retired they used expensive cold cream to remove the dust from the pores of their skin. I began to do the same, and before long my skin grew clear and soft, like theirs.

If I do say so myself, I managed quite cleverly to keep the true purpose of my employment from the Spencers. I had only one close call. It was about setting the table. So many knives and forks and spoons seemed very confusing. One could eat with only one at a time.

"But I thought you said you had been employed by people who were accustomed to dining formally," Mrs. Spencer said in answer to my question.

"Well—I have," I stammered. "But I was—I didn't wait on table. I was the upstairs maid." Whew! What a narrow escape that was.

"Very well, I'll explain," Mrs. Spencer went to the buffet drawer and took out a complete set of silver. On the right she placed a large silver knife and a butter knife. On the left, two forks—a large and a short one whose prongs were very broad. "When we have steak," she said, "you put on the steel knives." Then she indicated the forks. "The smaller one is the salad fork."

"And the spoons?" I asked timidly.

"Two teaspoons and a dessert spoon, or if we have pastry or pie you must put on pastry forks. If we have ice cream, the ice cream spoons. Here they are." She held up a pretty little affair, a sort of combination teaspoon and salad fork. "And don't forget the soup spoon, a large one, unless we have bouillon. And remember, Claire," she added, "we dine quite as formally when we are alone. Is it clear to you now?"

Clear? It was as clear as mud, but I think Mrs. Spencer really believed that it was only my memory that needed refreshing.

I had my meals in the kitchen with the cook, and although I always ate alone I made it a point to set my place the same as I did Mrs. Spencer's and her guests'. I served my dinner as I did theirs, course by course. The cook thought I was crazy.

ONE night I had a real thrill. David's mother and father came to dinner! It was a perfectly natural thing to have happened and a little foresight might have prepared me, for in New York there is only one really exclusive social set, the Four Hundred, and David's family was one of the oldest in the Social Register. I wondered what they would say if I should suddenly announce that I was in love with David. The sudden mention of his name made me catch my breath.

"How is David getting along?" Mrs. Spencer asked.

Mr. Thornton chuckled and sent a sly glance at his wife.

"From all accounts he is getting on famously. He seems to have found time for play as well as work," he said.

"What Richard really means," said Mrs. Thornton, "is that David has fallen in love with a girl down in Texas. He calls her his 'little millionaire' and raves about how pretty and unspoiled she is until you feel

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that every other girl in the world is brazen and calculating and wholly unworthy!" I could see that she was upset.

"Oh well," said David's father, "cheer up. It may all be over by now. He hasn't mentioned her in his last two letters."

"No," returned Mrs. Thornton sharply, "and his last two letters have been terribly short and unsatisfactory. You said so yourself!"

Was this because I was not there? Did David really like me in spite of my impossible ways? Did he really miss me? I wanted at that moment to dance and shout. This was the first bit of encouragement I had had since I forced myself to leave David. So much happiness should not, would not, stay bottled up.

Mrs. Spencer's voice brought me back to reality. She was asking for water. As I went over to the serving table I was walking on air. My hand trembled so that I spilled the water over the side of Mrs. Spencer's glass. I thought she would call me down, but she took no notice. That was another thing I learned, that the perfect hostess does not reprove her servants before her guests.

Every afternoon except Sunday I went from four to five to an English teacher and learned how to speak grammatically. I had much to learn, but more to unlearn. Whenever the Spencers used a word I had not heard before I used to run out into the kitchen and write it down and ask my teacher about it the next day. I believe that those English lessons were of utmost importance, for I have since met pretty, well dressed girls whose chances of marrying well were destroyed the minute they opened their mouths.

The three dancing lessons I took each week helped me to acquire grace and balance. I learned from my teacher, who was a man, that it was unladylike to dance too close to a man or to lay your head on his shoulder, the way we danced down in Texas.

Once a month Mrs. Spencer entertained her bridge club. I looked forward to these afternoons because I was thrown into intimate contact with the leading society women of New York, women who could trace back their ancestry for hundreds of years, women who had inherited wealth and social position. I watched how they walked, how they used their hands. I memorized the inflections and tones of their voices so that I might practice them in the privacy of my own little room. I tried to discover why one woman was charming and well liked, and why another was tolerated merely because she was by birth entitled to her position in life.

I GUESS you are wondering what my father was doing all this time. Even now I have a momentary twinge of conscience whenever I think of him. He must have been so lonely. Every Sunday afternoon I went to see him. I wore the simple hat and dress I had bought the day I started out in search of a job, and it distressed him to see me looking so shabby.

"Finished with that tomfoolery yet?" he asked after I had been at the Spencers several months. "Ready to quit? We ought to get back home. David's getting impatient. Says he wants to come up and see his family and—"

"He mustn't come yet, Daddy," I said frantically. "He mustn't! Mrs. Spencer is his aunt, and he'd be sure to come and see her and find me there. That would spoil everything!"

"Well, I'll be darned," said Dad. "Say, how much longer you goin' to keep up this racket, girlie?"

"Two months, anyway," I told him. I wasn't ready to quit yet.

"All right. I'll keep David down there

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for two months longer and then you got to quit that job. I got to git away from this place anyway, or I'll go nutty. I've walked six times from the battery to Central Park. I know every fish in the Aquarium and every animal in the Zoo knows me. I've seen New York an' I'm sick of it. I got to git out, girlie, quick!"

Poor Dad! I had forgotten him. Forgotten that he would be lonely and long for the freedom of the ranch. So he left for Texas a few days later, promising to keep David there if he had to have him thrown into jail.

FOR the next two months I concentrated my attention on clothes. I knew that I had progressed rapidly. The constant attention I had given my hands and my hair and my skin had begun to show results. I believe I was the best groomed maid in all New York. Nor was I the only one who noticed the change. Mrs. Spencer spoke about it to me one morning and I know I blushed scarlet.

"I have been intending for some time to tell you how pleased I am with your work, Claire," she said. "You have caught on remarkably. You are not the same girl who came here a few months ago, and I am particularly pleased with your personal appearance."

This, coming from Mrs. Spencer, took me so by surprise that I experienced a feeling something like fright. I imagine a burglar feels much the same way when he hears steps coming near his hiding place. Mrs. Spencer was beginning to find me out!

But I still did not know how to dress. I had purposely left this till the last as I would have no need for such clothes until I put my position as a servant behind me forever. My duties as personal maid to Miss Dorothy and her mother were a great help. It meant I had free access to their wardrobes.

Whenever they went out I hurried to the clothes-press and studied their gowns. I say "gowns" because they never paid less than eighty-five or a hundred dollars for the simplest of dresses. I made crude sketches of them and wrote elaborate descriptions, taking note of the occasions for which they were worn. The Spencers taught me one lesson in the art of dressing that I use to this day, and that is that it is always better to be underdressed than overdressed. If you are ever in doubt about what to wear, chose something simple.

Perhaps you are thinking that I went to too great pains and that many of the things I did were unnecessary, but you must remember that when my father made his money I was an ignorant little country girl. And then there was David. Nothing was too much trouble, no sacrifice too great, if it meant winning him. But I realized even then that, after all, my efforts might prove futile; for all I knew, David might already be engaged to some girl of his own world.

By now I was convinced that with the proper clothes I could pass for a well-bred society girl. To put myself to the test I borrowed a pretty frock from Miss Dorothy's wardrobe one afternoon when she and her mother had gone out. I took it up to my little room on the top floor and put it on. The mirror that hung over my dresser was small and imperfect, but I was thrilled at the picture I made. The girl looking back at me was not the same girl who had come to New York eleven months ago. The transformation was almost incredible. I not only looked and acted like a lady; I was a lady! By sheer determination and unlimited patience I had acquired those qualities that had been innate with David and his cousin Dorothy Spencer. I knew now that I need stay in the service of the Spencers no longer; they had nothing more to teach me.

I began to feel a strange flutter when I thought of seeing David again. In all these months I had not had any direct word from him and I wondered if he would like the new me. Sometimes it seemed that my whole future and happiness lay with David; but I knew I should never regret that year with the Spencers.

Mrs. Spencer was genuinely sorry when I gave her my notice. She did not dream that the faithful service I had given her was anything but that of an unusually competent domestic. She did not know that she had been teaching an unhappy, crude little girl from a Texas ranch how to become a lady. She would probably have been horrified to know that I hoped some day to meet her on equal social footing.

I WANTED to leave immediately, but Miss Dorothy was giving a masquerade ball and begged me to stay and help them through it. I almost refused. If I had I should probably never have written this story, for the most important event in my whole life happened that night.

There was a discussion about costumes. Miss Dorothy couldn't make up her mind what to wear. Her mother wanted her to be a Pierrette. Dorothy preferred a Spanish costume. To settle it they ordered both from the costumer to see which was more becoming. The Spanish costume was finally decided upon and the Pierrette costume was put back in the box to be returned with the other after the ball.

At six o'clock on the night of the ball Miss Dorothy called me in to help her dress. In the midst of the flurry the telephone rang. It was Mrs. Thornton. David's mother, asking for Mrs. Spencer. Can you imagine my feelings when I heard her say, "David here? Why I thought he was in Texas! Oh, he must come. Tell him not to bother about a costume. His evening clothes and a mask will do."

I did not hear the rest. A wild tumult was raging in my brain. For a minute I thought I should faint. David in New York! I couldn't believe it. David only a few blocks away! David coming here to the Spencer's tonight!

I went mechanically about the business of helping the guests remove their wraps. Their voices came to me as from a distance, and all the while my heart was singing, "David is here! David is here! David is here!"

When they had all gone down to the ballroom I slipped out into the hall and on to a small balcony that overlooked the dance floor. From between the curtains I peeped cautiously, my eyes searching frantically for a glimpse of David. The large room was a riot of color and movement. Everyone was in costume, so I knew it would be a simple matter to find David, in his evening clothes, in the crowd.

At last I saw him at the far end of the room, just coming through the doorway. His eyes were covered with a black mask, but I knew and loved that dear head too well to be mistaken. It was David!

AS I watched him move about among the crowd I wanted to break from my hiding place and rush to his arms and claim him before them all as mine, the only man in the world I wanted. But the wild impulse passed and I realized that I must be content to watch him from where I was.

Then I saw him dancing with this girl and that and I rebelled at the injustice of the whole thing. Why shouldn't I be down there dancing with David instead of hiding miserably behind a curtain? Were it not for the social barrier between us I probably would have been! A truly mad impulse came to me.

The Pierrette costume of Miss Dorothy's! It was upstairs, laying in the box, tempting

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"Take me away from here, quickly," I said, "and I'll tell you." And then I remembered. I must return the Pierrette



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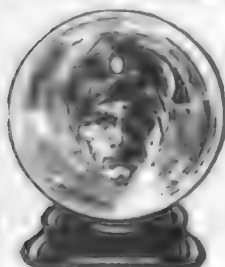
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costume to its box. I was still the Spencer's parlor maid!

"Go down to the corner, across the street and wait by the last bench for me. I can't explain now, but I must leave you immediately."

I flew upstairs, unfastening my dress as I went. When the guests began pouring into the dressing room for their wraps I was on duty again. No one had missed me.

Later, when they had all left, and the house was dark and quiet, I slipped out. David was pacing nervously up and down by the stone wall that bounds the little park. It was almost two hours since I had left him so abruptly and he had begun to fear that I had purposely evaded him.

We went into the little park and sat down on a bench overlooking the Hudson. I looked up at the stars and they twinkled back at me encouragingly. I wanted to hoard every moment from now on. David's arm crept around me. "Now tell me," he said. "Tell me everything."

And I told him. Not until the first faint streaks of dawn began to light the sky did I stop, breathless and nervous and fearful. David drew me gently into his arms. "It's all right," he said. "It's all right, darling. I love you for it. I love your courage. I love you, because you are you."

I put my fingers across his lips. "Don't say another word!" I said. "I couldn't stand it."

HE LOVED me. The mad beating of my heart almost suffocated me. I clung to him, deliriously happy.

"And what's more," he continued. "I don't think I ever wanted anything in my life quite as badly as I want you. Will you marry me, Claire? I mean now, tomorrow."

Marry him? Would I marry him? I laughed and cried, both at once like a hysterical child. But wouldn't you have done the same thing? If the dream of

months suddenly came true, wouldn't you do that?

I left the Spencers the next day. David and I were married quietly that night, and a few days later we were on our way to Europe. Probably never before had a Thornton done such an unconventional thing, but David was no snob. It didn't matter to him that I had no trousseau. What else was Paris for if not to buy pretty clothes in?

Now we live in Chicago. We have a beautiful home on Sheridan Road and David and I belong to the most exclusive social set. It is three years since I left Mrs. Spencer and I have never seen her since.

I HAVE servants of my own now. They are poor girls and they are maids simply because they are unfitted for any other kind of work. They have their good times and their beaux, but I am sure they spend most of their time wondering how long it will be before marriage liberates them from the servant class.

They go to the cheap dance halls in search of men. They spend their money on gaudy clothes, just as I did. But I have often wished that I might sit down with them and show them the opportunities they are missing to obtain what money can't buy.

Servants have no brains, you say? That is not true! But even if it were, a child can learn by observation and imitation.

I am a trifle nervous when I meet David's parents even now. But when Marie, my little French maid, has dressed my hair and fastened up my latest Paris frock, I always look in the long mirror beside my dressing table. Not because I am vain, but because it gives me courage. Fine feathers do make fine birds. I am everything a lady is supposed to be. Marie adores me. I am the kindest mistress she ever had. If she only knew!

Do Men Prefer Wicked Women?

[Continued from page 65]

the sudden and untimely death of my father.

The first few months passed happily enough for me as I watched the long, hard winter merge into an early spring. A hot March sun had tempted the buds to blossom on the trees, and the world began to assume bright plumage.

I felt happy, too, with the fresh, innocent happiness one feels only when very young.

I was making friends, studying my beloved music, and I was full of the immense importance of being "grown-up". It was at this critical transition stage that I met Paul Bertrand, who was to change the whole course of life for me.

He was one of those charming people who please without effort and are delightful to look upon. He came of an aristocratic old Southern family and had the extraordinary ease and graceful polish that a well-bred Southerner always possesses. He was artistic and musical and was brought up to our house by a violinist whose name is a household word the world over. The moment our eyes met I knew we were destined for one another. We used frequently to go out to dine, with my mother's consent.

One night the inevitable climax came. How well I remember it for all my life seems to date from it! In the darkness of the cab going home Paul suddenly turned to me as though he couldn't help it, caught me in his arms and rained kisses on my face, my

eyelids, my throat and pressed his mouth to mine again and again, murmuring "I love you, I love you! I cannot ever let you go!"

Then, speaking slowly and painfully, my lover told me he was entirely dependent on his family for he had no money except the allowance they gave him. It was absurdly generous as Paul's tastes were expensive, and he knew if he offended his people this would stop instantly.

Paul belonged to the most exclusive aristocracy in the country and the bridge between it and the social circle I belonged to was impassable. Even I, in my youth and ignorance, recognized that.

Paul could not marry me yet, he said, but he could no longer live without me.

I felt my heart burn and contract. How could I ever blot out the image of his dear, dark head? "Never, never!" cried my traitorous heart.

REMEMBER, you who would judge me, that I had never really been loved before truly and deeply as I felt Paul loved me. It thrilled and moved me, emotional little being that I was. How could I push such love away and what dreadful alternative of a loveless marriage should I have to choose? I knew I should have to marry soon, as we were so poor.

I was young and I was romantic. I did not think much of marriage; it was just a

convenience arranged by one's parents, that was all. Before such love as Paul's and mine it was secondary, so I told myself.

There is a proverb which says, "It is the first step that counts," and my whole after-life can testify to the truth of it. I thought I had counted the cost, but I did not know what life meant. Had I realized it should I not have acted differently? I wonder!

Paul took a charming little apartment for me not too far away, and my mother being unable to overcome my obstinacy washed her hands of the whole affair.

It was fortunate that my music took up much of my time for Paul had to be away often in the evening and sometimes a few days at a stretch. I knew he spent his time with his family and especially with his mother, whom he adored. I felt my position keenly for I had no share in the most important part of his life. It made me feel like a toy instead of a real woman, but I suffered it for his sake.

Almost imperceptibly these absences lengthened and I knew his mother was trying to break the ties that bound us together. I was miserable. It was the age-old duel between the two women who love a man and I gradually began to realize she was winning. One night I received a note from him saying his mother was ill and that he would be away some time. Perhaps, therefore, it would be better for me to return to my mother than stay on alone in the apartment. I was stunned with the curtness of it; I knew he dared not come and I recognized the cruel hand which made him write it. I guessed this was the end. It was my first great grief and darkness seemed to close over me.

MY MOTHER coming to call found me in a distraught condition. She did not say much. I think she was moved at my misery. She packed up for me and I went home with her where I lay sunk in a maze of unhappiness at the sudden end of my world. I could only rouse myself to ask "Had Paul called?" "Yes," I was told, "he had called." But no messages were brought me. Perhaps they were destroyed. I never knew. Later I heard he had left the city with his mother and gone south. My heart was broken. I did not care about anything.

Some months later I saw the announcement of his betrothal. Something snapped within me.

Soon after came the great world tragedy which engulfed all private griefs. War broke out. I joined the Red Cross and worked feverishly. In tending to the sufferings of others I found, for the first time—forgetfulness.

At last, after four bitter years the nightmare ended and I lived quietly with my mother. She had grown delicate and must not face another winter in the cold northern climate but go south—anywhere where the sun shone warmly, so I took her on a cruise to the Mediterranean where the saddest pages of my life were to be written.

Among the residents of our hotel was an Egyptian Prince. His features were regular and his olive-colored skin was scarcely darker than a European's. He was strikingly handsome and had some of the mystery of the East about him. He became my living shadow and followed me about protesting his love in the extravagant language of the East. Meanwhile, my mother grew frailer and frailer and at last her strength gave out and she died.

Left helpless and alone, I was thrown much with the Prince. Sympathy he could never give as like all Orientals he was too much of a fatalist, but his devotion soothed me.

Finally he offered me marriage, and I, alas! accepted, succumbing to the glamour he undoubtedly possessed. I did not realize that marriage to him meant nothing—just a

compromise with Occidental civilization and a means of procuring the woman he desired.

The first few months he treated me as a toy and a plaything; then he began to grow weary and he did not attempt to disguise his feeling. The Oriental's inborn contempt of women became apparent and he tried to humble me. This I was too proud to put up with and then he taunted me. I wanted to return to New York but he would not let me go. I had come to the end of my financial resources which my mother's illness had strained to the utmost and this fiend in human form took pleasure in humiliating me on every occasion. As I did not easily show my suffering he would go on until I had to make some protest. I learned that he was a Sadist, one who takes pleasure in making others suffer.

Once when I felt I could bear it no longer I tried to escape, but apparently he had spies watching me and I was brought back, tied to a bed-post and thrashed before his servant. His behavior went from bad to worse and my health began to break. At last we left the insufferable heat of the East and went back to New York. We stayed in a fashionable hotel where he continued his ill-treatment, putting me through unspeakable indignities and even threatening my life. When he learned I was to become a mother his cruelty knew no bounds.

One day he came in, cold and cunning, in a mood that I had learned to recognize as his worst. He held a loaded revolver in his hand and turned to me with a smile of hateful expectancy such as he always wore when he tortured me. I knew this time he intended to kill me. My condition seemed to rouse his cruelty rather than his pity and I grew more and more terrified.

He turned his back for a moment and I, crazed with fear, attempted to seize the revolver which went off pointing towards him. He went down with the first shot. I heard shouts and, holding the smoking revolver in my hand, I cried hysterically, "Look! he was going to kill me but I wouldn't let him!" and then fainted away.

I came to in a prison cell facing a trial for my life.

CAN you for one minute imagine what that means? To stand at the bar of justice day after day and hear each piece of damning evidence brought up against you,—to have the cold, inhuman eye of the law fixed upon you and what is perhaps worse, stand the gaze of crowds of human animals who come in out of morbid curiosity. I cannot remember clearly what happened except that one sunshiny day I was set free. Mercy had tempered justice and I was found to have acted in self-defense.

And now comes perhaps the most curious part of my story, for a feature of the trial was the number of letters I received from complete strangers: letters of sympathy and offers of marriage. Why had I suddenly become so attractive? How could anyone want to marry such a woman as I was pictured? I destroyed all of the letters except the ones which arrived daily and sometimes twice daily, bearing an out-of-town postmark; they were so kindly, so sympathetic, so sincere that I could not bear to tear them up. After the trial had actually begun these letters bore a New York postmark, and I began to associate them with a man who attended the court each day. His face bore a look of acute suffering as though he were sharing my torture with me and I learned to look for him as I derived comfort from him somehow. The last letter I had received began abruptly and read:

"I am so distressed at your sufferings and so lost in admiration at your courage that I feel I must write and offer myself to you as a friend and



"We can't get married until..."

"WE CAN'T get married until I earn more money." Thousands of young men are saying that today. Thousands of girls are giving that as the reason the marriage date is being put off and off. Sometimes it gets a little embarrassing, too, to have to keep on giving that excuse. For no girl likes to admit that the man she is going to marry is a failure.

It takes money to support a home these days. And you're right in waiting. But don't wait too long. The years of youth are precious years. They will never come again.

Thousands of men now have happy prosperous homes because they had the foresight to prepare themselves for advancement through the home-study courses of the International Correspondence Schools. Hundreds of them report salary increases of \$10, \$15 and \$25 a week. Many are earning \$75, \$100 and \$150 a week. Some have doubled and even tripled their salaries. Some are earning \$10,000 and \$15,000 a year. Others have become owners of businesses of their own.

If the I. C. S. can help other men to raise their salaries, it can help you. At least find out how. It won't obligate you to ask for our Free Booklets, but that one simple act may change your entire life. Do it now. Do it for HER!

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**ANNETTE KELLERMANN'S
Own Story**

MANY people will be surprised to hear that as a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. The world knows me today as "the most perfectly formed woman," and it is natural to assume that I have always been fortunate enough to possess a symmetrical body.

Quite the opposite is true, however. I was formerly so weak, so puny as to be an invalid. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree; I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces which I wore constantly. No one ever dreamed that some day I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dared to guess that I would be some day starred in great feature films, such as "A Daughter of the Gods," "Neptune's Daughter," etc. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

I relate these incidents of my early life and my present success simply to show that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is, tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only fifteen minutes a day, through the same methods that I myself used.

In fact so remarkable are the results that I have brought to other women that I find far greater gratification in helping others than in all the praise and acclamation I myself have received. It became my ambition to extend my service to womankind, and as a result I developed a method by which I could make my help available to any woman, anywhere, right in her own home.

So I now invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly tell you how I can prove to you in 10 days that you can learn to acquire the body beautiful, how to make your complexion rosy from the inside instead of from the outside, how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow pimply face, how to stand and walk gracefully, how to add or remove weight at any part of the body, hips, bust, arms, shoulder, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost; how to be free from colds, headaches, neuralgia, nervousness, constipation, weak back and the many other ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.

Just mail me the coupon below or write a letter and I will send you at once, and without charge, my interesting illustrated new book, "The Body Beautiful." I will also explain about my special Demonstration Offer. All this costs you nothing and may show you the way to become a stronger, healthier, more graceful and more beautiful woman, as it has already done for so many others. Just tear off the coupon below and mail it before my present supply of free books is exhausted. Address, Annette Kellermann, Dept. 406, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

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protector. Anything I have is yours and if you want money or help, let me know and I will send you what you require. I cannot tell you how I feel to see the torture you are going through and want you to understand that my friendship and my name are yours if you care to have them.

Your sincere friend,
GERALD BLOUNT."

As the prison gates opened to let me out it did not altogether surprise me to find him at my side.

"May I?" was all he said and I bowed my head, unable to speak.

As we drove to a hotel he repeated his offer saying he loved me and wished to protect me—why, I have never yet been able to understand.

BIT by bit I pieced together the story of his simple, honest life, and the more I heard the less I understood why he should love me; why the flame of devotion should suddenly be stirred in the breast of a man, not by virtue or goodness, but by the rash, criminal act of what was described as "a beautiful adventuress at bay and hounded by the laws of civilization." I can only suppose my piteous case had made an appeal to his sense of chivalry and a long-hidden desire for romance.

He had always been a devoted son to his mother, a gentle, old-fashioned creature who thought no woman good enough for him, and his thirty-five years found him impressionable and inexperienced with an entire lack of knowledge of women. It had always been understood that some day he would marry Mary Blake, who came nearest to Mrs. Blount's ideal of a wife for Gerald.

Thus it was that Gerald Blount's world had been quietly going round its accustomed way when he opened his paper at the breakfast table one day. On that memorable morning the sun poured through the French windows trying to penetrate the holland blinds which had been discreetly half-drawn so as not to fade Mrs. Blount's rather gaudy Axminster carpet.

HIS eye had caught the headlines of a murder case where a woman had shot her husband in circumstances both shocking and enthralling, while on the second page was a picture of the murderess. "What a beautiful face," Gerald had thought. "How she

must have suffered at the hands of that brute. It is impossible that she could have done it deliberately. She must have been goaded into it."

"Is there anything else of interest, Gerald, dear?" his mother had asked.

"Only another murder case, mother. The poor woman who did it seems deserving of sympathy," he said as he rose to go.

He could not get the case out of his head and even cut out my picture and put it in his private drawer. He attended to his work with difficulty and bought all the editions of the papers as they came out. The case began to haunt him and his inability to do anything worried him. It affected his work, spoiled his appetite and prevented his sleeping.

"Supposing they didn't let her off?" he asked himself. "What friends had she got? Being of French extraction, was she getting the best advice?" And so he fretted and fumed until he lost weight and color and his mother spoke to him about it. "He was working too hard," she said fondly, and he, for the first time in his life, thrust her impatiently and irritably aside. Then he began to write me those wonderful letters which he said eased his mind.

Meanwhile Mrs. Blount thought he needed distraction and she asked Mary Blake to come on one of her rare visits to the house, but this merely increased his impatience.

Unable to bear it any longer, Gerald came up to town and I turned to him as a rock of refuge in my despair. He seemed so secure and safe; so free from the kind of thing I had been through.

I could not feel much grief when my baby was born dead—only an intense relief for I was still numb from the miseries I had gone through.

I TRY to make Gerald a good wife, but I do not know if he is happy. I have seen him flinch when we have gone to a public restaurant where I have been pointed to by people nudging one another:

"That is the famous Mrs. X—you know, the woman who murdered her husband and was acquitted."

Poor Gerald! he clenches his hands but says nothing. He is too generous!

As for me, I shall never be really happy again; there are too many ghosts to haunt me. Between Gerald and me lie the shadows of several lives and experiences.

Love on Approval

[Continued from page 17]

enough to give the idea a really fair trial!

In three months you would certainly get to know the general disposition of a man and the uncertainty of the proposition would keep alive the hunting instinct in him and possibly make him more charming than he would have been in a real marriage.

As things stand it does not look as though the idea were workable, and to me, a far more sensible way of improving the marriage relation would be to study profoundly the character of your proposed partner, in matrimony, as you would were he to be a partner in a business concern.


Study him before entering any marriage state at all! Shut out glamour. Ask yourself cold, common sense questions: "Do the things I like in Robert outweigh the things I don't?" "Will he be straight to me or will he deceive me?" "Is he generous or is he mean?" and above all, "Will it bore me to death seeing him continually?"

If his mind does not match with yours it certainly will and that is sure death to love!

You will know many more questions which it would be wise to ask yourself. Well, ask them, then, honestly and according to the answers, make your decisions.

If you do not get satisfactory replies and still desire to marry in spite of this, then know that you are going to mate for the most ephemeral thing in this world, sex attraction, and be prepared to make yourself so charming that you can continue to arouse it. Your boat will be wrecked anyhow, but safeguard it for as long as you can.

The state of "sampling" or the state of solid matrimony is equally boring and distasteful where love is not, but either can be heaven where love is. And if a sense of duty and fair play and comradeship and honor come into the affair, there is still great happiness to be found in good old legal marriage.



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